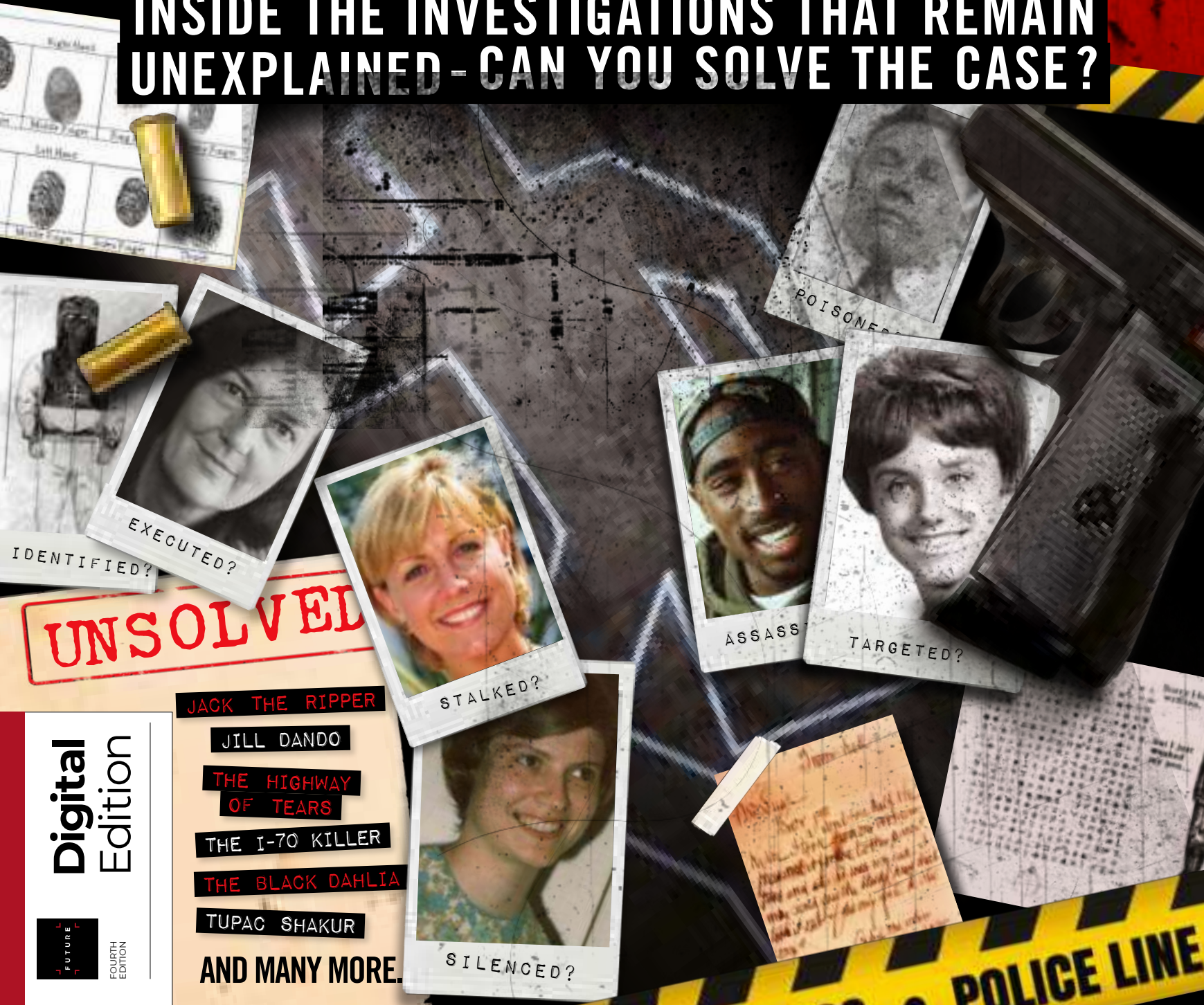


NEW

**REAL
CRIME**

MURDER MYSTERIES

INSIDE THE INVESTIGATIONS THAT REMAIN UNEXPLAINED - CAN YOU SOLVE THE CASE?



**Digital
Edition**



FOURTH
EDITION

JACK THE RIPPER

JILL DANDO

**THE HIGHWAY
OF TEARS**

THE I-70 KILLER

THE BLACK DAHLIA

TUPAC SHAKUR

AND MANY MORE.

SILENCED?

POLICE LINE

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「 FUTURE 」

MURDER MYSTERIES

Future PLC Quay House, The Ambury, Bath, BA1 1UA

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Part of the

REAL CRIME

bookazine series



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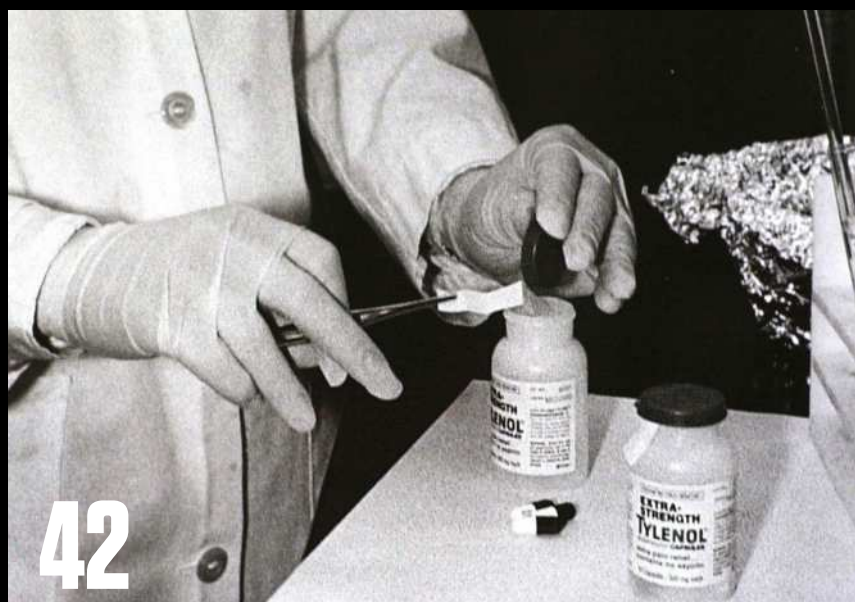
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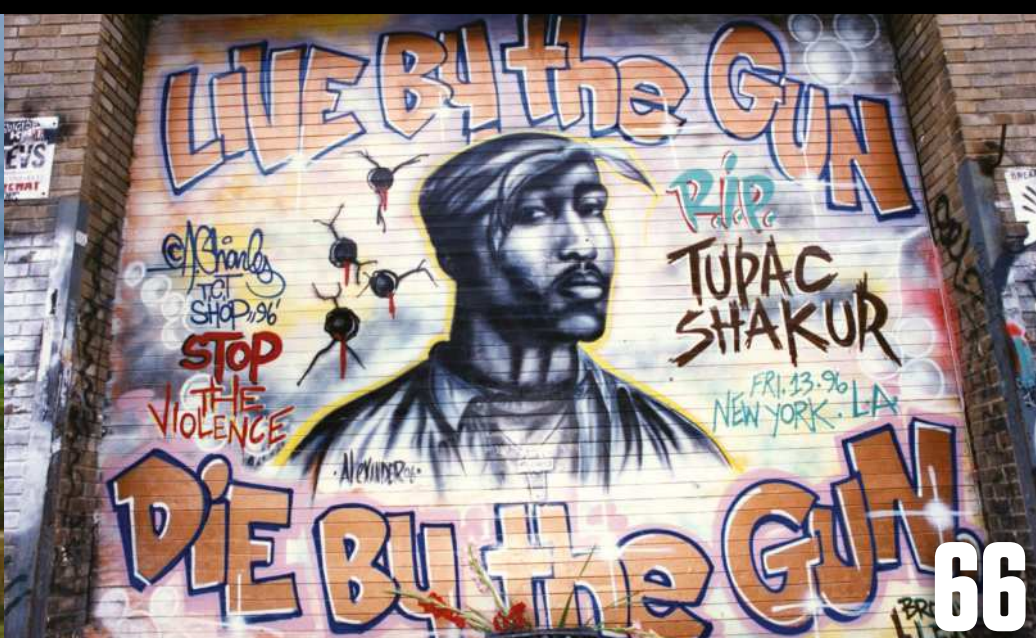




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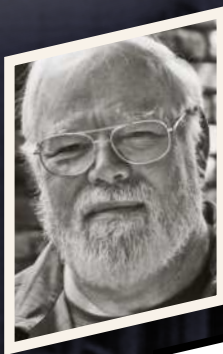
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I KNOW WHO BUTCHERED THE

BLACK DAHLIA

IN JANUARY 1947, ASPIRING HOLLYWOOD STARLET ELIZABETH SHORT BECAME THE BLACK DAHLIA, THE MOST FAMOUS UNSOLVED MURDER VICTIM IN LOS ANGELES HISTORY. HAS LA COP STEVE HODEL SOLVED THIS 70-YEAR-OLD MYSTERY?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

She only ever existed in our imaginations: the Black Dahlia, siren of Hollywood Boulevard. For the true story of Elizabeth Short's life and death has been heavily fictionalised like a biopic taking liberties with the facts. Short wasn't an alluring vision of black widow danger, but a pretty girl-next-door type eager to make an impression. Only a 1943 photo taken at a police station hints at the sultry persona talked up in the days following her death. Aged 19, she'd been cuffed for underage drinking in Santa Barbara, California.

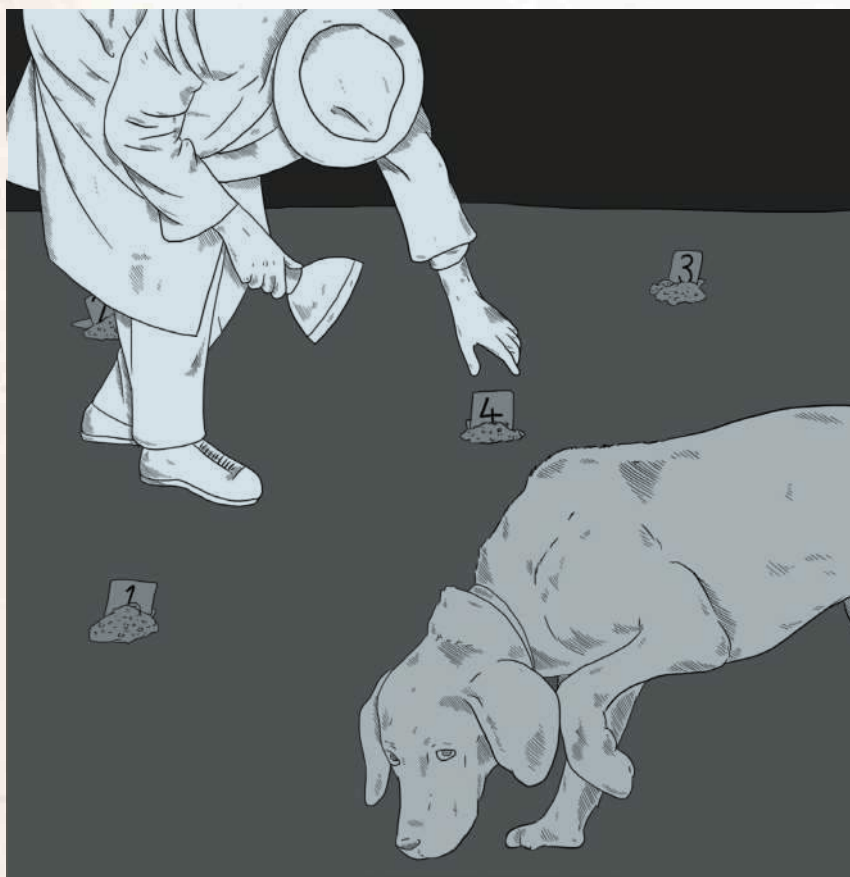
It's said when the Black Dahlia took a stroll or frequented a nightspot for an evening of dancing and entertainment, soldiers

on weekend leave and married men looking for a one night stand practically fell over themselves to ask her for a date. Her raven dark hair (dyed) and penchant for black dresses led Long Beach patrons of a drugstore to start calling her 'the Black Dahlia' (a pun on a recently released movie, *The Blue Dahlia*). This name, given lightheartedly, took off when the press got hold of it. It was not coined by reporter Bevo Means, despite papers at the time naming high-profile murders after flowers (the White Gardenia Murder, the Red Hibiscus Murder). Until the now-iconic sobriquet became known, the media tried labelling it the 'Werewolf Murder'.





ABOVE The Black Dahlia's mutilated body was found out in the open by young mum Betty Bersinger



ABOVE Forensics took soil samples from the basement at George Hodel's Sowden House in Hollywood where four markers determined human scent at places where Buster the cadaver dog had been sniffing

A MACABRE VISION OF DEATH

On Wednesday 15 January 1947, young mum Betty Bersinger pushed her three-year-old daughter in a pram down South Norton Avenue, in the south-west Los Angeles suburb of Leimert Park. It was mid-morning, around 10.30am or so. One side of the street was scrubland and empty lots, the other side houses. Building had been postponed by the war but was all set to begin again. Between 39th and Coliseum Streets, mere inches from the pavement, a pale figure laid out on the wet grass came into view. It looked like a discarded shop mannequin from a department store. It was in two pieces, close together. But flies swarmed and there was something about the whiteness of the mannequin that Bersinger found disturbing. Then, she saw the face and the savage injuries; the eight-centimetre cuts along the cheeks, tearing the flesh into a gory smile. Bersinger crossed the road and went to call the police. The first house she ran to, there was nobody home. So she ran to the next one, a doctor's residence. Bersinger was so distraught she forgot to give her name to the operator. The patrol car dispatcher called it in as a 390 – a possible drunk. Also listening to the call were reporters on radios dialled into the LAPD bands. Anything that promised a story was checked out. What they found stunned them all. It also struck LAPD and journalists as quite incredible that nobody had found Short's bisected body before 10.30am.

BETH SHORT IN TINSEL TOWN

Hollywood is the place where ambitions of 'making it' are stymied by reality. For every Lana Turner or Rita Hayworth there were thousands of Lana Nobodies and Rita Wannabes. Line upon line of girls and boys stepped off Greyhound buses at Los Angeles bus station from all across the land. Big dreams and sunshine sustained them for a few months, until it no longer could. Hollywood then – as it is today – was brimming with dreamers. Sure, they might have won their hometown's beauty pageants, but it isn't enough to launch a career. Star quality is unique and manufactured from raw material: you've either got it or you haven't. Elizabeth Short didn't, but there's nothing to suggest she ever seriously pursued fame. Short, depending on who is telling the tale, recalls Faye Greener, the bit part player and daydreaming fantasist from Nathaniel West's *The Day Of The Locust* (1939), a satirical novel about desperate and deluded citizens living their lives on the fringes of the picture business.

Then there are those in power who prey on the weaknesses of others. Like great white sharks prowling the coastline of California, they spot an easy meal and make a game of it. For the story is the same today as it was back then: a wide-eyed girl new in town would meet a guy who knew a guy who knew another guy who was friends with somebody at a studio. Maybe, just maybe, they could work something out. No matter if this 'contact' was employed in the mail room on the lowest rung of the ladder, it was still something. If a girl was really good-looking, chances are they'd be spotted on a street corner by a slimeball agent or producer sensing an opportunity to bed a dame. It was sport, a dalliance to fuel their egos and abuse their positions of power. They were not on the lookout for a new Carole Lombard. Mr Sleaze would talk up her chances of a screen-test with their movie idol, or the 'lucky girl' would be rushed to a casting couch in an executive's bungalow on the studio

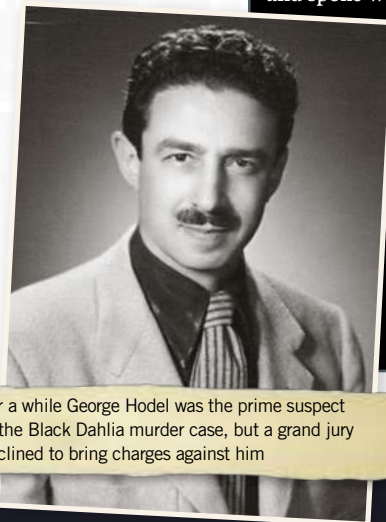
lot and promised the world in exchange for sex. Although she spoke frequently about meeting important folk – and affluent LA physician Dr George Hodel could have been one of them – Short was a bit of a habitual fibber. What can be said is that for a time she lived at the home of Mark Hansen, who ran the Florentine Gardens club and was known to rent out rooms to girls trying to get famous.

Short's time in Hollywood is only mysterious to those who didn't live it. Thus the development of an enigmatic personality fed the public and media's obsession. She became a canvas onto which to project all sorts of fantasies. Beth Short was neither a floozy or a saint. She drank booze, got drunk on occasion and had casual sex. Nothing about this is unusual and doesn't necessarily mark her for death. But during her months in Hollywood (beginning the summer of 1946), she made acquaintances rather than firm friends. In several instances, these people could have got her into deep trouble. One roommate and known associate, a teenaged runaway named Lynn Martin, was passing herself off as a twentysomething. She was 15. Like Short, she'd come out to Los Angeles seeking fame and fortune.

Beth Short (born 29 July 1924 in Boston, Massachusetts) ended up in California originally by reuniting with her absent father, who had faked suicide years earlier during the Great Depression. When his miniature golfing business had gone belly up in the wake of the Wall Street Crash of 1929, Cleo Short thought a disappearing act would be the best way to start again. He also had a shot at escaping his family. Mr Short's antipathy toward his daughter's gruesome demise is extraordinary, but it's clear this was a man who shirked responsibilities when the going got tough. When reporters and LAPD tracked him down, he said Beth was a moocher, a slob who dated too many men. He didn't kill his daughter and wasn't bothered about finding out who did.

Raised by a tough matriarch – Phoebe Short, Irish and proud – Elizabeth's upbringing in her teen years was poor but respectable. Before the Great Depression, the Shorts had lived a comfortable middle-class lifestyle in a big house in a good part of town. The mother drummed it into her girls – four daughters in total – that they were a cut above the rest and never to forget it. Disregarding the popular image of Elizabeth Short as the ultimate and tragic LA vamp, the Black Dahlia, many attest to her being a person who kept her personal matters private. She spoke without an east coast accent – when she informed people she was from Boston they were surprised – and yet nearly all these people couldn't say they knew her well. She dated almost every night, had a preference for military men, developed a sob story about losing a child and a husband (she had been engaged to a flyboy who died during the war) and flitted from lodgings to lodgings, sometimes speaking about being afraid of somebody, an ex-boyfriend. Almost everybody noticed the condition of her fingernails (bitten to the quick), signifying somebody of a nervous disposition. She also plugged cavities in her teeth with candle wax.

In death, all sorts of theories whirled. She was a lesbian well known in underground bars (detectives concocted a theory she was murdered by her gay lover). She had undeveloped genitalia. She



For a while George Hodel was the prime suspect in the Black Dahlia murder case, but a grand jury declined to bring charges against him

'MY FATHER'S THE KILLER'

STEVE HODEL IS A FORMER HOLLYWOOD HOMICIDE DETECTIVE TURNED WRITER. HE BELIEVES HIS FATHER BUTCHERED BETH

BIO STEVE HODEL

A New York Times bestselling author, Hodel spent nearly 25 years with the LAPD where he achieved one of the highest solve rates on the force. He lives in Los Angeles.



Was Elizabeth Short a prostitute?

No. She didn't even drink alcohol nor did she do drugs. In *Black Dahlia Avenger* (2003) I write a chapter attempting to rehabilitate her character assassination by the many hack writers who painted her as a drugged out whore, providing oral sex in back alleys. Elizabeth Short was a naïve young woman looking for "Lieutenant Right" in wartime and post-war Los Angeles, that's all.

In *Black Dahlia Avenger* you confronted the myth of Short's missing week as being nothing of the sort. But is there any hard evidence beyond eyewitness testimony?

Eyewitness testimony is considered direct evidence and the dozen sightings I reference during that so-called 'missing week' are not coming from me, but rather from the newspaper and police reports of that time. I provide a list of 13 reliable witnesses who saw and spoke to her during the week of 9-14 January (seven of who personally knew Elizabeth and could not have been mistaken in their identification). In addition to those witnesses, DA investigator Lieutenant Frank Jemison in his 1950 follow-up investigation provides us with a new 14th witness (Connie Starr) who saw and spoke with Elizabeth on 11 January at the residence of Mark Hansen. Perhaps the most impressive witness was LAPD Officer Myrl McBride who I interviewed in 2001. She unequivocally confirmed her original 1947 statements of having spoken to Elizabeth Short on two separate occasions in the afternoon hours of

14 January (Elizabeth came running up to Officer McBride, who was on foot patrol, claiming, "...a former suitor had just threatened to kill her."). McBride informed me that a short time later she saw Elizabeth a second time in downtown bar.

What do you think happened to Miss Short in this week?

Difficult to say, and it is purely speculative. Normally Elizabeth appeared in public well dressed and always presented a well-groomed appearance. During this time several witnesses described her as looking "out of sorts" and her clothing was soiled and dishevelled. Witnesses seemingly paint a very different picture of her in their brief contacts; she was not the self-assured, flirty young woman that they knew. More introverted and withdrawn. Nervous and fearful. Reluctant to talk.

You've written books about your father, Dr George Hodel, being the *Black Dahlia Avenger*.

Initially, my position was "no way." It was not possible that my father could be involved in a murder. I began my investigation with the intent of showing that he had nothing to do with any crime and expected to fully exonerate him. I followed the evidence and, as they say, the rest is history.

There is an undoubted medical perspective to the case, right?

There is no question that Elizabeth Short's killer was a skilled surgeon. The performing autopsy coroner Dr Newbarr himself stated to LAPD detective Finis Brown, "This is a fine piece of surgery." Additionally, I now have five independent doctors (all experts in surgery) who each has independently opined that the bisection between the second and third lumbar vertebrae (a surgical procedure taught in the US in the 1930s and known as a hemicorporectomy) had to have been done by a highly trained doctor. That certainly limits the suspect pool. Despite naysayers claims to the contrary, Dr George Hodel was a skilled surgeon.

was a hooker. She made porno films out of financial desperation. She had a middle name (Anne). She was pregnant at the time of her death. She frequented LA's seediest dives. She knew the underworld of the city and hung out with gangsters. She was killed by the mob. None of it was true, but it fed the soap opera of her life and death for decades.

THE TRIP TO SAN DIEGO

Dorothy French was finishing her shift at a San Diego movie house, the Aztec Theater, getting ready to lock up for the night when she saw a girl sleeping in one of the rows. It was 8 December. French asked her what she was doing and the pair got talking. Elizabeth had no money and no place to stay. Dorothy invited her home, offering the sofa. An act of charity led to an extended stay well into the New Year. It became Short's last known address before she was found cut in two.

During this time, Short continued her routine of seeking out military types to date every evening, sleeping until noon, loafing around in her dressing gown, writing letters to her mother, talking about getting a job, but never quite managing to apply for one, and telling the Frenches a bunch of stories about how she knew big people in Hollywood, as well as wheeling out the one about fiancé Major Matt Gordon, who was killed in the war. Her one true love thwarted by war and a plane crash. The guy dying in an aviation incident was actually true, but the way she used it to elicit sympathy puts her in a bad light, like some grifter running a scam, an emotional one rather than a criminal one.

LA hacks learned of Short's time in San Diego via a phone call to Phoebe Short. The conversation also served as a very important clue when the Frenches – saddened to discover Elizabeth's fate after she left them on 9 January – mentioned 'Red' and 'Bob' (Robert Manley, a businessman). This gentleman was an acquaintance of Short's; he had driven her to Hollywood and they'd met him several times during her stay in San Diego. Manley was so taken with Beth that he drove up to her on a street corner and she chastised him for his uncouth style. After all, a guy talking to a girl on a street corner from his car can give off the wrong impression.

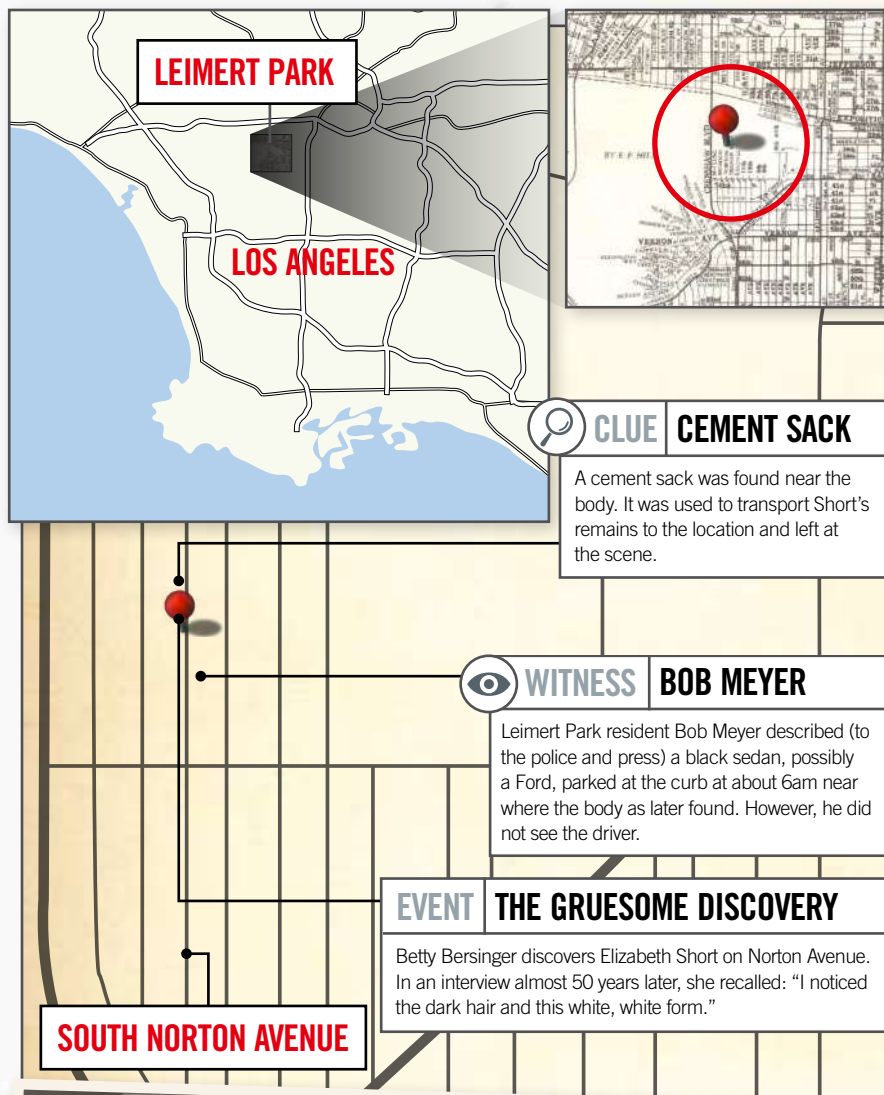
The Frenches also mentioned a strange occurrence related by a neighbour of theirs. One night, a car pulled up and three people – two men and a woman – knocked on the door repeatedly. This neighbour seemed to believe they held some connection to the girl sleeping on the sofa. Vera and Dorothy told press reporters how Short mentioned, several times in fact, that she'd left town and headed south because a crazy ex-boyfriend was threatening her and she needed to escape his clutches. Was it another of Short's tall stories? The ex-boyfriend was never identified or interviewed.

THE MISSING WEEK?

Robert Manley drove back to LA with Short, stopping overnight at Oceanside, CA, where he had a business meeting. In the time he knew her, Manley too couldn't make head nor tails of Beth Short (it's what intrigued him). He told LAPD he wasn't sure if she was a gold digger or genuine. Manley also noticed how the girl

THE MOST INCREDIBLE MURDER

THE SAVAGERY WROUGHT AGAINST BETH SHORT'S BISECTED BODY IS UNPARALLELED IN REAL CRIME HISTORY



Elizabeth Short with her fiancé Major Matt Gordon, an officer in the United States Air Force. Gordon died shortly after proposing to the Elizabeth, while fighting in India



CLUE BRISTLES

An FBI lab report showed two bristles lifted from Short's skin were consistent with palm tree fibres used to make cheap scrubbing brushes. They are described as "stiff, thin, wiry" and coated to make the bristles water repellent.

SPECIAL Daily Police Bulletin

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF POLICE DEPARTMENT CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
 CHIEF'S OFFICE, City Hall (Phone: MChiguan 3111—Connecting all Hobbies and Departments) C. B. MORRALL, Chief of Police
 Vol. 45 Thursday, January 21, 1947 No. 14
WANTED INFORMATION ON ELIZABETH SHORT
 Between Dates January 9 and 15, 1947



Description: Female, American, 22 years, 5 ft. 6 in., 115 lbs., black hair, green eyes, very attractive, had lower teeth, finger nails chewed to quick. This subject found brutally murdered, body severed and mutilated January 15, 1947, at 39th and Norton.

Subject on whom information wanted last seen January 9, 1947 when she got out of car at Biltmore Hotel. At that time she was wearing black suit, no collar on coat, probably Cardigan style, white fluffy blouse, black suede high-heeled shoes, nylon stockings, white gloves full-length beige coat, carried black plastic handbag (2 handles) 12 x 5, in which she had black address book. Subject readily makes friends with both sexes and frequented cocktail bars and night spots. On leaving car she went into lobby of the Biltmore, and was last seen there.

Inquiry should be made at all hotels, motels, apartment houses, cocktail bars and lounges, night clubs to ascertain whereabouts of victim between dates mentioned. In conversations subject readily identified herself as Elizabeth or "Beth" Short.

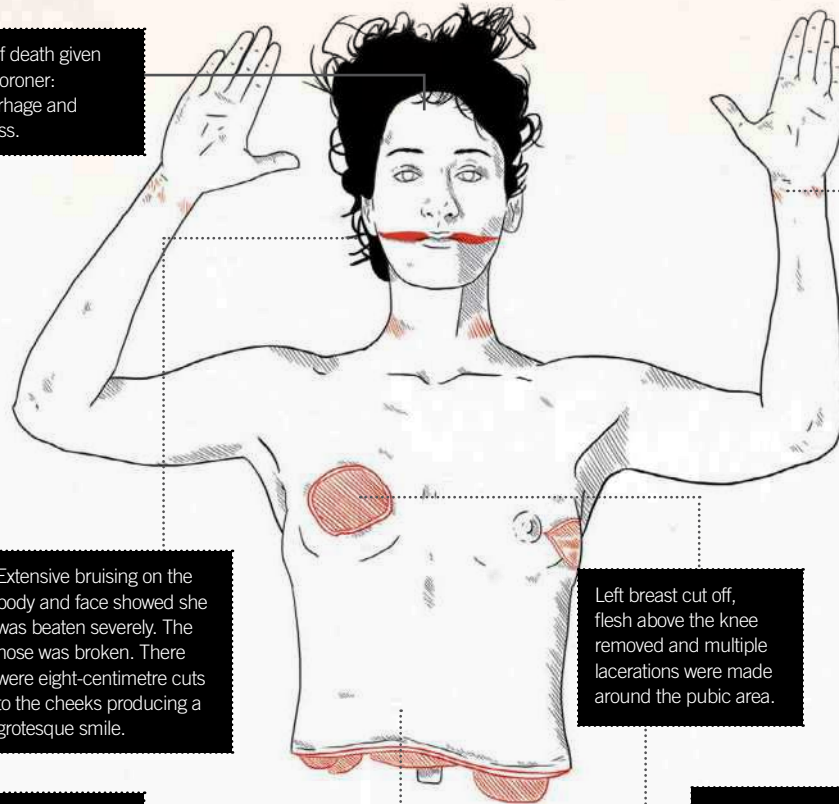
Attention Officers H. H. Hansen and F. A. Brown, Homicide Detail.

KINDLY NOTIFY C. B. MORRALL, CHIEF OF POLICE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Identification of Short was swift thanks to the *LA Examiner's* early fax machine technology, which allowed FBI agents in Washington to identify Short via her prints and a prior criminal record

Cause of death given by the coroner: haemorrhage and blood loss.



Extensive bruising on the body and face showed she was beaten severely. The nose was broken. There were eight-centimetre cuts to the cheeks producing a grotesque smile.

Left breast cut off, flesh above the knee removed and multiple lacerations were made around the pubic area.

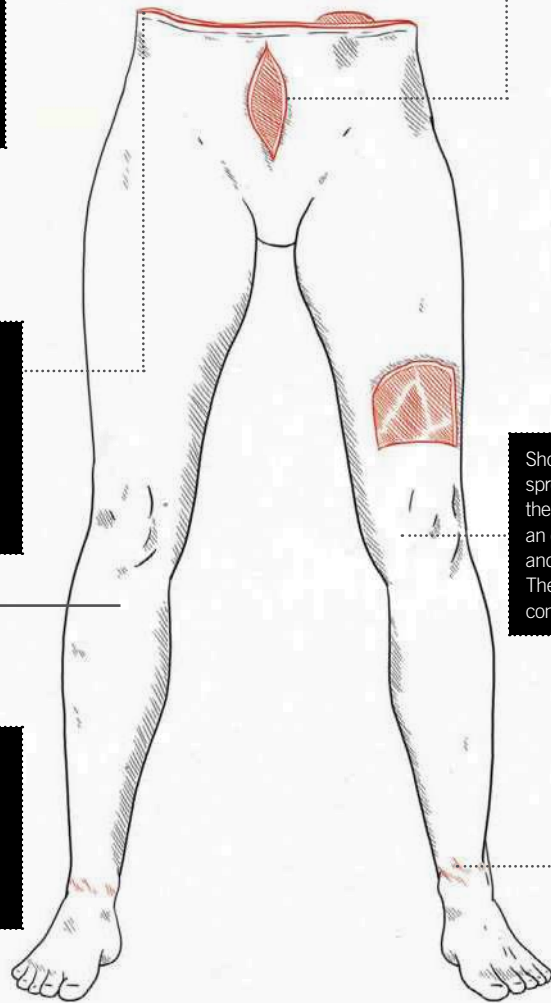
Her stomach contained digested faecal matter, either her own or somebody else's. Pieces of skin were also found in the anus and vagina.

Restraint marks were evident around the neck, wrists and ankles. There was no strangulation involved.

Bisected body cleanly severed via intervertebral disk between second and third lumbar vertebrae. Placed in supine position with arms raised above the head.

Short's legs were spread wide, as if the killer was making an obscene gesture and mocking Short. The body had been composed like this.

The body had been completely drained of blood, bar the odd spot found inside a nearby cement sack that had been used to transport Short to the scene.



THE INVESTIGATION

IN THEIR SEARCH FOR ANSWERS IN THIS SENSATIONAL CASE, THE POLICE FOUND A WILLING AND ABLE ALLY IN THE PRESS

Jane Doe Number 1. That's what they called her. The vacant lot on South Norton Avenue yielded very little information, and there was nothing to identify the poor girl. Another annoying issue: beat cops and journalists traipsed all around the crime scene, contaminating it. But one thing was clear from the off: lack of blood and the strange posing of the bisected body determined she'd been killed elsewhere and transported to the location.

Leimert Park was – and still is – a middle-class neighbourhood. In 1947, it was undergoing major renovations. Older houses were being torn down, replaced by new homes and better public amenities. Leimert Park is evocatively described in James Ellroy's classic novel *The Black Dahlia* (1987) as spelling “‘postwar boom’ like a neon sign.” The dumping site was peculiar and must have held some significance.

LAPD understood this was a sex crime and worked on this assumption; the concept of the serial killer would have been completely unknown to detectives like Finis Brown and Harry Hansen, just as Jack the Ripper had bamboozled East End plod in 1888. Years later, FBI man John Douglas, though partly working from faulty material in John Gilmore's *Severed* (1994), for a long time described as the definitive account of Elizabeth Short's story, profiled the Dahlia case and believed Leimert Park was symbolically significant. After all, this was a very public place to leave a corpse. It was designed to shock. The assailant could easily have been caught in the act by a passing patrol car or seen by residents. Most serial murderers will dump a body out in the sticks, where they

have a chance of never being found or seriously decomposed by the time someone stumbles across the remains, perhaps months or years later.

The need to identify the body was paramount. By the time the girl was on the slab and prints were taken, the skin had shrivelled and it proved difficult. Dr Frederic Newbarr, the chief coroner, examined the body and determined whoever she was had been killed somewhere in the region of 24 hours. She was killed on 14 January. Shipping off prints to Washington and the FBI would take days. But then a lightbulb turned on in the editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner's* head. Why not use their Soundex machine – an early type of fax – and wire the prints? The LAPD investigation even at this very early point had ground almost to a halt. The editor, like a mob boss, made them an offer they couldn't refuse: use of the Soundex to verify an identification in exchange for exclusive access to her identity. They readily agreed.

On 16 January, the FBI received a badly blurred copy of the prints. But miraculously, within 56 minutes, they'd made a positive ID: the victim was Miss Elizabeth Short. One set of prints on file regarded a job she'd applied for at Camp Cooke military base, Santa Barbara, in January 1943. The other set were from an arrest for underage drinking, again in Santa Barbara, 23 September 1943.

The relationship between the Los Angeles cops and journalists was very cosy. Not like today, where mutual antipathy exists between them. What effectively happened in the Black Dahlia case was reporters often being one step ahead of the law. They shared information and fed each other tips, but the papers broke stories before cops had a chance to act. The *Examiner* and *Herald-Express* put out messages directly appealing to the public for information like they were the ones running the show.

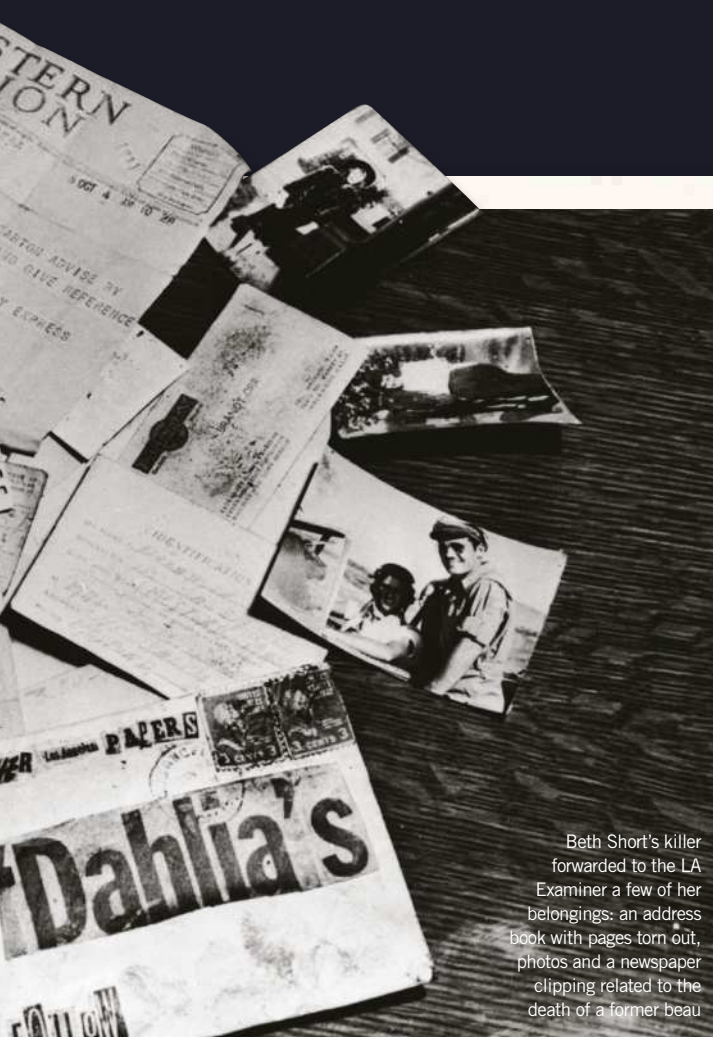
Dual investigations were being carried out and yet both would come up nought. 300 suspects and nothing. The killer remained at large, beyond their collective grasp. This was possibly a result of a sorry mix of police incompetence and a crafty maniac – the post-war years were a time of crisis and intense controversy for the LAPD – the public left incredulous such a brutal act could go unpunished and unsolved.



BLACK DAHLIA AVENGER LETTERS

Correspondence sent to the “*L.A. Examiner* and Other Los Angeles Papers” postmarked 24 January caused a sensation. Lettering had been cut out using movie ads and newspapers. ‘HERE!’ was taken from an ad for the Powell and Pressburger classic *A Matter Of Life And Death* (1946) released in the US on 25 December 1946, under the alternate title *Stairway To Heaven*. The killer's message read: “HERE! Is Dahlia's Belongings. Letter to Follow.”

The envelope had been washed in gasoline to remove latent prints from Short's social security card, an address book, birth certificate and photos. Smudged prints were found on the envelope but deemed unusable. The provenance of other letters is disputed and suspected of being copycat missives penned by crackpots or enterprising journos, wanting to keep the story going because it was a big seller.



Beth Short's killer forwarded to the LA Examiner a few of her belongings: an address book with pages torn out, photos and a newspaper clipping related to the death of a former beau



NEWSPAPERS GO WILD

Nobody, neither hardened LAPD detectives or seen-it-all-and-then-some journo's, could quite believe the horrifying state of the body laid out on the wet grass. This in a city where bizarre crimes and sickening acts of violence against women were fairly common.

Uncensored photos taken that day at the crime scene and the morgue would not be seen for years; they were too extreme to print. But the Herald-Express and the William Randolph Hearst-owned Los Angeles Examiner ran like the clappers with the juicy story, turning it into one of the biggest news items of the 1940s with plenty of muck-raking and conjecture to fill in the blanks. And this was a case with plenty of blanks. The Black Dahlia murder was front-page news for ten solid weeks in the City of Angels. The Examiner's extra edition, rushed out 16 January, was the paper's biggest seller with the exception of the VE Day announcement. The appetite

for this unfolding saga was voracious and reporters worked it hard. They followed leads, appealed for witnesses and chased anything that might develop the story. It was almost as if the papers were running the investigation, as they often broke new info before the cops had time to reckon it up.

So frenzied was the desire for the next big scoop and headline that when the Examiner made contact with Phoebe Short, they hoodwinked her. Elizabeth had won a beauty contest, they told the unsuspecting mother. To make sure they were speaking to the girl's real mother, they must ask questions. Pumping her for the girl's life story, after a while, they dropped the bombshell. This was no way to treat a victim's relative. In fairness, they knew they were being unconscionable bastards. Mrs Short was stunned and couldn't quite believe what she was hearing. Journalism can be a low business.



The Los Angeles Examiner helped turned victim Short into The Black Dahlia of popular myth with its stream of intense coverage and muck-raking

clocked certain cars in the rear view mirror. Manley, injected with pentothal (truth serum) and made to take a lie detector test (he passed), informed the cops he'd dropped Beth off at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown LA on 9 January. Manley said she'd arranged to meet Virginia, the sister who lived in Berkeley, in the lobby. Red waited around for a few minutes, checked with the receptionist to see if Virginia had turned up yet, asked a few ladies milling around if they were Beth's awaiting sibling, and then bid her farewell. At some point in that early evening, Short walked out of the Biltmore and into real crime infamy. Her star in the constellation of famous murder victims fixed for all eternity.

Detectives working the case needed to fill in the gaps for the week 9-15 January, when Short all but dropped off the face of the Earth. Was she holed up somewhere with a new fella? Was she abducted and tortured for days before her body was found at its surprising location? Who did she meet and where did she go? Nobody knows for certain. Eyewitnesses came forward, but eyewitness testimony can often prove problematic and mistaken. These missing pieces inspire the conspiracy theories and fictions. Somewhere in that missing week is Short's encounter with her killer.

Beth was a high-risk victim. She was a transient flitting around Hollywood dosshouses and rooms, always broke but somehow never going hungry. Serial killers are opportunistic and will select a person at random; chance meetings with deadly ends. Short was the type of person who would talk to anybody, too.

The injuries to the body were extreme, misogynistic and intended to humiliate Miss Short in death. It was pure butchery bar the neat severing of the body. This detail fed a particular angle during the investigation and in the years to come: the killer was a skilled surgeon. In 1949, Dr George Hodel came to the LAPD's attention as a potential Dahlia suspect, when put on trial for raping his teenaged daughter with several others involved (another man and two women). 'Deviant art' and pornography were found when LAPD searched his prestigious house, designed by the son of



ABOVE A gas station attendant served a "1942 tan Chrysler coupe" with a woman in dark clothing and a man in his 30s inside

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



GEORGE HODEL

In 2003, Hodel's surviving son, Steve, claimed that his father, who died in 1999, had murdered Elizabeth. This theory was endorsed by the true crime journalist James Elroy in 2004. Steve Hodel also suspects that his late father may have been involved in some of the murders associated with the Lipstick Killer of the 1940s.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



LESLIE DILLON

After divulging intimate details about the murder and blaming it on a friend, Dillon was arrested, transported to Los Angeles and questioned by undercover officers. He was released without charge. Police could never account for his whereabouts on key dates.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



ROBERT M "RED" MANLEY

Discharged from the army on the grounds of mental disability, Robert Manley was the last person seen with Elizabeth. Manley had dropped Short off at the Biltmore Hotel on 9 January and later verified items that belonged to Elizabeth. He was the LAPD's prime suspect until he passed two polygraph tests and an alibi proved him innocent.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

Frank Lloyd Wright in the Mayan style, when looking into the rape allegation. Although subsequently acquitted, the police wiretapped his house and out of hundreds of hours of conversations, he brought up the idea he was a suspect. “Supposin’ I did kill the Black Dahlia. They can’t prove it now.” In several books, such as 2003’s *Black Dahlia Avenger*, Steve Hodel attempted to do just that. But Hodel wasn’t the only surgeon under suspicion, then or now. If it was a serial killer, Short may well have been his revolting masterpiece. But the LAPD decided early on this was a one-off event, as they found no links to other unsolved murders on their files.

The shadowy exiting from the Biltmore Hotel makes for an apt symbolic image of an unknowable girl presumed to be full of secrets. Thanks to the cacophony of lies and looney tunes theories about mad doctors and all the rest of it, peddled down the years by those with good and dubious intentions, her life in Hollywood became the plot of a fascinating detective novel without a satisfactory ending. The lack of a proper finale, a hairpin third act twist, the big reveal where everything is cleared up and a coda that sees the fiend sent to the gas chamber for the big sleep is what haunts us most about the Black Dahlia murder.

There were 15 unsolved homicides in 1947 Los Angeles. Short’s was just one of them.

BELOW Robert Red Manley, the last person to see Elizabeth Short alive, described her nervously looking out of the car window, with scratches on her upper arm



THE AFTERMATH

THE LAPD FACED IMMENSE PRESSURE TO SOLVE THE CASE, BUT TO NO AVAIL

LAPD detectives failed to catch a killer. One of the most controversial police departments in the world, even in the 1940s it was bedevilled by corruption and incompetence. The case never broke in a way it was expected to. There would be no one brought to trial, and there never will be. Justice for Beth Short and her living relatives isn’t on the cards. In time, the Black Dahlia files edged further and further away from their list of priorities.

The 70th anniversary approaches. It is extremely unlikely the murderer is even alive today, let alone for there to be a major break, arrest and conviction. Since events in 1947, the vacuum has been filled mostly by attention-seeking kooks. Yet the story is bigger than a whodunit because so much of the Black Dahlia’s life has been mythologised.

The Black Dahlia has the perfect ingredients for the ultimate film noir movie or novel and has influenced American culture like no other murder victim. David Lynch used aspects of Short’s life and murder for his 2001 noir mystery *Mulholland Drive*. Short’s ghost (played by Mena Suvari) appeared in an episode of TV horror drama *American Horror Story*. Author James Ellroy found in Short a symbolic victim substitute and used her life and death to work through his own tragedy – the loss of a mother found murdered in a side street in 1958. The future writer of literary masterpieces such as *L.A. Confidential* (1990) was ten, his relationship with the deceased incredibly complex. Ellroy recalled his unemotional reaction to the news, and his behaviour at the time, in the documentary *Feasts Of Death* (2001), as being that of a “cold, withdrawn, manipulative, evil, little shit.”

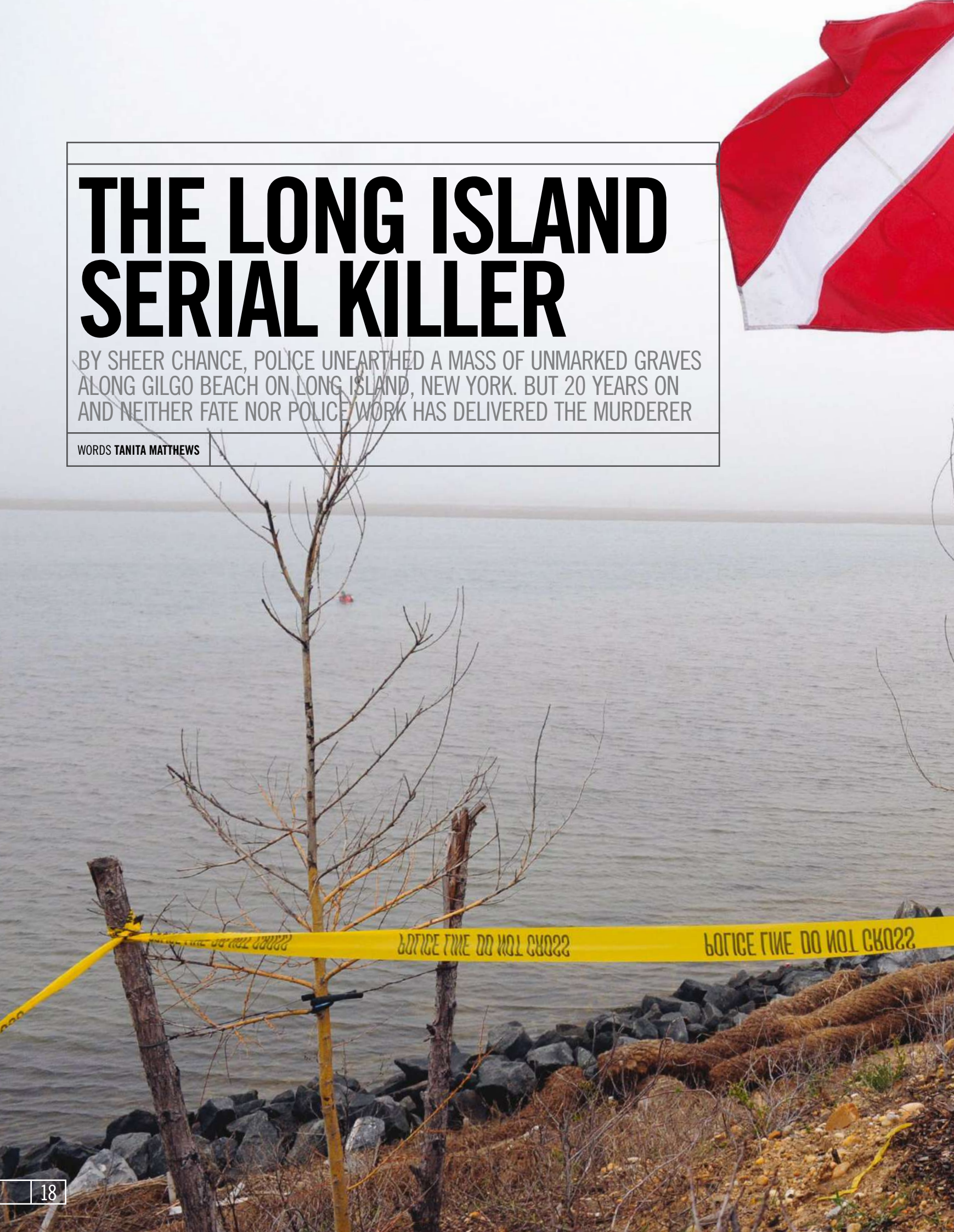
His acclaimed 1987 novel *The Black Dahlia*, turned into a film by Brian De Palma in 2006, weaved fact and fiction to further the tragic femme fatale image of Beth Short in pop culture. He dedicated the book to his mother, writing: “Mother: Twenty-Nine Years Later, This Valediction in Blood.” Ellroy was a Black Dahlia obsessive, though today he refuses to discuss it. It’s an exhausted subject. The killer of Geneva Hilliker Ellroy was never captured either (the writer detailed a privately funded investigation into the murder in his stunning autobiography, 1996’s *My Dark Places*).

Short’s legacy stings with a cruel irony, whether as a famous real crime victim, a myth, a cautionary tale, a novelist’s fantasy figure or a Halloween costume. The girl with Hollywood in her eyes achieved the fame she’d craved, the type she dreamed about working as a cinema usher. Beth became a poster girl, but for all the wrong reasons. Her days in Hollywood were far from Beverly Hills glamour and closer to the Skid Row gutter.

THE LONG ISLAND SERIAL KILLER

BY SHEER CHANCE, POLICE UNEARTHED A MASS OF UNMARKED GRAVES
ALONG GILGO BEACH ON LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK. BUT 20 YEARS ON
AND NEITHER FATE NOR POLICE WORK HAS DELIVERED THE MURDERER

WORDS **TANITA MATTHEWS**





As the gentle waves rolled up onto the shore of New York's Fire Island in 1996, two seasonal residents made their way down the coastline near Davis Park. What stopped them in their tracks was a grisly discovery, one that would startle the community – spook them even. It was the beginning of a very twisted and disturbing case. They had found, wrapped in plastic bags, a set of dismembered human legs. The toenails were painted red, each leg had a scar on the calf approximately nine centimetres long and, on one shin, an L-shaped scar hinted at a past surgery. It would be 15 years before police found more of this victim, along with nine other sets of human remains further up the shore.

The Long Island Serial Killer, otherwise dubbed the Craigslist Ripper, was preying on young women who were working in the sex trade – those walking the streets at night looking to make some money and completely unaware they would be selling their bodies to a crazed and dangerous killer. But the digital age was dawning and finding prostitutes online was becoming increasingly easy. On the streets there were other people around, people who might see something suspicious. But picking a woman up online meant they could be specifically targeted. A predator could stalk the women through an online labyrinth. They were easier to lure on a one-to-one basis. The killer had it all planned out and he had what he thought was the perfect hiding spot for these women, along the southern shoreline of Long Island.

SEARCHING FOR SHANNAN

In May 2010, 22-year-old Shannan Gilbert rang her mother Mari, telling her she'd like to come and visit on Mother's Day, which was just a few days away. Mari told her daughter that she didn't want presents or gifts, she just wanted to see her daughter. As the conversation came to a close, Shannan told her mother she had a few 'jobs' to see to. Her mother knew exactly what she meant; she knew that her daughter was a prostitute. She told her daughter that she didn't need to go. She suggested that she stay in that night instead. But Shannan simply told her, "Don't worry mommy, I'll be okay." Those were the last words Mari would hear from her daughter before she disappeared, sparking the hunt for her body that would lead to the discovery of others just like her.

Shannan was a beautiful young woman with a full round face, luscious chestnut hair streaked with blonde wisps and big doe eyes. As a young child she had been passed between foster homes on a frequent basis. Growing up, she dreamed of being an actress and loved to sing, but such opportunities never came her way. Therefore, she decided to fund herself through escorting. She would advertise herself on Craigslist, an online classified advertisement website. Her designated driver, Michael Pak, ferried her between clients in his black Ford Explorer. On a warm night in May 2010 at about 1am, Pak dropped Shannan at the home of Joe Brewer, a millionaire living in the gated community of Oak Beach. While she was inside the house, Shannan made a 911 call. Between her incoherent ramblings she told the operator, "They're trying to kill me!" But as her driver had been the one to take her to the location in the middle of the night, she had no idea where she was. Brewer called Pak



into the building, complaining that Shannan would not leave his property and that she seemed distressed. They attempted to get her out of the house and back into the car, but she fled into the night.

Later that morning, Gus Coletti was mid-way through shaving when he heard pounding on the door. When he answered it, he found Shannan shrieking on his doorstep, her phone in her hand. The only word Coletti could make out was "help". Coletti invited her in, eager to call the police to help her, but before he had the chance to, she dashed down the porch steps, frantically banging on other doors. When she spotted the lights of the SUV creeping along, searching for her, she ducked into hiding in Coletti's porch. Coletti approached the young Asian driver, but when Shannan saw that the pair were distracted, she made her way down the next road and continued banging on other people's doors, shouting for someone to help her. She tried another road, where a woman spotted her frantically trying to find help. She called out but Shannan didn't answer.

That morning, police received two calls from Coletti and the other woman who spotted Shannan, telling them of her behaviour and their concern for the young woman who tore through the neighbourhood. When police arrived some 45 minutes after the two calls were made, the young woman they were told about had disappeared. With no word from Shannan since that night, she was reported as missing as her family grew concerned for her safety. Who was trying to kill her? What spooked her so much inside Brewer's home that she felt it necessary to flee her trusted driver? Where was she now?



In April 2011, four sets of remains were discovered about one kilometre from each other and approximately eight kilometres west of the bodies found in December

LOST AND FOUND

Several months later in December, a policeman and his dog were searching Gilgo Beach for signs of Shannan, looking for clues that might offer her family some knowledge of her whereabouts. Sniffing in the sands, the dog discovered a set of skeletal remains wrapped in burlap. The first suspicion was that it was the missing woman they were searching for, but it wasn't. The body they discovered in the brush was that of Melissa Barthelemy, who had been reported missing less than a year earlier.

A further investigation of the area by the Suffolk County Police uncovered three more bodies, none of which were Shannan. The four bodies were all found within the same area on the north side of Ocean Parkway on Gilgo Beach. Melissa Barthelemy, Maureen Brainard-Barnes, Megan Waterman and Amber Lyn Costello, all in their 20s, were all women who had advertised their services as escorts or prostitutes on Craigslist, and they had all been discarded in burlap sacks after being strangled.

Maureen had not been seen since July 2007, Melissa disappeared in July 2009, and the other girls had been reported missing within months of each other in 2010. Megan was the youngest of the four victims found that day, just 22 years old. Days after Melissa went missing, her younger sister Amanda's phone rang and the caller ID told her it was Melissa. When she picked up, she discovered she was on the line with a sinister-sounding man. Speaking in a low tone, he asked, "Is this Melissa's little sister?" After confirming that she was, the man spoke again. "Do you know what your sister is doing? She's a whore," he told her. Amanda knew how Melissa made a

IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE

A ONE-TIME SUSPECT HAD HIS OWN THEORIES ABOUT THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER

In 2011, Joel Rifkin gave an interview to Newsday, an American daily newspaper, in regards to the Gilgo Beach murders and the victims discovered along the shoreline. Speaking from the maximum-security prison where he is serving 203 years behind bars for the murder of nine women – leaving their remains in New York City, Jersey and Long Island – Rifkin said: "My guess is it (the killer) would be someone like a landscaper, contractor or a fisherman." He added that he thinks the real killer could be a local man whose line of work would allow him to go unnoticed if he carries burlap sacks, much like the fishermen who frequented the same South Shore area where he went fishing with his dad during his childhood. He also said that he believes the four women found along Gilgo Beach in December could be unrelated to the other remains found in Suffolk and Nassau counties.



LEFT In the open brush on Ocean Parkway, a police dog search for Shannan Gilbert discovered the first four bodies, all within 150 metres of each other



OAK BEACH DRIFTER?

A BOOK ABOUT THE LONG ISLAND BEACH ATTRACTED SUSPICION

In 2012, an unknown author who goes by the pen name of 'W' published a book, *Confessions Of The Oak Beach Drifter*, said to be a story of, "...the trials and tribulations of a young man who tried to do the right thing in life but due to unlucky circumstances, chose a life of crime, drugs and violence." The story follows the exploits of a man who lived life in the fast lane for more than 20 years before being, "...led into one of the biggest unsolved murder controversies that our country has ever endured." The book casts suspicion on a character named Damon Brooks, who according to online sleuths bears some resemblance to Brewer, the man who hired Shannan for the evening in 2010. Brewer has always denied any involvement in her death, only admitting to hiring her for the evening. Police have ruled him out as a person of interest.

FINDING THE FALLEN

POLICE ARE STILL UNABLE TO IDENTIFY FIVE OF THE TEN VICTIMS DISCOVERED ALONG GILGO BEACH



VICTIM UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

A possible victim of the Long Island Serial Killer, the woman was nicknamed 'Peaches' due to a tattoo. Her torso was discovered in a plastic container at Hempstead Lake State Park.



VICTIM UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

Another possible victim nicknamed 'Cherries' for her body art. Her torso was found in a suitcase in Harbor Island Park and her legs found separately after. She had been stabbed to death.



CLUE GOLD JEWELLERY

A gold bracelet more than 18 centimetres long and a 40 centimetre long necklace were discovered on the bodies of two of the victims, Jane Doe No3 and Baby Doe respectively.



VICTIM TANYA RUSH

Police believe her death may be connected to the others. She was found stuffed in a small suitcase in Bellmore, New York, in June 2008.



VICTIM JANE DOE N07

A skull – most likely a woman's – belonged to the same victim as the pair of severed legs discovered in April 1996, on Fire Island. Her torso and hands remain missing. She is believed to be Caucasian, between 18–50 years old, and had surgery on her left ankle.



VICTIM MEGAN WATERMAN

22-year-old Megan Waterman was originally from Maine and was last seen leaving a Holiday Inn in Hauppauge, Long Island, late at night on 6 June 2010.



VICTIM MELISSA BARTHELEMY

The 24-year-old aspiring hair stylist was the first body to be discovered by police. She was last seen sitting outside her apartment in the Bronx on 12 July.



VICTIM AMBER LYNN COSTELLO

27-year-old Amber Lynn Costello grew up in Wilmington, North Carolina. While working as an escort, her roommate, Dave Schaller, tried to help her stay safe.

CC# 11-208265
Date of Recovery 04-12-2011



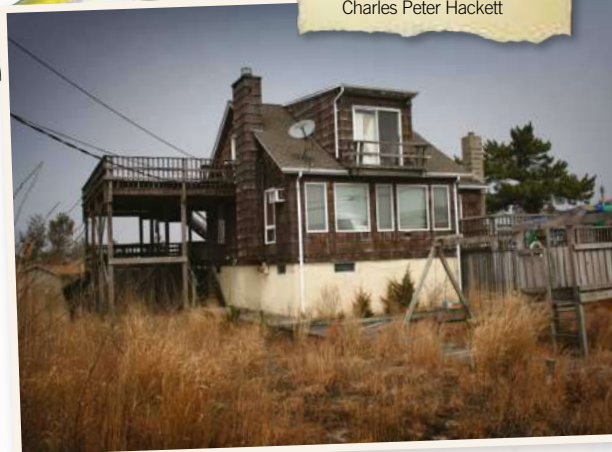
Length of Bracelets 7 1/4"

CC # 11-155207
Date of Recovery 04-04-2011



Chain Length 16"
1/16" in Thickness

Attorney John Ray, who represents the Gilbert family, believes Shannan ran from Brewer's home the night she disappeared and fell into the hands of his neighbour, Charles Peter Hackett



VICTIM UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN

The skeletal remains of Baby Doe's mother were discovered on 11 April 2011 near Jones Beach State Park by Nassau County. She had been dismembered and wrapped inside a plastic bag.

EVENT SHANNAN'S FLIGHT

Brewer summoned Shannan's driver to his house at about 5am on 1 May 2010 and ordered him to take Shannan back to New Jersey, but before either of them could do anything, Shannan bolted out of the door, scared for her life.

**VICTIM JESSICA TAYLOR**

The 20-year-old escort was last seen working the streets on Manhattan near the Port Authority Bus Terminal in 2000. A tattoo on her hip was sliced at before she was buried. Her hands, skull and forearm were found on Ocean Parkway in 2011.

**VICTIM JOHN DOE**

Police believe he was between 17 and 23 years old, Asian, and approximately 1.6 metres tall. He was missing several teeth for some time before he was killed.

**VICTIM JANE DOE N06**

Hikers found this Jane Doe nude while they walked along the Halsey Manor Road in Manorville in 2000. Her severed remains were found wrapped in plastic bags. She is believed to be a white woman between 18 and 40 years old, approximately 1.5 metres tall, with brown hair.

**VICTIM SHANNAN GILBERT**

Her body was found approximately a mile away from where her clothes, wallet and ID were found more than a year and a half after she went missing.

**VICTIM BABY DOE**

The remains of a baby girl were found wrapped in a blanket east of Cedar Beach Park. Police said the body displayed no signs of trauma. DNA later connected her to a woman's remains discovered 16 kilometres away.

**VICTIM NATASHA JUGO**

Police suspect she is another victim. Her clothes were discovered in the sand on Gilgo Beach and her body washed up there a few months later in June 2013.

**VICTIM MAUREEN BRAINARD-BARNES**

Maureen Brainard-Barnes was forced to return to sex work when an eviction notice was served to her. The 25-year-old single mother was last seen on in Manhattan on 9 July 2007.

**CLUE BURLAP SACKS**

The four bodies discovered on Gilgo Beach were wrapped in burlap sacks before they were buried.

THE INVESTIGATION

THE HUNT FOR SHANNAN WAS STILL ON, WOULD HER BODY PROVIDE ANSWERS OR MORE QUESTIONS?

The police had no definitive leads on who had murdered these women. Shannan's client, Brewer, was questioned and his house searched twice, but police found no evidence to link him to either Shannan's disappearance or the other women's murders. Police surmised that the killer was a Caucasian male, aged between his mid-20s and his mid-40s, who was familiar with the South Shore and Long Island, and had a good working knowledge of the area. It was suspected that he had detailed knowledge of law-enforcement techniques and was possibly a former officer, although Dormer quickly dismissed this theory. But one thing was for certain, the killer was smart.

On 6 December 2011, police found Shannan's jeans, shoes, purse and ID in a marsh off Oak Beach. Her body was eventually discovered on Gilgo Beach, not far from where she had made her final 911 call more than a year and a half ago. Forensics labelled the cause of death as undetermined, but police were certain that Shannan had not been a victim like the others they found – her situation didn't fit the profile. Shannan had been a habitual drug user and was thought to be bipolar, and investigators

suspected that she had experienced delusional parasitosis, a reaction to drugs that could have led her to believe she was being eaten alive by insects. Police theorised that Shannan had run from Brewer's house suffering from the delusion and eventually ended up by the swamp, removing her own clothes as a way of 'relieving herself' of the suspected parasites. While continuing to flee, police believed she may have fallen and drowned in the swamp because of her inebriation. But Mari did not share the police's views and insisted that her daughter had been murdered. In November 2012, Mari filed a lawsuit against the Suffolk County Police Department, hoping to get more answers. Dr Michael Baden conducted an independent autopsy on Shannan's body in the hope of determining a clear cause of death. "There is no evidence whatsoever that Shannan Gilbert died a natural death," Baden wrote in the report, also concluding there was no evidence she died from a drug overdose

or by drowning. Still, her death was ruled as 'accidental'. Mari alleged that a man named Peter Hackett had called her two days after her daughter went missing and told her, "I run a home for wayward girls." He told her that he had taken Shannan in. Hackett denied this, but was later proved to have made the two calls. He later admitted to the calls but denied that he ever met Shannan. Detectives interviewed Hackett, but never charged him.

A killer already behind bars for the murder and dismemberment of nine drug-addicted prostitutes in New York between 1989 and 1993 was suspected of being the killer. Joel Rifkin was later ruled out.

Another person of interest was Lucius Crawford, an ex-con from Westchester County. Crawford was wanted for stabbing two women to death in the 1990s, and was jailed between 1995 and 2008. When police found him in 2012, he had a third victim dead in his bed. Police eventually took him off their radar due to lack of evidence in the Gilgo Beach case.



It was reported that someone had placed four Time Out Dolls as grave markers where the bodies were discovered. It is suspected that this is the serial killer's way of taunting the police

living, it was a secret kept from almost everyone except her. Melissa had only told her mother she was an exotic dancer, and that the money she made from this line of work was paying her bills.

The caller rang and texted several more times over the coming months, always in the evening, and he would only speak to Amanda. The calls never lasted more than three minutes, during which time the caller would taunt the younger sister, describing in detail how he had sexually tortured Melissa before killing her. Every time the police attempted to find the location of the caller, they were led to busy and crowded place such as Times Square. CCTV cameras couldn't even pick him up.

The calls came to an abrupt stop shortly after August 2009, when a Buffalo TV station got wind of the story. Police suspected that the killer had abducted Melissa as she left her Bronx apartment on 12 July. Unknown to them, her body had been laying beside four other girls who had all suffered a similar fate for more than a year. Following the discovery of the remains, Suffolk County Police Commissioner Richard Dormer released a statement to the media: "Four bodies found in the same location pretty much speaks for itself. It's more than a coincidence. We could have a serial killer."

CASTING A WIDER NET

When 27-year-old Amber went missing in 2010, investigators found that she had left for the evening to meet her client without taking her purse or mobile phone. During an episode of 48 hours, an American TV show dedicated to documenting true crime stories, Amber's roommate told the show that Amber felt "unusually comfortable" with the man she was going to meet, she knew him well and had been promised \$1,500, equating to nearly six times her average rate. It seemed that the killer had been operating online, inviting vulnerable women to meet him and making the prospect so tempting they could not resist.

The police had reason to believe the killer had not stopped at four victims. The discovery of the remains that December day triggered one of the largest criminal investigations in Long Island history. In March and April the following year, four more bodies were discovered in another area off the parkway, causing police to expand the area of their search to include the Nassau County border. There, police discovered remains belonging to an unidentified victim, whose torso had been found in Manorville in 2000.

The remains of a baby were also discovered, which baffled police until they found her mother's body 16 kilometres up the beach. Dormer believed the baby may have been taken with the mother while she worked. The body of a male was discovered a short distance from the original four victims with blunt force trauma to the head. Police suspected that the man, identified as Asian, possibly worked in the sex trade, but he had been dead between five and ten years. The hands, forearm and skull of 20-year-old Jessica Taylor were discovered on Gilgo Beach; her torso had been found almost 80 kilometres away in 2003. Another set of remains was found in April, as well as a separate skull. Two weeks later, the team dug up two human teeth near to where the skull they found previously: both were identified as belonging to the victim of the severed legs found on Fire Island in 1996. Whoever had been murdering these victims had been operating for 15 years. The body count was up to ten.



ABOVE The fact the killer made the calls in such public places made it hard for police to use surveillance footage to track the killer

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



JAMES BURKE

In December 2016, Shannan's family attorney announced a connection between the murders and the disgraced cop who had previously been convicted of orchestrating a department cover-up after beating a man.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JOHN BITTROLFF

Some similarities between the murders committed by convicted prostitute killer John Bittrolff and the Gilgo Beach slayings led to him being named a suspect in at least one of the murders in September 2017. He knew the area well, growing up in Mastic Beach.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JOSEPH BREWER

Brewer hired Shannan as an escort the evening she went missing. She fled his home and phoned 911 claiming that, "they were trying to kill her". Brewer was later cleared as a suspect.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?





ABOVE During his final phone call made to Amanda, the mystery caller admitted that he had killed her sister Melissa. He never phoned again **BELOW** Gus Coletti was up early in the morning to go to an upstate car show when he heard a woman later identified as Shannan banging on his door and screaming for help



THE AFTERMATH

WITH THE TRAIL TURNING COLD, ALL POLICE CAN DO IS WAIT FOR NEW EVIDENCE TO COME TO LIGHT

Some of the girl's 'graves', memorials of where their bodies once lay, have been mysteriously marked by extremely lifelike but faceless Time Out Dolls. The dolls are the size of a small child, dressed in everyday clothes and resemble a tiny tot hanging their head, weeping into their arms and hiding their faces in shame. Nobody knew where they came from or why they were put there. A woman claimed to know the identity of the killer after she spotted the dolls on the victims' graves. She claimed that a local mechanic had such dolls in his house and that soon after the bodies were discovered, he moved away. But police have said that the circumstantial evidence proves nothing.

To this day, the suspected body count weighs in at 17 victims. It's possible that more lay waiting to be found, but the trail to finding the killer appears to have gone cold. The theory as to how many perpetrators the police are looking for has divided the force. Before his retirement in 2011, Dormer originally suspected that there may be multiple killers, but later revisited this theory and changed his mind, believing that the team should be focusing on capturing only one murderer. He said he believed that in regards to some of the victims being dismembered and some not, that the serial killer had evolved and changed his tactics.

The Suffolk District Attorney Thomas Spota disagreed and said that the facts that have been disclosed so far do not necessarily point to a single killer, and that since not all of the victims have been positively identified, they could not confirm that they were all involved in the sex trade. He told the media that although the John Doe was found wearing women's clothing, this did not mean he was a prostitute. One thing that can be agreed on by the force is that the victims were all killed at a different location before their bodies were dumped.

Dormer has since retired, but a fresh set of eyes are still looking at the case, waiting for more evidence to come to light. In December 2015, on the evening before the fifth anniversary of the discovery of the first four sets of remains, Suffolk County Police Department announced that the FBI had officially joined the investigation. The women's families pray everyday that whoever is responsible for the murders are brought to justice. There is speculation that whoever is responsible has moved away from the area, or is possibly even dead now. When Hurricane Sandy hit the coast in 2012, the public waited with bated breath to see if the storm would drag up more corpses, but when it subsided, there were no victims to be found. All that remains are the horror stories of what kind of monster trailed along the beach all that time, discarding the bodies of his victims under the darkness of night.



WHO KILLED THE GORILLA LADY?

RENOWNED ZOOLOGIST DIAN FOSSEY TREATED THE GORILLAS SHE STUDIED LIKE HER OWN CHILDREN. IT SEEMS SHE WOULD DO OR GIVE ANYTHING FOR THEM - INCLUDING HER LIFE

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Footsteps pounding the side of the Virunga Mountains in Rwanda broke the silence around the Karisoke Research Center on the morning of 27 December 1985. Swahili screams pierced the misty atmosphere surrounding a tin cabin among the brush. “Dian kufa, Dian kufa” they cried. Their shouting roughly translated into “Dian’s dead”. In a remote research facility off the beaten track in east-central Africa, her murder was the last thing anyone expected to happen. But the 53-year-old victim, US-born primatologist Dian Fossey, had made many enemies while studying mountain gorillas in her self-funded and self-established facility deep in the mountains.

Whether she had enemies or not, her death was a devastating loss to those who admired Dian’s work – and there were many. Despite her profile as the world’s top gorilla expert, her unexplained death in the isolated Rwandan bush has never been solved and most likely never will be. Whoever killed Dian most likely had vengeance in mind, but to date no clear motive has been established, nor has justice for her slaying ever been delivered.

A FISH OUT OF WATER

Even as a child growing up in San Francisco, California, Dian loved animals. Although she was not naturally gifted with the academia required to study veterinary science, it was clear that she had a talent for gaining the trust of animals. As a young girl she had a goldfish, but it died, and Dian’s mother Kathryn (Kitty to her friends), along with her second husband Richard Price, never permitted the young girl to have another animal. This and many other things caused the tensions between Dian and her parents to increase. Kathryn had divorced Dian’s father George E. Fossey III in 1935 when Dian was only three years old, and although he attempted to keep in contact, the letters and pictures exchanged between the pair soon dwindled and eventually ceased





altogether, allegedly thanks to Kathryn's disapproval of their relationship. Dian was resentful of her stepfather, and it was clear that there was little love lost between them. Dian was forced to sit in the kitchen with the housekeeper to eat her meals while her mother and new partner sat together at the table, engaged in conversation. It seems Dian was a victim of a generation that believed that children should be seen and not heard. Growing up was a lonely existence for her, which is why animals became her friends.

As a teenager, Dian was taller and slightly more aloof than the rest of the children, but she was a keen horseback rider and aspiring veterinarian despite her parents' inclination to push Dian towards a career in business. Dian failed to grasp enough knowledge of physics and chemistry to become a vet and left the University of California. Instead she focused on a degree in occupational therapy at San Jose University. In 1954 Dian graduated and spent several months as an intern for a California hospital, before moving to Kentucky in 1955. At the age of 23 she was a director of the Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital's occupational therapy department. Her home became a farm on the far outskirts of Louisville where, in her spare time, Dian happily tended to the livestock.

But a farmer's life was not what Dian had in mind, and in 1963, at the age of 29, she combined her entire life savings plus a loan from the bank to fund a once-in-a-lifetime trip to Africa, visiting areas in Kenya, Tanzania, Zimbabwe and the Congo. While on the trip, Dian met with famous anthropologist Louis Leakey and his wife Mary, who were studying African gorillas. The couple took Dian under their wing and brought her along with them during one of their trips to the Virunga Mountains to search for wild gorillas.

It was practically love at first sight for Dian when she encountered the beasts, writing in her 1983 autobiography *Gorillas In The Mist*, "Immediately I was struck by the

physical magnificence of the huge jet-black bodies blended against the green palette wash of the thick forest foliage." For Dian, "It was their individuality combined with the shyness of their behaviour that remained the most captivating impression of this first encounter with the greatest of the great apes." With great reluctance, Dian left Africa to go back to the United States, but was eager to return and learn more about the gorillas.

Back in Kentucky, Dian's trip became the subject of several articles for Louisville's *Courier-Journal*. Louis Leakey and Dian came face to face again at a lecture in Louisville in 1966, after discussing British primatologist and anthropologist Jane Goodall's study of chimpanzees, which was in its early years at this stage. Louis expressed his belief that studying gorillas in the mountain forest would aid the study of human evolution, and invited Dian to partake in a long-term study of the animals she had grown enamoured towards in the Rwandan mountains. Although Dian was not an accredited primatologist and had little training for such a project, Louis had experienced first-hand her iron will and determination, and felt she would be the best person for the job. Dian accepted the offer and left for Africa.

THE BIRTH OF KARISOKE

The first few days of Dian's adventure were spent in Gombe, Congo, before she left for Nairobi in Kenya to build up a supply of materials needed for her jungle camp. Dian lived among the mountain gorillas in the Democratic Republic of the Congo with wildlife photographer Alan Root for several months, until civil war forced the pair to leave and head for Rwanda. It was on 24 September 1967 that Dian's 3,000-metre ascent into Mount Bisoke in Volcanoes National Park brought her to a stop. There she established the

ABOVE Dian significantly advanced the study of primates: she recorded in detail the daily activities of the gorillas she observed at her research centre in Rwanda, and obtained a PhD in zoology from the University of Cambridge

ABOVE-RIGHT Dian's remote rainforest camp of Karisoke was located in Ruhengeri province, and conducted research across 65 square kilometres of wild vegetation

ABOVE-RIGHT-INSET Dian's determination to better understand the gorilla species, regarded by many as bloodthirsty beasts, made her the world's leading expert in the primates' behaviour



Karisoke Research Center, naming the camp after its central location between Mount Karisimbi, which overlooked the camp in the south, and Mount Bisoke, a smaller mountain to the north.

As well as a first-hand study of the mountain gorillas, Dian also dedicated her time to obtaining a PhD from the University of Cambridge, which she obtained in 1976. She became known by locals as 'Nyiramachabelli', or 'Nyiramacibiri', which roughly translates as "the woman who lives alone on the mountain". Unlike the beasts of the Congo side of Virunga, the gorillas Dian studied in Rwanda only saw humans as a threat. Dian had her work cut out integrating herself into their circle, a process that took several years. Slowly but surely she came to be accepted by the gorillas.

Newly hired *National Geographic* photographer Bob Campbell travelled to Karisoke to document Dian's groundbreaking study of the gorillas, capturing some of the most remarkable moments of the camp's history. The two became lovers despite the fact that he was married. Dian's friendship with the primates developed, and she began to name them. One of the young male gorillas in particular became her favourite. She named him Digit, having noticed that he had an injured finger from a trap set by poachers in the forest.

Poachers became a primary concern for Dian, who took it upon herself to safeguard the gorillas she came to know and love. Her hostility towards the men became a sore point in the community. While poaching was prohibited in the national park, poaching gorillas was a valuable source of income to many families, as poor villagers learned that there was money to be made in selling gorilla skulls to westerners or selling baby gorillas to zoos for as much as \$400,000.

Dian grew to despise the poachers, and her fierce protection of the animals and harsh treatment of the men

“ POACHERS BECAME A PRIMARY CONCERN FOR DIAN, WHO TOOK IT UPON HERSELF TO SAFEGUARD THE GORILLAS SHE CAME TO KNOW AND LOVE ”





she found encroaching on her home and newfound family threatened the community. Her relationship with Bob also eventually came to an end after almost three years of working together, and the wildlife photographer returned to the US.

"DIAN'S DEAD"

The local people believed in witchcraft and black magic, and sensing an opportunity to spook them, Dian would run through the forest in a Halloween mask to spark rumours in the nearby villages of a witch living in the mountains who preyed on poachers, cursing them for their efforts to capture wildlife. In 1980 Dian's methods of punishing poachers reached a new low – a local magistrate questioned her after she allegedly took the child of a Rwandan man she accused of abducting a baby gorilla. She reportedly offered the suspected poacher an exchange – his baby for hers. She was reprimanded but avoided further punishment thanks to her efforts to take care of the child, feeding her and keeping her safe until she was returned.

1978 got off to a tough start for Dian, who was informed on New Year's Day that her beloved Digit had been killed defending his family from poachers. They had hacked off his head and one of his hands in the aftermath – he was identified by his mutilated digit and namesake. Six months later, another gorilla named after Dian's uncle Albert was killed, and piece by piece, Dian's primate family dwindled. Dian had drawn the battle lines against the people who killed her gorillas. She slaughtered their cattle if they wandered into her land, set fire to the poachers' homes and placed bounties on their heads. After Digit's death Dian's hermit-like existence became normality, and she continued to drink and smoke in increasing quantities.

In 1981 the Rwandan government ordered her to leave, banning her until 1983, when she was allowed to return to Karisoke. Graduate anthropology student Wayne McGuire from the University of Oklahoma joined Dian's study in July 1985, desperate to learn about the primate species. Many graduates before him had done the same, only to leave when they became frustrated by the living conditions, or with Dian's increasingly hostile attitude towards both them and the Swahili anti-poaching team she employed (which was funded by the Rwandan government).

Christmas was a quiet occasion, although Dian liked to celebrate it by inviting camp workers into her home and hosting a feast, complete with gallons of the local banana beer Urwagwa. However, this year she had postponed her usual celebrations until New Year, anticipating the arrival of a delegation of conservationists. She put up decorations outside her hut, and on Christmas Day invited Wayne and Joseph Munyaneza for a lamb dinner. The following day Wayne ventured out into the forest to monitor some of the 70 gorillas the centre kept tabs on. He returned to Dian that evening to tell her that everything was OK in the centre, and then retreated back to his cabin for the night.

Pulled from a sound slumber by Dian's house servant the following morning, Wayne quickly realised something was very wrong over in Dian's cabin, which lay only 90 metres up the mountain, on the far edge of the camp. Entering the cabin, Wayne saw Dian laying face up next to her two beds, which she pushed together. Dian's belongings were strewn across the cabin, but it was her body that showed the most violent signs of an attack. When he reached down to check her vital signs, he saw that her face had been split diagonally from a single machete blow. Only days before her 54th birthday, Dian was dead.

ABOVE Living in the mountains, Dian endured harsh and uncomfortable conditions and as a result had bouts of ill health – her dedication to her cause was considered crazy and obsessive by some

ABOVE-INSET The scene of Dian's death was laden with clues regarding the identity of her killer, yet the Rwandan police failed to investigate her death successfully, contaminating evidence and refusing to secure the crime scene

CLUE IGNORED MONEY

Dian's jewellery, passport and handguns remained inside the cabin. She also had \$1,200 in cash and more than \$1,700 in traveller's cheques, as well as Rwandan francs that had been left untouched, arousing suspicion that the motive behind Dian's murder wasn't burglary.

CLUE PANGA MACHETE

Years before, Dian had confiscated a poacher's panga machete when she confronted him during his hunt for her beloved gorillas. Near her body, the large weapon was left discarded.

CLUE FOOTPRINTS

A set of bare footprints were left in the mud outside the cabin. "A white person doesn't walk barefoot [through the forest]," Jean Bosco Bizumuremyi, one of Dian's anti-poaching team, commented during a documentary on her death, before adding, "But Rwandans – we do that easily."

CLUE HAIR

Clutched in one hand was a tuft of light-coloured hair, which Rwandan officials sent off for testing to a laboratory in Paris. Results concluded that it could have only come from a European person. Had this been left after a fight with her killer, or had it been placed there?

CLUE GUN AND AMMUNITION

Dian's pistol lay close to her body. Recently she had been sleeping with the weapon close at hand for protection, but inside the gun sat the wrong ammunition for the weapon

CLUE HOLE IN THE CABIN

There was a hole in the side of the cabin close to where Dian lay. It was regarded as odd as it had been made in the only wall in the cabin not obstructed by any furniture.

VICTIM DIAN FOSSEY

Dian's body lay next to her bed and a short distance from a slash in the wall. She had been split across the face with a machete: was this the killing blow?

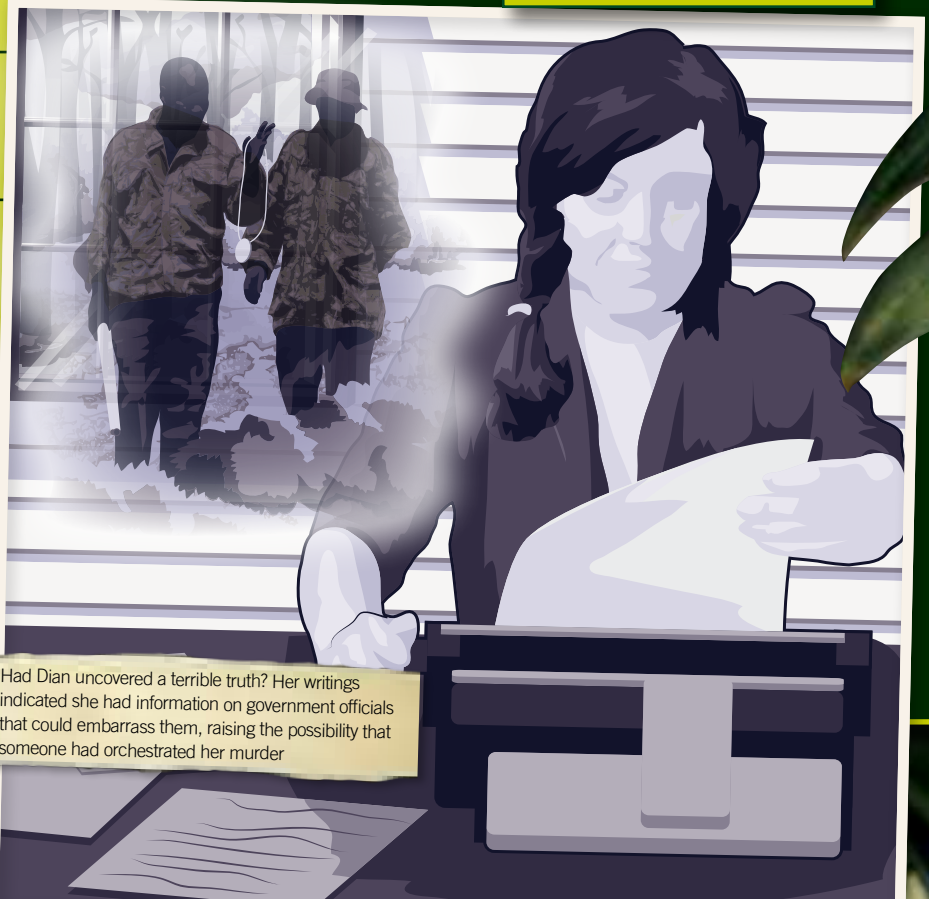
CLUE BLOOD

Despite the violent nature of Dian's injuries, there was a significant lack of blood inside her cabin. Had Dian been slashed across the face after she was killed, or had she been attacked elsewhere and her body put back in the cabin to throw investigators off the scent of the killer?

IN HER OWN WORDS

HAD DIAN FOSSEY BEEN AWARE THAT HER LIFE WAS IN DANGER BEFORE SHE WAS TRAGICALLY KILLED?

Weeks after she was found murdered in her cabin, a copy of a letter Dian had drafted to her long-esteemed friend and tropical biologist/conservationist Ian Redmond was found among Dian's possessions. Dated 24 November 1985, roughly a month before her death, the letter discussed her work at Karisoke and the war against the poachers. It read, "The latest captured poacher is also a gold smuggler between Zaire and Rwanda. I examined his clothing to find a letter between him and his dealer setting up appointment places for gold deliveries." The letter had never been sent, but merely kept among her paperwork. This suggested that Dian had information on high-ranking individuals that could potentially destroy their reputation. This person might have had cause to want Dian dead.



Had Dian uncovered a terrible truth? Her writings indicated she had information on government officials that could embarrass them, raising the possibility that someone had orchestrated her murder

THE INVESTIGATION

SOMEONE CLOSE TO DIAN WAS CHARGED WITH HER MURDER, BUT WAS LIKELY A SCAPEGOAT FOR THE PERPETRATORS OF A DEEPER AND MORE SINISTER PLOT THAN THE RWANDAN COURTS SUGGESTED

Despite the urgent nature of the events that had unfolded at Karisoke, it took five hours for word to reach Rwandan police, soldiers and officials – the message had spread via a radio bulletin from the nearby town of Ruhengeri. Police were unable to determine a motive for Dian's murder, and although her cabin had been ransacked, nothing of any value or importance had been taken. Her body was removed from the scene and had to be stored in a brewery cellar to keep it cold until she could be buried. No autopsy was performed because there were no coroners in Rwanda, and according to those present in the cabin during the initial police investigation, no solid evidence was recorded by police or effort made to protect the crime scene.

Across the world news broke of Dian's death. People were stunned: "It's as if Mother Teresa had just died," American ecologist and Dian's former colleague Bill Weber commented to the press. "But the Mother Teresas of the world don't get bludgeoned to death in their bedrooms." Dian's anger towards the residents of Rwanda was no secret, and poachers quickly became the number one group of suspects. As she would have wanted, Dian is buried at Karisoke next to Digit and Bert. Her gravestone reads, "No one loved gorillas more."

Rwandan officials soon turned their attention to Wayne McGuire. After being tipped off in July that the authorities would arrest him for Dian's murder, he fled to the United States, aware that the USA and Rwanda did not have an extradition treaty. That same month, Rwanda's Justice Ministry confirmed that it

'MONSIEUR ZED'

A SHADY FIGURE WAS THRUST INTO THE SPOTLIGHT ALMOST A DECADE AFTER DIAN'S DEATH AND NAMED AS HER KILLER

According to Nicholas Gordon, author of the 1994 book *Murders In the Mist: Who Killed Dian Fossey?*, businessman Protais Zigiranyirazo, known as 'Monsieur Zed', allegedly had Dian killed. A former provincial governor of Ruhengeri and brother-in-law of assassinated President Juvenal Habyarimana, Zigiranyirazo supposedly had Dian killed because she found out he was selling baby gorillas to European zoos, and was about to allege publicly that he headed smuggling rings of endangered species, and illicitly traded gold inside and outside of Rwanda.

He was implicated in the 1994 Rwandan genocide and found guilty at trial in 2008: it was reported that he had given orders for the murder of thousands of Tutsi people. He was detained at the UN detention facility in Tanzania but was acquitted and released in 2009 after the judge cited serious errors in the initial judgement. He's never been charged with Dian's murder.

had issued an international arrest warrant for Wayne. His attorney advised him not to risk defending himself in a Rwandan court, which he claimed "practices trial by ambush".

Emmanuel Rwerekana, a Rwandan worker Dian had employed and fired months before her death, was also questioned by police. He had been at home the day of the murder in a nearby village, but investigators insisted that tree sap from a banana tree found on his clothing was blood. However, the charges were dropped after he was found hanged in his jail cell at the Gikondo Police Station in the summer of 1986.

The Rwandan authorities alleged that Dian's employees, who they claimed were good friends, had conspired together to kill her. However, after Wayne's colleagues pointed out that the two didn't speak a common language well enough to communicate, police instead turned their focus solely on Wayne. A Rwandan tribunal tasked with aiding the investigation into her murder declared that her research partner was responsible for her murder, and in absentia convicted him of murder, sentencing him to death by hanging. The verdict was delivered after a 40-minute trial in Ruhengeri. No defence case

or physical evidence was presented, nor were any witnesses for the defence called. Although Wayne vehemently denied the charges against him from afar, the Rwandan government alleged that Wayne had murdered Dian as part of a plot to steal the manuscript of the sequel to her *Gorillas In The Mist* book because he was unhappy with his own research.

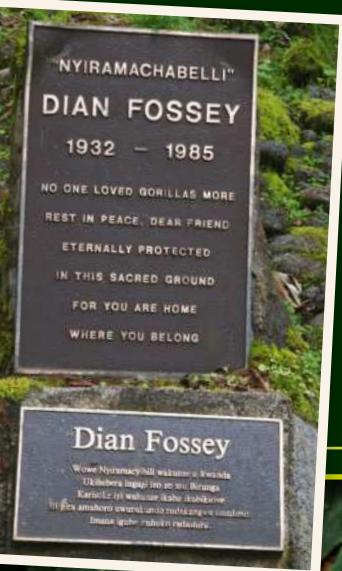
The accused's attorney called the trial "a farce" and alleged that the outcome was "foreordained". Speaking to British newspaper *The Times*, he said, "I believe and Wayne believes that in a fair trial he would be found innocent of all charges." Briefly speaking at a news conference in Los Angeles in August 1986, Wayne denied his involvement in the death of a woman he described as "my friend and mentor". He deemed the charges against him "outrageous", while his lawyer pointed out that Dian had plenty of enemies who could have wanted her out of the way, including members of the Rwandan government who did not like her resistance to tourists visiting the gorillas, as well as poachers she had humiliated and punished for targeting the gorillas. Despite this information, no action has ever been taken by the country's officials to pursue anyone other than the prime suspect.

“ POACHERS QUICKLY BECAME THE NUMBER ONE GROUP OF SUSPECTS ”





Arrested for co-conspiring to kill Dian with Wayne McGuire, Emmanuel Rwelekana was found dead in his cell – was his death orchestrated just like Dian's?



OPPOSITE Rwandan police's prime suspect, Wayne McGuire, said that, during interrogations over Dian's murder he was put under pressure to sign a confession

BELOW Dian Fossey was buried among her gorilla family, who had brought her much joy for almost two decades

BOTTOM Dian's grave in the gorilla graveyard, close to the original site of the Karisoke Research Center, still remains today and is visited by tourists as they trek through the national park on safari

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



WAYNE MCGUIRE

A postgraduate student of Fossey's, McGuire fled to the US after her death, being told that he would be hanged for her murder by Rwandan authorities. He had been working as Fossey's research assistant during the four months before her death. In his absence he was deemed guilty by a Rwandan court. He strenuously denies killing his friend and mentor.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



EMMANUEL RWELEKANA

Rwandan tracker and station employee Emmanuel Rwelekana was arrested for Fossey's murder as a co-conspirator with Wayne McGuire. Rwelekana was found dead in his cell before he could be put on trial supposedly having committed suicide by hanging himself. Little is known of the reasons for his arrest.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



PROTAIS ZIGIRANYIRAZO

A 2006 book by journalist Georgianne Nienaber, pointed the finger at the former Rwandan government official for organising the primatologist's murder because of her active stance against gorilla poaching, and her anti-poaching patrols and scare tactics. He is also alleged to have played a role in the Rwandan genocide.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE AFTERMATH

DIAN'S KILLER WALKS FREE THANKS TO THE RWANDAN GOVERNMENT'S ALLEGED LACK OF INTEREST IN THE CASE

Although still unsolved, Dian's story has been the subject of many books, films and documentaries. In 1988 Hollywood opted to adapt her biography *Gorillas In The Mist* for film. Six years later, the Rwandan genocide destroyed much of the population at the time and also the remains of Dian's cabin, which today is merely a ruin in the forest. The evidence that could have potentially solved her murder is lost: only the gorilla graveyard where she and the animals are buried remains. Because the Karisoke facility was completely destroyed during the Rwandan civil war, its headquarters were relocated to Musanze, where the charity continues the fight to protect the wild animals Dian loved so much.

Dian's legacy continues through the Dian Fossey Gorilla Fund International, formerly named the Digit Fund after her slaughtered companion. Her 18-year study of mountain gorillas is still fundamental to primatologists and zoologists today. In the autumn of 2017, more than 30 years since Dian's death, her story burst back onto the television screens in more than 170 countries when the National Geographic Channel aired *Dian Fossey: Secrets In The Mist*. The three-part documentary focused on her murder and highlighted how lacking the investigation into her death had been by the Rwandan police. It suggested that her murder had been orchestrated by someone who saw her and her fight to preserve the gorilla species as an obstacle. The documentary discredits the theory that poachers were responsible and suggested Emmanuel had not hanged himself, but had been killed to prevent him from revealing the truth about those who killed Dian.

Those closest to Dian and Wayne find it inconceivable that Wayne played a part in her death, accusations Wayne deemed "outrageous" and to this day denies, claiming that he was made a scapegoat for a more sinister plot. Rwanda deems the investigation closed, but it has been suggested the authorities prosecuted Wayne out of shame for being unable to solve the murder of such a high-profile individual.

According to the documentary, Dian's killer may have been a powerful official who became concerned that she had unearthed some ugly truths about gold smuggling and poaching in the national park she called home, and had her killed to prevent its exposure. Hair samples collected from the crime scene and sent to the FBI by the US Embassy in Rwanda are presumed lost, as are the samples sent to Paris laboratories by the Rwandan government. Following his murder conviction, Wayne was forced to change career paths, unable to return to Karisoke. It seems impossible that anyone will be convicted of her murder.

CAUTION

GIRLS DON'T HITCHHIKE
on the



Highway of Tears



Killer on the Loose!

Victims

Delphine

Tamara

Cecilia





THE HIGHWAY OF TEARS

SINCE 1969 VULNERABLE WOMEN, TEENS AND CHILDREN HAVE BEEN MURDERED ALONG A 724KM STRETCH OF HIGHWAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA. IS IT THE WORK OF ONE OR SEVERAL KILLERS?

WORDS MARTYN CONTIERO

Highway 16, known officially as the Yellowhead Highway, is part of the Trans-Canada Highway system. It begins in Manitoba and crosses the southern portions of the country, through Saskatchewan and Alberta, before turning northwards into British Columbia, a region roughly the size of Germany and France with a population of 4 million. It ends at the ferry terminal at Prince Rupert, a coastal town nestled close to the border with Alaska.

Once you leave behind all the cosmopolitan cities and large towns, the mountainous province is – like the rest of the country – awe-inspiringly gigantic. Vast tracts of it are inaccessible. It is wilderness pure and true. Former Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer Ray Milchalko, today a private investigator running Valley Pacific Investigations, works the Highway of Tears cases in his own free time. In May 2015, he described the route to CBC News as “the perfect place to go missing forever.”

The RCMP has been investigating 18 cold cases, but Amnesty International Canada puts the figure of missing or murdered women at 33. The murders began way back in 1969. Until 1994, given the sheer size of the region, the disappearances and murders were treated as separate incidents. It wasn't until 2006, however, that a comprehensive and in-depth historical investigation was finally launched. The fact is: British Columbia's Royal Canadian Mounted Police are hunting for more than one serial killer.

A HISTORY OF BOTH FEAR AND VIOLENCE

The murders must be contextualised by cumulative social horrors stretching into Canada's past. The Highway of Tears is entwined around the still-lingering effects of colonialism, social injustice and endemic poverty among First Nations people. Lack of suitable transportation links and services is one reason hitchhiking has become a cultural standard. Families belonging to indigenous tribes involved in the Highway of Tears saga have not only had to deal with a loved one vanishing without a trace or found dead, but they've also put up with systemic racism and callous indifference. When daughters and sisters went missing, the RCMP would brush off the need for an investigation by informing relatives that they'd probably run off to Vancouver, or some other big city. It's not as if they had much going for them on the reservations, they'd argue. Successive governments have been unwilling to offer hard cash and programmes to alleviate the woes of people traumatised firstly by colonialism, then by compulsory assimilation and, finally, because high levels of drink and drugs dependency exist, acting as if their problems were a self-inflicted product of failing to integrate, and not what they are and have always been: psychological traumas of indigenous people forced into the role of the outsider.

A deep-seated mistrust of authority figures also stemmed from the generational effects of the sickening Indian

residential school programme. Children were forcibly removed from their homes on the reservations, forced to speak English and made to reject their own rich cultural heritage, in place of the European-Christian one. The aim was to 'kill the Indian in the child'.

Interviews that were carried out by the Humans Right Watch organisation in an 89-page report titled 'Those Who Take Us Away: Abusive Policing and Failures in Protection of Indigenous Women and Girls in Northern British Columbia, Canada' (Feb 2013), attest to police disinterest in their well-being, as well as cases of assault, brutality and even rape. One report into aboriginal female disappearances and murders across the whole of Canada, beginning in the Sixties to the present day, estimated that the total runs close to 582. The numbers actually fluctuate, depending on the report. Historical, geographical and social factors created a pernicious perfect storm of circumstances for a murderer, or indeed murderers, to thrive and act without impunity. "Impunity is a double murder. It's like killing the dead twice." Chilean poet Raúl Zurita was referring to the crimes of the Pinochet era, but his words hit upon a truth known to all unsolved murders, and they certainly echo loudly throughout the Highway of Tears.

The sobriquet, by which these cases have become known both locally and globally, was coined in the mid-Nineties, and invoked the appalling treatment meted out to Native Americans by the expansionist policies of 19th century US governments. When the Cherokee nation was forced to surrender its lands and resettle elsewhere, the episode in their history became known as the 'Trail of Tears'. The appropriation and play on words might look a touch melodramatic at first but, to quote a truism written by author William Faulkner: 'The past is never dead. It's not even past.'

GLORIA MOODY: THE VERY FIRST VICTIM

The youngest person on the list of 18 is Monica Jack who, aged 12, disappeared on 6 May 1978 while riding her bike home from a shopping trip. Her remains were found in 1995 in a ravine on Swakum Mountain, some 20km from her home.

Gloria Levina Moody is generally considered to be the first Highway of Tears victim. Aged 27, she was walking back from a pub crawl in Williams Lake on 25 October 1969 with her brother, Dave. He lost sight of her and went to his hotel room, thinking nothing of it. The family weekend away was, up until the next day, a fun trip. Less than 24 hours later, two hunters, following a cattle trail about 10km from Williams Lake, chanced upon her naked corpse. Gloria had been severely beaten, stripped naked and sexually assaulted, and died from wounds sustained in the attack. Her clothes were found a short way from the body.

VICTIM TAMARA CHIPMAN



Tamara Chipman was last seen on 21 September 2005. It is said she was hitchhiking from an industrial park in Saint Rupert. She had recently shaved her head and was known to wear an assortment of coloured wigs.

CLUE IN THE ZONE

In August 2009, the two-hectare former home of convicted murderer Leland Vincent Switzer is searched as part of the Nicole Hoar case. He placed himself at the scene of Nicole's disappearance on that very same day. Pinewood Road is 30km from the gas station, accessible from a side road off Highway 16.

MISSING

6 APRIL 1975

VICTIM MONICA IGNAS



Monica Ignas was last seen walking along the highway near Thornhill in December 1974. She was never seen alive again.

Her body was discovered on a forestry services road outside of the town. Monica had been strangled.

9 APRIL 1995

CLUE KILLER CLAIM

Lloyd stated that Tamara was wrapped in two refuse bags and first driven out to Cloya Bay, but decided to drive on further toward Terrace. She is buried somewhere off Highway 16, Lloyd claimed.

VICTIM RAMONA WILSON



Ramona hitchhiked to Hazelton from her home in Smithers, BC, on 11 June 1994. Her body was found behind Smithers airport in April the following year.

CLUE PHONE CALL

In January 1995 the RCMP received a phone call from a male telling them where to find Ramona Wilson's body. They searched and found nothing. The man has never been identified.

WITNESS

In 2007, drug addict and hooker Lorraine Lloyd told her priest, Rev Lloyd Thomas, that she was present at Tamara's death. She said Tamara was murdered by drug dealers known only as Nic and Andre, and it was premeditated because Tamara disrespected them in front of others. The RCMP took this confession very seriously, but they have not been able to locate Tamara's body. Nic and Andre were killed by Hells Angels, and Lloyd died in 2010 of an overdose.

GIRLS DON'T HITCHHIKE

50 YEARS OF MURDERED AND MISSING HAVE TAINTED THIS ROAD

VICTIM NICOLE HOAR



Nicole goes missing on 21 June 2002 from a gas station on Gauthier Road. Her body was never found.

WITNESS

A member of the public reports that she saw Nicole approach a yellow car driven by a male in a white t-shirt.

WITNESS

A person at the gas station thinks she saw Nicole approach a male with children, but she declined the ride.

CLUE JAGGED SCAR

In 2009, the RCMP releases a description of a man it is seeking in relation to Nicole's vanishing. He's in his 50s with shoulder-length, brown hair and has a 'pronounced jagged scar' on the left side of his neck. He had what is described as a 'scruffy' appearance and smoked cigarettes.

2 FEBRUARY 2006

VICTIM AIELAH SARIC-AUGER



Teenager Aielah Saric-Auger was last seen climbing into a black van near a downtown bar in Prince George. One week later her body was found on an embankment by a passing driver, some 16km from the town of St George.

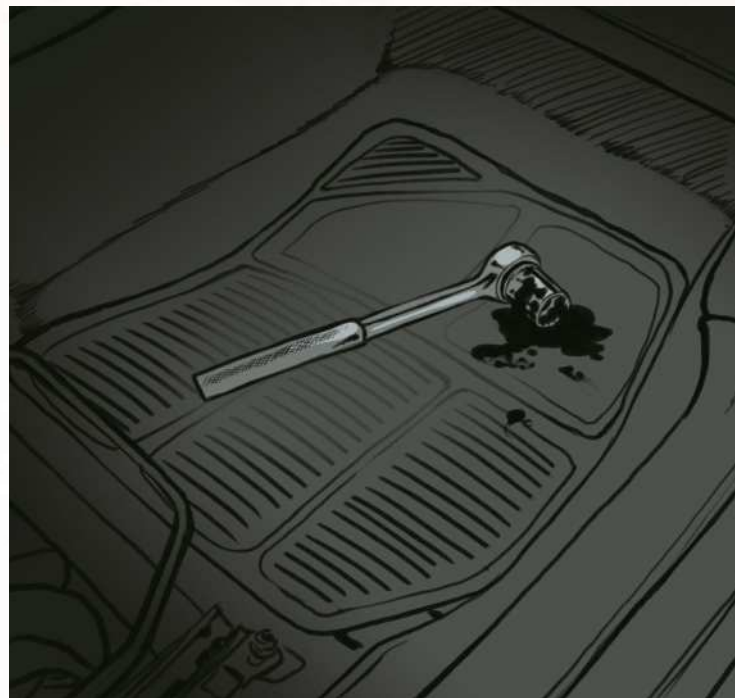
19

FOREVER YOUNG

- 2 ALBERTA WILLIAMS, 24, DEAD**
Found 25 September 1989 near Tye overpass, strangled
- 4 LANA DERICK, 19, MISSING**
Last seen October 1995 near a service station
- 5 DELPHINE NIKAL, 16, MISSING**
Last seen 13 June 1990 hitchhiking east from Smithers
- 7 CECILIA ANN NIKAL, MISSING**
Last seen 1989 near Smithers, cousin to Delphine
- 8 ROXANNE THIARA, 15, DEAD**
Found 17 August 1994 near Burns Lake
- 10 ALISHIA LEAH GERMAINE, 15, DEAD**
Found 9 December 1994 behind Haldi Elementary School
- 12 MICHELINE PARE, 18, DEAD**
Found 8 August 1970 near Hudson's Hope
- 13 GLORIA MOODY, 26, DEAD**
Found 25 October 1969 on a cattle ranch
- 14 COLLEEN MACMILLEN, 16, DEAD**
Found 4 September 1974 near 100 Mile House
- 15 GALE WEYS, 19, DEAD**
Found 6 April 1973 near Clearwater
- 16 PAMELA DARLINGTON, 19, DEAD**
Found 7 November 1973 in the Thompson River
- 17 MAUREEN MOSIE, 33, DEAD**
Found 9 May 1981 near Kamloops
- 18 MONICA JACK, 12, DEAD**
Found June 1995 in a ravine in Swakum Mountain
- 19 SHELLY-ANN BASCU, 16, MISSING**
Last seen 3 May 1983 near Hinton



ABOVE Madison Scott thought she was the last one still up at the campsite party



ABOVE Legebokoff claimed to have used the bloody wrench to subdue a deer

1994: THREE GO MISSING

Throughout the Seventies and Eighties, teenagers and women were reported missing or found dead along Highways 5, 16 and 97. In 1994, Leah Germaine (aged 15), Roxanne Thiara (aged 15) and Ramona Wilson (aged 16) were killed within a six-month period. This represented something of a spike in activity, in relation to the timeline of the murders. The cops began to wonder if there was a serial killer on the loose or if it was just grisly happenstance.

Roxanne Thiara was a known sex worker with a drug habit from Prince George. She was missing for just over a month and was dumped by the side of Highway 16 about 227km away, near Burns Lake. Her body was discovered on 17 August. Ramona Wilson was an ordinary teenager making her way to a dance on 11 June who decided to hitchhike the 75km to the town of Hazelton. On 27 January 1995, the RCMP received a mystery phone call from an unknown man informing them where the body could be found. They searched the area, but couldn't find Ramona. In April 1995 her remains were discovered only a few kilometres from her house on Railway Avenue, near Smithers airport. She had been strangled and sexually assaulted. Leah Germaine, another victim known to have worked as a prostitute, was found behind an elementary school in St George on 9 December. Germaine had been stabbed to death.

2002: NICOLE HOAR DISAPPEARS

The Highway of Tears murders broke into the wider mainstream media when Nicole Hoar vanished on 21 June 2002. Miss Hoar, aged 25, was travelling from a gas station

outside of St George, hailing from Red Deer, Alberta. She was starting her MA in the autumn and had found temporary employment as a tree planter. Her aim that day was to visit a sister in Smithers, 370km away. She chose to hitchhike, as it was the social norm in that part of the world.

Friends dropped her at the Gauthier Road gas station, a popular spot with hitchhikers. Nicole was last seen at this gas station. It is stated by a witness report that a man with children initially offered a lift, but he wasn't heading as far as Nicole's destination. She chose not to accept. Another witness reported that she saw a woman of Nicole's description approach a yellow car at 2.50pm, with the driver of the vehicle detailed as a white male, aged anywhere between 20 and 35, and wearing a white t-shirt. The witness, however, did not see the person she believed to be Nicole actually get into the car. Nobody did. Nicole's visit to the sister was intended as a surprise during a week-long vacation she'd intended to take. So nobody, including friends and family, thought it was strange that she hadn't been in touch until six days later.

Nicole Hoar was wearing wire-rimmed octagonal glasses, a red, long-sleeved t-shirt and greenish-brown pants. She was carrying a black and purple backpack made by Mountain Equipment and a green shoulder bag with an orange dragon embroidered on it. As a white, middle-class, non-aboriginal graduate, her unknown fate drew the attention of the media.

The RCMP combed over 24,000km of land between Prince George and Smithers. After four days of scouting, the search was called off. But due to the media pressure and campaigning by Nicole's family, the Highway of Tears began to enter the news more frequently and it became part of the cultural lexicon outside British Columbia. It also spurred indigenous support groups and charities into speaking about the social ills of the region. They concerted efforts to hound the authorities into bringing to justice the perpetrators of these evil acts. Things had to change. No more half-hearted leg work would be accepted from the families of the victims.

“IT HAD TO CHANGE. NO MORE EXCUSES AND HALF-HEARTED LEG WORK WOULD BE ACCEPTED FROM FAMILIES OF VICTIMS”

THE INVESTIGATION

IT TOOK 20 YEARS TO RATCHET UP THE INVESTIGATION. IN THAT TIME, AT LEAST ONE KILLER ESCAPED JUSTICE

The cops began taking the disappearances and murders seriously in 1994, when Germaine, Thiara and Wilson were killed. FBI profilers were brought in during 1995 (for one week). They did not think the deaths of the three girls were connected. But even after Nicole Hoar's vanishing, the RCMP took its sweet time in taking coherent action.

In 2005, support groups began an awareness campaign, which involved walks of solidarity and other social activities. Under the banner 'Take Back the Highway' organisers held demonstrations. The largest took place on 17 September along the entire 724km section of Highway 16. And yet in a cruel twist, four days later, Tamara Chipman (aged 22) disappeared from an industrial estate near Prince Rupert.

The Highway of Tears Symposium was also held in 2005, and a list of recommendations drawn up (long-term and short-term aims) and handed over to the authorities. Calls for public inquiries were – and continue to be – dismissed. There is a ray of optimism: First Nations spokespeople and families have acknowledged the RCMP's change in attitude. Communications between officers and relatives have since struck a more positive tone. By 2006, Project E-PANA was underway. The name was derived from a combination of the task force emanating from the E Division of Criminal Operations and the Inuit word for the goddess Pana who, in Inuit mythology, watched over the souls of the dead in the underworld, Adlivun, before undergoing reincarnation.

Project E-PANA initially focused on nine cases. On 11 October 2007, the list had grown to 18. They were selected from a small set of criteria, which ensured E-PANA did not get out of hand or overwhelm the 50 law enforcement officers before they had even begun. E-PANA investigators decided that victims were always females either undertaking what is deemed high-risk activity (hitchhiking or prostitution) or last seen within a one-mile radius of Highways 5, 16 and 97. Since launching E-PANA, the RCMP

has gathered information on 1,413 persons of interest, taken 750 DNA samples and 100 polygraph tests, and conducted 2,500 interviews. Only two cases have been brought to a conclusion: one of 16-year-old Colleen McMillan, who was abducted and slain in 1974; and Monica Jack.

McMillan, a strawberry-blond teenager, disappeared while hitchhiking on Highway 16 from her home in Lac La Hache to a friend's house. A month after her disappearance, her body was found on a logging road south of the town known as 100 Mile House. In September 2012, the DNA of an American hailing from Texas was found on McMillan. The transient construction worker and known felon, Bobby Jack Fowler, became a person of interest, and forensic testing was carried out. There would be no dawn bust or trial, however. Fowler, a man with a violent temper and mean amphetamine habit, had passed away from lung cancer in 2006, while serving time on a 16-year stretch for assault, attempted rape and kidnapping. He had been put away in 1996. Fowler emerged as a key suspect in the disappearances of Gale Weys and Pamela Darlington (both aged 19). The RCMP has not discounted his involvement in other murders, and cops across the border in Oregon also believe he was the culprit in the murders of 16-year-olds Jennifer Esson and Kara Leas, last spotted hitchhiking along the road near Newport. Their bodies were discovered a month later in woodlands outside the city.

In December 2014, sex offender and ex-con Garry Taylor Handlen was charged with the deaths of Monica Jack and 11-year-old Kathryn-Mary Herbert, the latter of which was unrelated to the Highway of Tears.

Colleen's killer, Bobby Jack Fowler, was said to be charming and disarming, and could turn extremely violent



Colleen MACMILLEN
100 Mile House
1974

LELAND VINCENT SWITZER

In August 2009, the RCMP searched the home of convicted killer Leland Vincent Switzer. The suspect had murdered his brother at the property in 2002. A two-hectare homestead, at 31645 Pinewood Road, District Isle Pierre, was combed by the Unsolved Homicides Unit. The RCMP initially told press it was investigating a historical homicide, but would not confirm which one. Later it admitted it was searching the grounds for Nicole Hoar's body and any items pertaining to her case. The occupants at the time were not under suspicion.

Switzer cropped up on investigators' persons-of-interest list because he approached them voluntarily with information. He told them he had taken a toilet break at the gas

station on the same day Hoar disappeared, so if his DNA was found at the scene, that was why. Was Switzer toying with the RCMP, or merely being honest about his whereabouts on that day? Cadaver dogs sniffed the property, and state-of-the-art radar systems were deployed to look for signs of disturbed areas of earth.

Switzer had been arrested in 2004 for the murder of his older brother, Irvin, during a heated argument in 2002. The siblings were known to have a tempestuous relationship. Leland claimed that he'd only intended to fire off a warning shot. Irvin was shot in the chest and died from the wound. Contradicting Leland's claim was the knowledge that he was a master marksman. The pair had been at each

other's throats for years, according to testimony heard in court. The judge did not believe the defendant's self-defence argument.

In 2014, the *Prince George Citizen* wrote an article revealing that Switzer had taken a polygraph test. Switzer claimed during a Parole Board of Canada hearing that he had passed it, and produced a letter confirming the result. However, the parole board, which has since denied Switzer an early release from his 10-year sentence, believed the letter to be of dubious origin, given that it wasn't presented with an official-looking RCMP letterhead. Whether Leland Switzer is still a person of interest in the Highway of Tears case is currently unknown.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: SERIAL KILLER CENTRAL

CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENT RANKS HAS SEEN THIS STRETCH OF DEADLY ROAD BECOME A MURDERER'S HAVEN

Bobby Jack Fowler (an American who killed in the US and British Columbia), Israel Keyes (another American killer known to have spent unaccounted-for periods of time in Canada and BC), Clifford Olson, Gilbert Paul Jordan, Robert Pickton and Cody Legebokoff: British Columbia's history of serial killers is as rich as it is horrifying.

At the age of 20, most young adults are busy making their way in the big wide world, either working or studying at university. Cody Legebokoff (born 1990) of Prince George, British Columbia, was on trial for the murders of Loren Donn Leslie (aged 15), Jill Stuchenko (aged 35), Natasha Lynn Montgomery (aged 23) and Cynthia Frances Maas (aged 35). He is the youngest serial killer in the country's history, and was caught red-handed by an RCMP constable, not very long after he'd buried his last victim, Loren Donn Leslie, in a shallow grave.

It isn't unusual for a serial killer to start their reign of terror at a young age, but Legebokoff's case was still somewhat unusual. He was an ordinary-looking country kid with a circle of friends and a girlfriend, and gainfully employed as a mechanic for a Ford dealership. He did have a minor criminal record, but he wouldn't ever have been suspected of multiple-homicide.

It was a cold, snowy evening on 27 November 2010, when an RCMP officer took one look at the speeding GMC pickup truck pulling out of a remote logging road off Highway 27, north of Vanderhoof. Suspecting the driver of dangerous driving, he decided to pull it over. When he approached Legebokoff, the officer saw red-coloured smears on his face and there was a pool of what looked like blood on the floor mat. He initially claimed he'd been out hunting deer. "I'm a redneck, that's what we do," he said.

When the constable searched the vehicle, he found a backpack with a girl's name on it and a bloodied monkey wrench. Legebokoff was initially detained by the cop under the Canada Wildlife Act. Conservation officers were radioed in and they arrived on the scene. With the RCMP, they headed back down the road to see if they could find evidence of poaching. What they found was a grave, and in it the bloodied and partially naked body of 15-year-old Loren Donn Leslie, a legally blind teenager whom the killer had met on the social-media network Nexopia. His tag was 'ICountryBoy'. She had been bludgeoned to death.

After his arrest, stories of a hidden double life emerged. Legebokoff was a secretive drug user (cocaine and crack) and sought out the services of St George's street walkers. It was via these socially vulnerable women that he procured the marching powder or the gear to chase the dragon. The RCMP went through its files of missing or murdered women around the city, who had also died from blunt force trauma to the cranium, and it began to suspect this wasn't a one-off event for baby-faced Legebokoff.

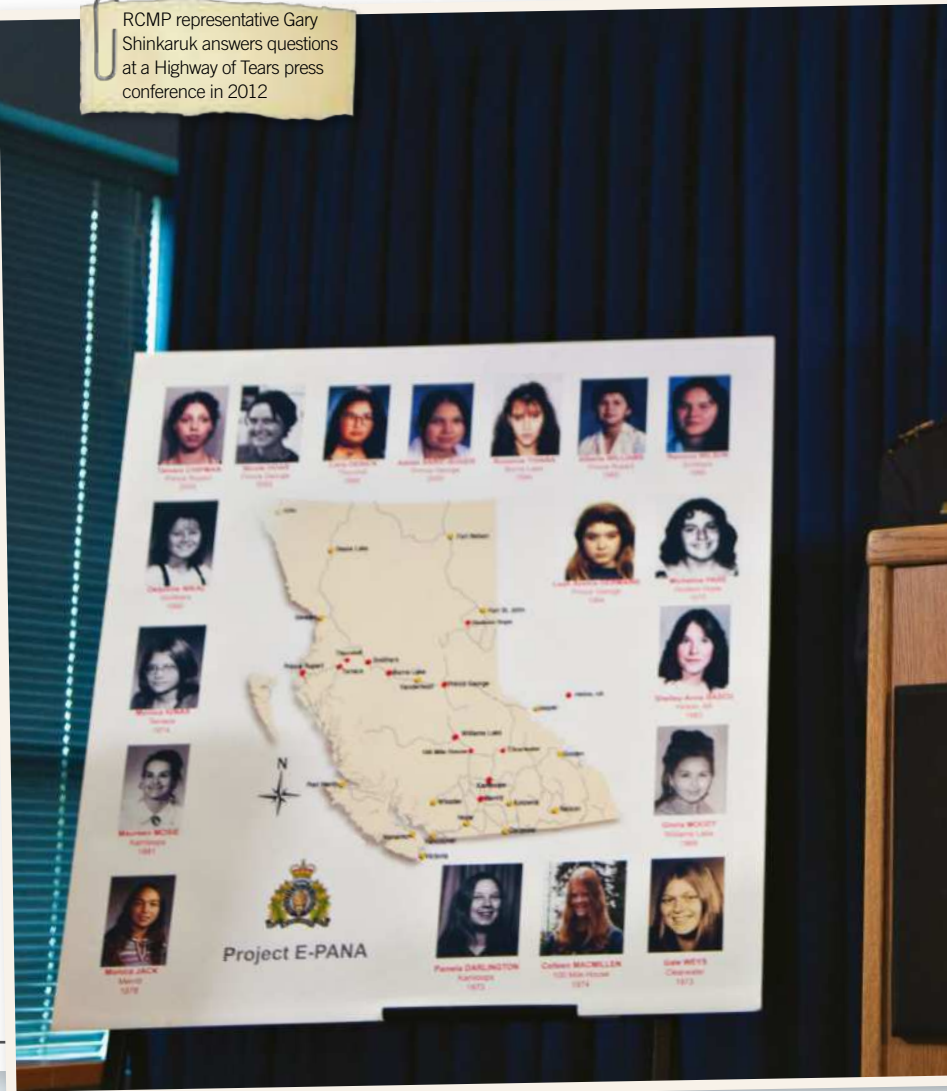
In October 2011, police charged him with the murders of Stuchenko, Maas and Montgomery. DNA had linked

him to the victims after police found unusual items in his apartment, including an axe.

During his trial, which began on 2 June 2014 in Prince George, he developed an elaborate story involving three drug dealers, and claimed that they were responsible for the murders, not him. He bizarrely claimed that troubled teen Loren Donn Leslie killed herself in his truck. However, nobody believed the wacky tales he spun. On 11 September 2014 he was convicted on four counts of first-degree murder, and sentenced to 25 years without parole.

“THE OFFICER SAW RED-COLOURED SMEARS ON HIS FACE AND THERE WAS A POOL OF WHAT LOOKED LIKE BLOOD ON THE FLOOR MAT”

RCMP representative Gary Shinkaruk answers questions at a Highway of Tears press conference in 2012



THE AFTERMATH

WILL ALL THE CASES EVER BE SOLVED?

E-PANA has endured cutbacks and funding issues, and the number of officers assigned to the task force has quietly diminished. In 2015, a former government worker, Tim Duncan, told the press that a dozen emails relating specifically to the Highway of Tears case had been deliberately and permanently deleted by British Columbia's Ministry of Transportation, after a freedom of information request was lodged in 2014.

Yet women have continued to disappear. At some point in the early hours of 28 May 2011, Madison Scott was abducted at Hogsback Lake, 24.5km south-east of Vanderhoof. She'd been partying with friends and decided to pitch her tent and stay there. The last people at the shindig, saw her alone in the early hours.

Details of the party that Madison had attended were shared on social media channels, and it is said that people unknown to the organisers showed up. Madison's friend, Jordanne Bolduc, was so inebriated she fell into a fire and was taken home. Jordanne asked Madison to go back to town with her, but she declined. Police continue to be baffled and the search goes on.

It is highly doubtful the RCMP will solve every Project E-PANA case, let alone others that are not even within the investigation's purview. As activists continue to highlight the risks of hitchhiking along British Columbia's roads, the fact remains the State has failed some of its most vulnerable citizens, and a culture of racism has enabled some killers to have their fill.



ABOVE "Don't tell Mum I'm hitchhiking," Colleen told her little brothers

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

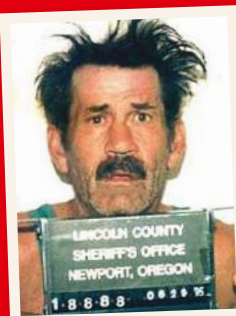
THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



LELAND VINCENT SWITZER

The convicted killer approached the investigators to say that he had stopped to relieve himself near the gas station where Nicole was last seen – around the time she went missing. This rather bizarre behaviour prompted police to suspect him. He's currently serving life for the murder of his brother.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



BOBBY JACK FOWLER

Police suspected the violent drug addict and felon to have been behind the murder of Colleen McMillan as well as the disappearances of Gale Weys and Pamela Darlington. He had a history of driving around and picking up hitchhikers and had spent time in prison for sexual assault. He died in prison in 2006.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



GARRY TAYLOR HANDLEN

The sex offender and ex-convict was charged with the death of Monica Jack and another unrelated murder of an 11 year old girl in the 1970s. Handlen had managed to evade the charges for these crimes for around 39 years. He is currently awaiting trial for his charges of two counts of first-degree murder; a trial date is yet to be set.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



THE CHICAGO TYLENOL MURDERS

ON ONE INFAMOUS DAY IN SEPTEMBER 1982, CHICAGO WAS PLUNGED INTO A STATE OF PANIC WHEN SEVEN UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS DIED AFTER TAKING PAINKILLERS LACED WITH CYANIDE. THE KILLER HAS NEVER BEEN CAUGHT

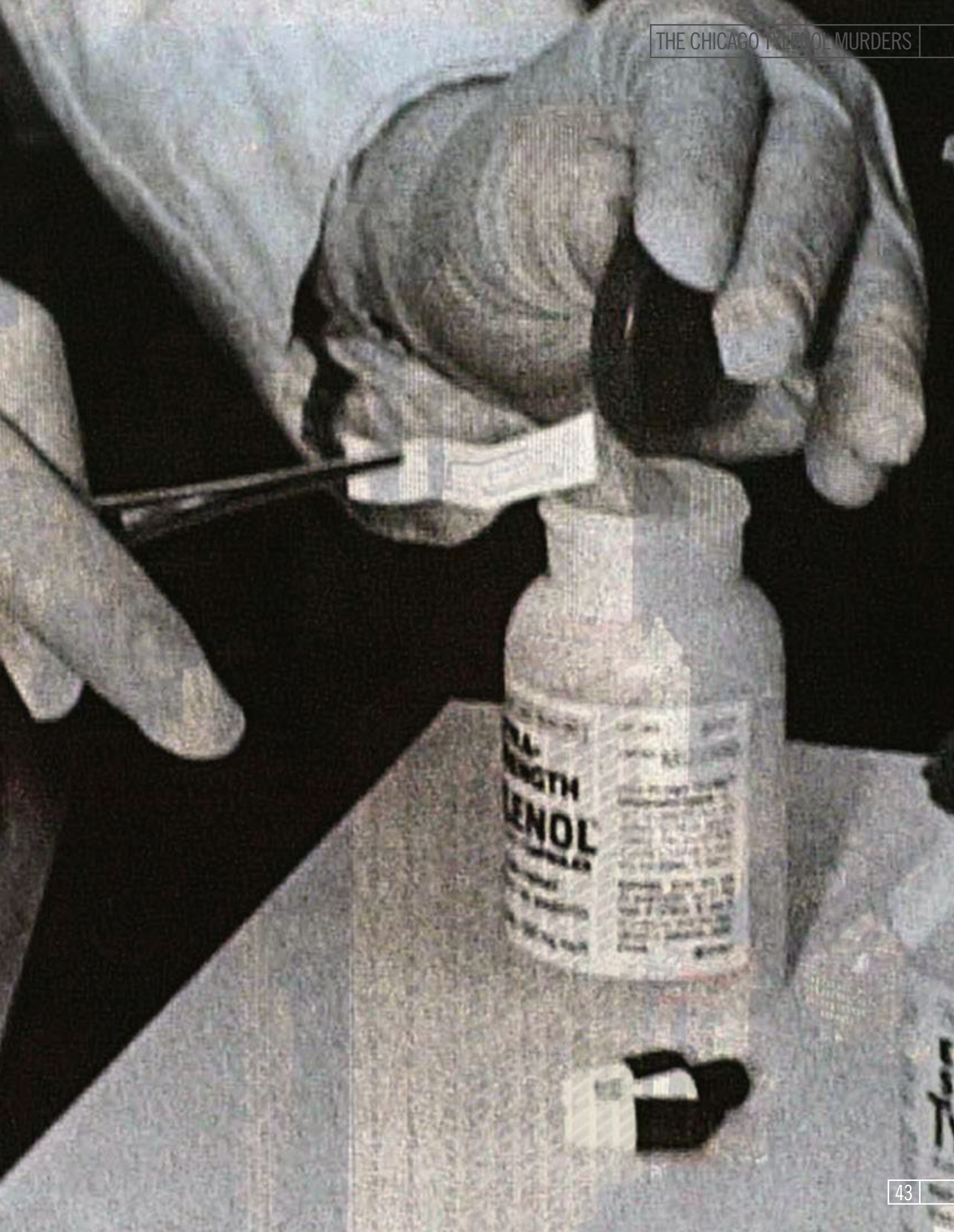
WORDS NEIL MITCHELL

Wednesday September 29th 1982 is a day etched into the history of Chicago and the state of Illinois for all the wrong reasons. With *Survivor's Eye Of The Tiger* topping the charts, the NFL on hiatus due to a union led strike and *Cheers* making its debut on NBC-TV, what would otherwise have been an average midweek day in the Windy City and surrounding metropolitan area ended in mass murder, panic and widespread disbelief. Seven random victims were to die of cyanide poisoning after ingesting capsules of Extra-Strength Tylenol that had been deliberately tainted with the lethal substance. In an act of chilling cruelty, some anonymous figure had apparently placed contaminated bottles of the popular, over-the-counter painkiller onto the shelves of numerous stores across the metropolitan district. Unbeknownst to the local population, they had been entered into a game of Russian roulette with pills instead of bullets. In the days before social media and rolling 24-hour news it took time for the individual authorities involved with each case to ascertain what was causing people to drop dead and then connect the dots to paint a fuller, more horrifying picture as to what had occurred on that now notorious Autumn day.

WHY COMMIT SUCH A CRIME?

Unsurprisingly, the majority of mass murderers are subsequently found to have harboured long-standing

grudges, suffer mental health problems and/or snap under the pressures of whatever personal circumstances push them over the edge. In the case of what became known as the Chicago Tylenol Murders, all of these possibilities could be true but none have been proven as no one has ever been convicted of the killings. Catching a murderer (or murderers) with no apparent motive, whose victims were decided by an unfortunate roll of the dice and who left no physical evidence (other than the tainted bottles of painkillers) or DNA across multiple murder scenes, has frustrated the local police departments and the FBI for over thirty years. Despite a number of suspects and a conviction for extortion in relation to the killings, the Chicago Tylenol Murders remain an unsolved case. Somewhere out there, barring their own demise, is the person (or persons) responsible for plunging Chicago into a state of collective crisis that quickly spread throughout the nation and had far-reaching ramifications for the pharmaceutical industry. Though the 'who' and the 'why' lie at the heart of the case, the fruitless investigation into the killings and the involvement of powerful corporations into the crimes' representation in the media add compelling layers of intrigue into what was already a disturbingly fascinating case. Were the Chicago Tylenol Murders an act of domestic terrorism or the actions of a lone madman with an axe to grind against the state of Illinois? Was it a disgruntled employee or former employee of Johnson & Johnson, the



A CRIME SCENE DICTATED BY CHANCE

EARLY INTO THE INVESTIGATION, A SUSPECTED 'PLACEMENT ROUTE' OF THE MURDERER WAS DRAWN UP BY DETECTIVES



VICTIMS

**ADAM, STANLEY
AND THERESA JANUS**


Adam Janus' purchase of Extra-Strength Tylenol from a Jewel Food Store in Arlington Heights to combat a cold signed not only his own death warrant but his brother and sister-in-law's, a day later.



VICTIM

MARY MCFARLAND


Having bought Tylenol from a store located in a mall, McFarland returned to work at the telephone centre in Lombard. Later that afternoon, the thirty-year-old's brother, Jack, watched in horror as McFarland collapsed in the office where they both worked.

29 SEPTEMBER 1982


VICTIM

MARY REINER


Witness to her mother's death, then eight-year-old Michelle Rosen remembers to this day the sound of Mary Reiner's laboured breathing. Watching her mother shaking and then collapsing is an image Michelle has never forgotten.

1 OCTOBER 1982
30 SEPTEMBER 1982


CLUE

UNKNOWN

Suspecting the killer had moved from one retail outlet to the next in a single day, several routes were drawn up, pinpointing five locations and the likely path taken between them. The precise final outlet is unknown, though it was thought to be east of Franks Finer Foods.

29 SEPTEMBER 1982


VICTIM

MARY KELLERMAN


A 7th grader at Schaumburg's Jane Addams Junior High School, Mary Kellerman started the day complaining of a sore throat. She would end it on a mortuary slab; killed by Tylenol innocently purchased at Elk Grove Village.



VICTIM

PAULA JEAN PRINCE


The only video footage of one of the victims purchasing Tylenol involved Paula Jean Prince. Captured on camera at the Walgreens drug store situated at 1601 N. Wells, Chicago, Prince would be the killer's last victim.

1 OCTOBER 1982


CLUE

THE REGULAR TYLENOL PURCHASE

The 'smoking gun' purchase of Regular Tylenol by Mary Reiner took place at Frank's Finer Foods, located at 0N040, Winfield Road, Winfield. Only Extra-Strength Tylenol Capsules were laced with cyanide.

“ WERE THE CHICAGO TYLENOL MURDERS AN ACT OF DOMESTIC TERRORISM OR THE ACTIONS OF A LONE MADMAN? ”

parent company of the Tylenol brand? This possibility has, to this day, been the least explored line of enquiry, prompting recent allegations of a cover-up between the FBI and Johnson & Johnson to absolve the pharmaceutical giant of financial liability for the killings.

BELOW Anti-tamper devices were virtually unheard of before the crime took place in the mid-Eighties



THE FIRST VICTIM

At 6.30am on the morning of the 29th in Elk Grove Village, situated in northeast Illinois adjacent to O'Hare International Airport and Chicago, twelve-year-old Mary Kellerman awoke feeling ill. Her parents decided to keep the young girl off school and Mary took some Extra-Strength Tylenol to help with her ailments. In an interview given to Chicago magazine in 2012 on the thirtieth anniversary of the killings, Mary's father Dennis stated that 'I heard her go into the bathroom. I heard the door close. Then I heard something drop.' After asking if she was OK but getting no reply from Mary, Dennis opened the bathroom door and found his daughter unconscious on the floor. Unable to rouse Mary, the Kellerman's called 911 and requested medical assistance. Having arrived at the scene, Paramedic Dave Spung tried a number of drugs to try and bring Mary back to consciousness but nothing worked on the schoolgirl. The stricken girl was transferred into the back of an ambulance and rushed to the nearby Alexian Brothers Medical Center. To the horror of Mary's parents, and despite the best efforts of doctors and medical staff, the young girl was pronounced dead at 9.56am. Edmund

Donoghue, the Deputy Chief Medical Examiner for Cook County noted that Mary's body was called in for an autopsy because of

her age and the circumstances of her death, though no hint of foul play was considered. This traumatic and devastating experience for the Kellermans would have been tragic enough in isolation; the rapid, unexplained death of a child being nothing any parent should ever have to experience. By the end of the day, however, Mary Kellerman would be known across the nation as the first of seven victims in a shocking crime that would bring together five families under the most bizarrely horrific of circumstances.

THREE DEATHS TAKE PLACE IN ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

The next victims of the anonymous killer also held the key to uncovering the crime, such were the strange circumstances in which they occurred. Twenty-seven year old Adam Janus, a postal worker from the northwestern Chicago suburb of Arlington Heights, had taken a day off from work after feeling the beginnings of a cold. After picking his kids up from nursery, Janus stopped and bought a bottle of Tylenol Extra-Strength capsules. Having returned home and eaten lunch with his children, Janus took a couple of the painkillers and within two minutes was lying unconscious on the kitchen floor. Rushed to the Northwest Community Hospital, Janus died early in the afternoon and his death was initially attributed to cardiac arrest by Doctor Thomas Kim the medical director of the hospital's intensive care unit. Janus' parents, distraught wife Teresa and other close relatives returned to the house in Arlington Heights in a state of shock. The already distressing afternoon would take an even more tragic turn at around 5pm as the grieving family members were discussing plans for Janus' funeral. His younger brother, Stanley, and Stanley's nineteen-year old wife, also called Theresa, took some Tylenol capsules for a bad back and a headache respectively. Again within minutes, both had collapsed. Eight medical staff fought in vain to rouse Stanley and Theresa from unconsciousness. With their suspicions now raised, Dr. Kim, Nurse Helen Jensen, who had been on duty at the time of Janus' admittance, Deputy



A store clerk removes Extra-Strength Tylenol from the shelves in a recall that cost Johnson & Johnson \$100M



ABOVE It took the killer just ten minutes to lace each pot of Tylenol with a deadly dose

THE INVESTIGATION

WITH LITTLE IN THE WAY OF EVIDENCE TO GO ON, AUTHORITIES TRY TO IDENTIFY A SUSPECT

By Monday 4th October 1982 the cyanide poisoning murders were international news, and the Chicago City Council passed a motion requiring tamper-proof packaging on all drugs to be sold in stores. Subsequently taken up nationwide in the 'Tylenol Bill', the tamper-proof bottles and seals we take for granted nowadays were the direct result of the fallout from the Chicago Tylenol Murders. Johnson & Johnson, though initially reluctant, recalled 31 million bottles of Tylenol from shelves across America at a cost to the company of over \$100 million. While these measures were implemented to protect and reassure the public, they also pointed to the very real possibility that the tampering of the bottles occurred somewhere in Johnson & Johnson's production line. This possibly business-ending theory was, however, swiftly and somewhat dubiously discredited by both the pharmaceutical company and the FBI. Eventually, eight tainted bottles containing fifty cyanide laced capsules were recovered from five stores around the Chicago metropolitan area. The amount of contaminated bottles may have been much higher but the true figure will never be known, as citizens were advised to dispose of any Extra-Strength Tylenol they had in their homes. The story pushed in the media was that a 'lone madman' was responsible for the murders; carrying out his (or her) sick deed by purchasing bottles of Extra-Strength Tylenol, lacing them with cyanide elsewhere and then travelling around the metropolitan Chicago region and slipping the now lethal painkillers back onto the shelves of stores picked at random.

Over one hundred officers from the law enforcement departments in Chicago and DuPage and Cook counties worked together with the FBI and the Illinois Attorney General, Tyrone Fahner, to try and crack the disturbing case. More than a thousand potential leads were investigated - from crank callers claiming responsibility to terminated former employees of Johnson & Johnson - but nothing was sticking and no firm evidence was forthcoming. Ed Reiner was brought in for questioning after it was posited that he may have poisoned his wife, for reasons unclear, and enlisted the help of friends to distribute tainted Tylenol around the region in an effort to disguise the individual crime by making it just one of many. This outlandish theory was soon discarded, and years later the investigative team claimed Ed was never really a firm suspect in a move that highlights just how much straw clutching was involved in hunting down the perpetrator with so few tangible clues available.

The first solid breakthrough came on Wednesday 6th October when an extortion letter arrived at the offices of Johnson & Johnson demanding \$1 million to stop the Tylenol killings. The investigative team focused on uncovering who was behind the letter and eventually it was traced to James William Lewis, a New York City resident with work ties in Chicago. Arrested in December of '82, Lewis' handwriting was matched with the letter and one sent to the The White House threatening to bomb it and

continue the poisonings. A con man with a troubled past, Lewis was convicted of extortion and credit card fraud and sentenced to twenty years in jail. Frustratingly for the law enforcement agencies, no direct links to the Tylenol killings have ever emerged, with Lewis himself resolutely stating that he didn't commit the crimes. As Richard Brzeczek, the Superintendent of the Chicago Police Department at the time, later stated 'It wasn't James Lewis. James Lewis was an asshole, an opportunist'.

With Lewis behind bars but more than likely not responsible for the Tylenol murders, the efforts to find the actual killer(s) continued as a number of other suspects were considered at different times. Firstly, Chicago resident Roger Arnold would be accused, investigated and cleared early in '83, with his story taking a dramatic, fatal turn later that year. In May 1988, Laurie Dann, from Winnetka, Illinois, embarked on a shooting rampage that ended with Dann taking her own life after holding a family hostage. A person with a history of mental illness and poisoning attempts, Dann was considered as a potential suspect in the Tylenol murders, though no link was ever found. Perhaps the most eye-catching suspect put forward is Ted Kaczynski, the 'Unabomber'. Kaczynski's first four crimes took place in Chicago and his parents lived there during the poisonings in '82. As with the other suspects, however, no firm link has ever connected Kaczynski to the Tylenol murders.



The fraudster quickly backed down and denied any involvement when the law finally tracked him down

Johnson & Johnson
Parent of
McNeil laboratories

Gentlemen:

As you can see, it is easy to place cyanide (both potassium & sodium) into capsules sitting on store shelves. And since the cyanide is inside the gelatin, it is easy to get buyers to swallow the bitter pill. Another beauty is that cyanide operates quickly. It takes so very little. And there will be no time to take counter measures.

If you don't mind the publicity of these little capsules, then do nothing. So far, I have spent less than fifty dollars and it takes me less than 10-minutes per bottle.

If you want to stop the killing then wire \$1,000,000.00 to bank account # 84-49-597 at continental Illinois bank Chicago, Ill.

Don't attempt to involve the FBI or local Chicago authorities with this letter. A couple of phone calls by me will undo anything you can possibly do.

ABOVE James Lewis' letter was no hoax, but would he have carried out his implied threat?



ABOVE Driving from store to store, the killer would have passed as an innocent shopper

**“ EACH CONTAMINATED CAPSULE OF
TYLENOL CONTAINED 65MG OF CYANIDE -
OVER 100 TIMES THE LETHAL DOSE ”**

THE CHICAGO TYLENOL MURDERS

Medical Examiner Donoghue and several members of the Arlington Heights Fire Department began to try and work out what linked the three mysterious deaths.

THREE MORE VICTIMS SUCCUMB

At around the time the Janus family returned to the doomed house in Arlington Heights, 'Lynn' Reiner from Winfield, DuPage County Illinois, innocently took some Extra-Strength Tylenol. The twenty-seven year old mother had given birth to her fourth child less than a week before and was feeling under the weather, but fate was to rob Mary of her life and her family of its wife and mother. Arriving home and finding his wife collapsed on the floor, Ed Reiner immediately called for an ambulance and Mary was taken to Central DuPage Hospital, where she was pronounced dead at 9.30am the next day. Mary's use of Extra-strength Tylenol would become something of a 'smoking gun' in the investigations as she was prescribed them at Central DuPage Hospital rather than purchasing them at a store. To further complicate matters involving the Reiners, a devastated Ed was the first person brought in by detectives investigating the killings under a theory regarding the crimes that was later discounted.

At around 6.30pm that evening in Lombard, also in DuPage County, Mary McFarland told fellow staff members at the Bell Store where she was employed that she had a bad headache. Her brother and co-worker Jack Eliason, recalled that Mary went into a backroom to take some Tylenol and, just like the other victims, collapsed shortly after doing so. John Millner, the Commander of detectives at the police department in Elmhurst (the suburb where Mary lived) suspected that she had been poisoned but could have had no idea of just how accurate his theory would prove to be. The final unfortunate victim to be dragged into the killer's twisted plans was thirty-five year old United Airlines flight attendant Paula Prince. Arriving into O'Hare Airport on a flight from Las Vegas, Prince visited a Walgreens store and purchased another bottle of Tylenol that had been laced with cyanide. After missing a dinner date with her sister and failing to show up for work on Friday 1st October, Prince's body was discovered in her Old Town apartment.

A CRIME UNCOVERED...

Throughout the day, off duty Fire Department Lieutenant Phil Cappitelli and Fire Investigator Richard Keyworth had been listening to the messages relayed across the airwaves around Illinois, and they both noticed that Tylenol was mentioned in the spate of unusual deaths reported. Once Nurse Jensen had been informed of their hunch, she recovered the Extra-Strength pills from the Janus household and it was submitted for testing. The results were shocking: each contaminated capsule of Tylenol contained 65mg of cyanide - between 100 and 1000 times the dose required to kill someone. The various police departments worked together with medical staff to quickly establish that they and metropolitan Chicago faced a nightmare scenario; all the mysterious deaths were connected and a major crime of mass murder had been committed. The investigations into the killings, code-named TYMURS by the FBI, began in earnest, as fears further deaths may happen were foremost in the minds of the authorities.

THE WHISTLE-BLOWER AND THE SMOKING GUN

A FORMER JOHNSON & JOHNSON EMPLOYEE AND THE DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS BOTH SPEAK OUT...

On September 23rd 2011, six days shy of the anniversary of the Chicago Tylenol Murders, a book was published that contained damning allegations that the investigation into the crimes was deliberately controlled by Johnson & Johnson with the full cooperation of the FBI. That book, *The Tylenol Mafia: Marketing, Murder and Johnson & Johnson* was written by Scott Bartz, a former employee of a subsidiary company of Johnson & Johnson with many years experience working in the pharmaceutical industry.

After three years research and the analysis of over 8,000 documents pertaining to the crimes and the investigation, Bartz concluded that the bottles of Extra-Strength Tylenol were almost certainly tampered with somewhere along the distribution and repackaging supply chain – not at the store, pharmacy, or hospital. The author also concluded that Johnson & Johnson, fearing financial liability and a huge blow to their reputation, took every measure possible to steer the investigation and media reports away from looking into this possibility.

Rather than actively trying to solve the case, Bartz also attests that the authorities colluded with Johnson & Johnson to perpetuate the 'lone madman' theory in the media, knowing full well that the real Tylenol killer most likely came from within the ranks of the giant pharmaceutical company itself. That

he was helped during the research stage by Michelle Rosen, the daughter of Mary 'Lynn' Reiner, points to a sense of distrust among the victims' families regarding the official narrative perpetuated by the FBI and Johnson & Johnson.

The 'smoking gun' in the 'lone madman' theory that has dominated the investigation for over thirty years is Mary 'Lynn' Reiner and her use of Extra-Strength Tylenol. Reiner was discharged from Central DuPage Hospital one day prior to the killings after recently giving birth. Reiner was prescribed a 'unit-dose package' of eight Extra-Strength Tylenol capsules from the hospital pharmacy. On the day that she died, Reiner had purchased a bottle of regular Tylenol from a local store that, on inspection after her death, contained six Extra-Strength capsules. Reiner was found to have taken two Extra-Strength Tylenol, the maths adds up and suggests Reiner had dropped the lethal capsules into the regular bottle of Tylenol for safekeeping. Crucially, it discredits the official line that someone went store-to-store planting the lethal bottles for the public to purchase. No 'lone madman' could have gotten access to a closed store pharmacy within a hospital; only someone working within the distribution and repackaging supply chain would have been able to lace the Extra-Strength Tylenol that killed Mary 'Lynn' Reiner.

Michelle Rosen - eight years old at the time of her mother's death and therefore too young to sign the gag order Johnson & Johnson had the victims' families sign – has called the FBI's handling of the case 'irresponsible, disturbing, stressful and odd', attesting that the investigation was virtually dead until word of Bartz's then forthcoming exposé reached the offices of Johnson & Johnson and the authorities. Suddenly, the case was news again and the FBI would re-activate their efforts to find the killer, but only by focusing on James William Lewis, Ted Kaczynski and the phantom 'lone madman'.

A cover-up was entirely possible, as the CEO of Johnson & Johnson at the time of the killings was one James Burke, who counted FDA chief Arthur Hayes and the head of the FBI, William Webster, among his personal friends. Additionally, Burke's brother was a powerful player in the media, with controlling stakes in a number of TV networks and newspapers. In a clear conflict of interest, representatives of Johnson & Johnson worked closely with the FBI from day one, and the company was allowed to test the recalled Tylenol themselves. Only one per cent of the recalled capsules were ever tested, and the rest were destroyed. The only response Johnson & Johnson have ever given in relation to Bartz's expose has been a blanket 'no comment'.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



TED KACZYNSKI

A convicted serial killer known as The Unabomber, the imprisoned Theodore Kaczynski volunteered a DNA sample to the FBI in 2011, after he was linked to the Tylenol poisonings due to his connections to Chicago. Results proved that he was not the culprit. Kaczynski had denied ever being in possession of potassium cyanide.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JOHNSON & JOHNSON

In his 2011 book, Scott Bartz, a former Johnson & Johnson employee, points the finger of blame at the manufacturers. This is a claim Johnson & Johnson have systematically denied ever since the murders first happened and the recall of the product was effective.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JAMES WILLIAM LEWIS

Investigators traced a threatening letter back to a troubled con man with a shady past. Lewis had written a letter to Johnson & Johnson demanding \$1 million in order to stop the murders. He denied that he was behind the crime and that the letter was a hoax, but was later convicted of extortion. Police could not link him to the poisonings.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



THE AFTERMATH

OVER THIRTY YEARS LATER, WHAT HOPE IS THERE OF FINALLY CATCHING THE TYLENOL MURDERER?

At the time of writing, no one has been charged and convicted with the Chicago Tylenol Murders, and there's no imminent chance of that changing, either. Johnson & Johnson's \$100,000 reward remains unclaimed and in 2013, the FBI formally stood down from leading the investigations into the killings. These 'perfect' murders occurred at a time when drug packaging was rudimentary, financial transactions were largely cash based (ruling out a paper-trail) and surveillance technology was only just becoming a regular sight in our shops and on our streets. None of the stores that did have security cameras in operation at the time turned up any footage of a 'lone madman' acting suspiciously around the shelves where pharmaceuticals were stocked. No physical evidence linking anyone to the murders has ever been uncovered, and Bartz's distribution line theory, covered in his book *The Tylenol Mafia: Marketing, Murder and Johnson & Johnson*, has yet to be followed up on by either Johnson & Johnson, or the FBI.

While Ed Reiner and Roger Arnold are names no longer mentioned by investigators when discussing the possible identity of the Tylenol murderer, James William Lewis and Unabomber Ted Kaczynski have, some might say conveniently, both come back into the frame in recent years. In 2009, the Cambridge, Massachusetts home of Lewis and his wife, LeAnn, was searched and boxes, files and a computer were seized. Lewis and his wife provided DNA samples to authorities and the convicted extortionist repeated his denial of being the Tylenol murderer. No charges have been brought against Lewis. Similarly, Ted Kaczynski voluntarily submitted a DNA sample in 2011 after the FBI once again raised the possibility that the Unabomber may have been behind the killings. Like Lewis, no charges have been forthcoming and the FBI stated they simply wanted to rule Kaczynski out of the picture once and for all. Whether Lewis and Kaczynski were targeted again as a diversionary tactic to deflect attention away from Bartz's distribution line theory remains to be seen.

With the case now jointly headed by the local police departments where the killings occurred, Arlington Heights Police Commander, Mike Hernandez, stated in 2013 that 'the investigation is on-going, and it continues to be active'. With the possibility that the tampering may well have taken place somewhere in the distribution and repackaging line it will be interesting to see if the authorities ever follow this line of enquiry. Johnson & Johnson remain, as ever, only too eager to dismiss the claims that were laid out in Bartz's book.



A laboratory at Chicago's Board of Health went into overdrive, testing batches of Tylenol

LEFT No-one would have questioned someone replacing bottles of Tylenol on the shelves

BELOW On the morning of 29 September, Mary Kellerman went into her bathroom, but never left alive





THE I-70 KILLER

CUTTING THROUGH THE PLAINS OF THE AMERICAN MIDWEST, INTERSTATE 70 IS NO MORE MALEVOLENT THAN ANY OTHER ROAD. BUT OVER 30 TERRIBLE DAYS IN 1992 A KILLER STALKED THE HIGHWAY

WORDS JASON LUCKY MORROW

It sounded like a gunshot.

Raytown, Missouri video store owner, Tim Hickman, put his tools down and listened carefully. The loud 'pop' had come from the business adjacent to his. The Store of Many Colors was the Woodson Village Shopping Center's most recent addition, and the six women who owned it had opened its doors only a month before. It was a New Age store that sold an eclectic mix of all-natural foods, herbal supplements, water filters, jewellery and other items. The cinderblock wall that separated his store from theirs was enough to buffer most noise, but that firecracker sound was loud. In his gut he knew what it was but didn't want to believe it. He stood there, perplexed for a moment, straining to hear if he could detect people arguing, screaming, a struggle, or worse – more gunshots.

Instead, he heard nothing but an eerie silence. And in that brief span of time – one that would affect his life forever – he was indecisive. There was only one right move and plenty of wrong ones that could cost him his life.

After waiting a few more minutes, Hickman opened his front door, just as a white male with reddish-brown hair

exited the neighbouring store that occupied the northeast corner of the strip mall. Without even bothering to look behind him, the man turned his back to Hickman and casually walked the last 20 feet to the end of the building, as if he didn't have a care in the world. When he reached the corner, he turned right towards the intersection of East 63rd Street and Woodson Avenue, and disappeared from view.

Hickman recognised him. It was the same man he had locked eyes with as he walked in front of his shop just 15 minutes earlier. He was wearing a grey herringbone or tweed jacket that looked too warm for the weather that day.

Inside The Store of Many Colors, Hickman found Sarah Blessing face down in a back room. The 37-year-old married mother of two had been shot execution-style in the back of her head. Blood was slowly spilling down her shoulder-length brunette hair to form a wide pool on the tile floor.

When Raytown police officers arrived shortly after Hickman called them, they found a .22 calibre shell casing, which their ballistics examiner would later match to five other murders of strip mall and shopping centre store clerks that had occurred over the last 30 days in Indiana, Kansas

and Missouri. The killer, who witnesses described as a five-foot seven to eight inch tall white male in his late 20s to mid-30s with a medium build and reddish-brown hair, would kick-start a nationwide manhunt supported by the FBI.

23 years later, authorities are no closer to catching the mysterious man who would be christened the I-70 Killer a few days following 7 May 1992 – the date of Blessing's murder. It was a moniker that was only partially accurate. While four of the victims were murdered near Interstate 70, two others were found dead in their Wichita, Kansas bridal shop located near I-35.

Ballistics, location, the killer's selection of specialty stores, physical similarities between the victims, the way in which he shot them, and his description by witnesses easily tied all of the cases together for investigators. But it was his motive that puzzled them, for although he took money from the cash registers, he sometimes left some behind.

INDIANAPOLIS (8 APRIL)

A little before 1:00 pm, the manager of a paint store located at 7324 Pendleton Pike looked out his front window and saw a strange man walking towards his business from I-465, which was just a few hundred yards to the east, and three miles north of I-70. He was wearing a green coat and carried a three foot long duffle bag, and when he reached the paint store, he circled the building three times before walking next door to a restaurant that had gone out of business.

He looked like a hitchhiker. A drifter.

The manager then shifted his attention to a customer, but when he looked out a side-door to the paint shop at 2:00 pm, the man had disappeared. He saw him again a few minutes later walking back towards I-465 (a beltway that encircles Indianapolis) trying to hitch a ride near the on-ramp for the southbound lane which would connect him to I-70.

Inside a nearby shoe store, 26-year-old store clerk Robin Fuldauer, a petite brunette, was working alone. Sometime after 1:30 pm, the district manager for Payless ShoeSource got no answer when he telephoned Robin's store. That wasn't like her at all. During the ten months she had worked at that store, Robin had quickly built a reputation as a reliable employee. He called again. And again. He called for more than 30 minutes but no one ever picked up the phone.

Robin was found in the backroom, face down, with two bullets in the back of her head. Two .22 calibre shell casings were found nearby and some money was missing from the cash register.

WICHITA (11 APRIL)

Three days and 685 miles later, Robin Fuldauer's killer was walking towards a small, L-shaped strip mall located in the 4600 block of East Kellogg Drive North, just a few miles from a branch of Interstate 35. At approximately 6:00 pm, he fixed his gaze on a bridal wear and tuxedo rental shop. He could see two petite, brunette-haired women inside. The lights had just gone off and one of them had locked the door and turned the 'We're Closed' sign around.

Inside, store owner Patricia Magers and her assistant, Patricia "Trish" Smith, were closing up for the evening. An unknown male customer had called them earlier to let them know he was on his way to pick up a cummerbund, but would arrive a few minutes after the store closed.

THIRTY DAYS OF HELL

IN SPRING 1992, THE STRIP MALLS OF INTERSTATE-70 WERE GRIPPED BY TERROR



WITNESS

A grocery store employee gathering shopping carts spots the killer walking away from the scene of the crime.



WITNESS

More witnesses see the killer walking east down 59th Street, approximately one mile north of the crime scene and a little more than two miles south of I-70.

7 MAY 1992



VICTIM SARAH BLESSING

Blessing co-owned The Store Of Many Colors, a New Age shop recently opened in the Woodson Village Shopping Center. The 37-year-old is found face down, shot with a .22 calibre round.



CLUE SKETCH

Details provided by eyewitness Tim Hickman enable the police to produce a composite drawing of the suspect.

RAYTOWN, MISSOURI



WITNESS

A late customer has a face-to-face encounter with the killer, who attempts to lure him into the backroom at gunpoint. The shopper waits an hour before calling the police.

11 APRIL 1992



CLUE SKETCH

The customer who escaped is able to provide police with a description, which is used to produce a crude, simple sketch of the killer.



CLUE BALLISTICS

Although the MO is identical, there is some confusion over the ballistics. It takes weeks to sort out the mistake and connect the three murders to each other.

WICHITA, KANSAS



VICTIMS

PATRICIA MAGERS AND PATRICIA SMITH



32-year-old store owner Patricia Magers and 22-year-old store assistant Patricia "Trish" Smith are forced into the backroom and shot. They initially mistake the killer for an after-hours customer they are expecting.

WITNESS

Just before 1:00 pm the manager of a nearby paint store spots the killer, who spends 30 to 40 minutes "rummaging through his bag and staring at a Payless shoe store across the street. He was sitting there talking to himself, giggling. He was either on some kind of drugs or he had mental problems."

8 APRIL 1992

VICTIM **ROBIN FULDAUER**

26-year-old store clerk Robin Fuldauer is working alone in a Payless ShoeSource store when she is shot twice in the back of the head.



WITNESS

Four or five people along that short stretch report seeing the hitchhiker in the area shortly before Robin was killed.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA



WITNESS

A witness living in a house behind the store orders a man off his property a few minutes after the shooting would have occurred. The killer then heads east toward I-465.

ST CHARLES, MISSOURI

27 APRIL 1992

VICTIM **NANCY KITZMILLER**

24-year-old Nancy Kitzmiller is filling in for another employee at Western-themed clothing outlet Boot Village. She is shot behind the ear.

CLUE **BALLISTICS**

It would be another ten days before ballistics tie McCown's death with the others. When they do, investigators realise the killer may have mistaken him for a petite, brunette female.

VICTIM **MICHAEL MCCOWN**

40-year-old Michael "Mick" McCown is working in his mother's ceramics store. He is shot from behind as he stocks a low shelf.

3 MAY 1992

CLUE **SKETCH**

A woman passing Boot Village sees the suspect and provides police with information that leads to a composite drawing.



When 22-year-old Trish Smith saw a man pull on the door and rap on the window, she assumed it was the customer who had called ahead.

As soon as she opened the door, the short white male with sandy-blond and reddish hair pulled out a fierce looking pistol and forced them to a backroom where he ordered the frightened women to lie face down. He promptly shot them both the head. 32-year-old Magers was shot twice and died instantly. Smith lay mortally wounded after being shot once. Just like before, he couldn't look his victims in the eyes when he took their lives.

At 15 or 20 minutes after six, the cummerbund customer pressed his face against the window, saw that the lights were off and no one was around. But since he had called ahead, he opened the door, walked in and called out. Seconds later, he was looking down the barrel of an "Uzi-style" automatic weapon with a short banana clip.

The killer, wearing a light brown jacket this time, tried to order him into the backroom. "I have it in the back, I have them tied-up," the I-70 killer allegedly said. "I just need you to come in the back so I can get away."

But the male customer knew what would happen and was backing up towards the door saying he didn't see anything and it was none of his business. After the two argued some more, the killer finally told him to leave and tell no one about the event. He did as he was told for about an hour.

At about 7:30 pm, a Wichita Police cruiser drove into the quiet parking lot and parked in front of the bridal store. The cummerbund customer had finally worked up the nerve to call the authorities. The front door was open and the key was in the lock. In the backroom, the officer found the women. By then, so much blood had pooled on the floor he thought they had both been stabbed. Only a small amount of cash had been removed from the register.

TERRE HAUTE (27 APRIL)

A former musician who played bass guitar in several bands

“TRISH SMITH LAY MORTALLY WOUNDED. JUST LIKE BEFORE, HE COULDN'T LOOK THEM IN THE EYES WHEN HE TOOK THEIR LIVES”

in the '80s, Michael "Mick" McCown ran his mother's store, Sylvia's Ceramics, inside a shopping centre near busy South 3rd Street, just half a mile south of I-70. He had earrings and long hair, which he double braided in the back.

Sometime after 2:00 pm, the small 40-year-old was pricing some new items when the killer walked in. For some reason, he did not get up right away. With his back to the customer, he was kneeling down, apparently reaching for a small, white ceramic house on a lower shelf.

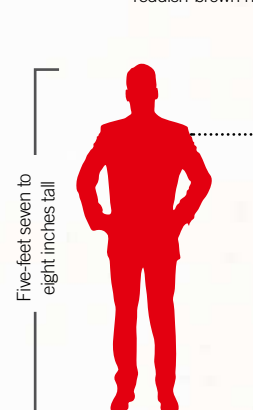
The barrel was four-inches away from his head when he was shot. The killer took \$50 from the cash register, as well as McCown's wallet. There were no witnesses and no one heard anything. The ceramic house was found on the floor, just a few inches away, still perfectly intact.

ST CHARLES (3 MAY)

Nancy Kitzmiller wasn't supposed to be working the day she was killed. She was filling in for another employee who wanted the day off. Although she loved being a manager at Boot Village, a Western footwear and clothing store located in Bogey Hills Plaza, the 24-year-old would soon be on to bigger and better things. She had recently graduated from Oklahoma State University with a degree in Geography and was just two weeks away from starting a new job as a cartographer with the Defense Mapping Agency.

That Sunday, the slender brunette opened the store at noon. Two and a half hours later, a customer found her body in an office at the back of the store. She had been shot behind the ear. A small amount of cash was missing from the register. The killer didn't have far to go to escape; I-70 was just 1,000 feet to the north.

White male in his late 20s to mid-30s with a medium build and reddish-brown hair



ABOVE Witnesses reported seeing a white male with reddish brown hair around the sites of the murders.



ABOVE The killer's .22 handgun is described as "luger like" by some sources.

THE INVESTIGATION

DESPITE HAVING A CLEAR DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER, THE TRAIL SOON RAN DRY

Shortly after the St Charles murder of Nancy Kitzmiller on 3 May, investigators from all three states were comparing case notes. Each murder was similar to all the others. Soon, ballistics tests would confirm what they suspected: this was the work of a serial killer.

But another clue pointed to this being the work of a serial killer – there were no other conclusion to draw. Local homicide detectives looked into the background of each victim and questioned anyone with a connection to each victim, but couldn't come up with a clue, motive or suspect.

"In every case, it came down to the fact that there appeared to be no reason somebody would want to kill these people," said a detective in 1992.

And then there was the manner in which he killed. "This is not a normal type homicide, not even a normal robbery homicide," said a Wichita police captain. "These kinds of stores are hardly primary targets for armed robberies."

If robbery wasn't the real motive, then there was only one other reason for these senseless murders – murder itself.

But as a serial killer, this guy wasn't even cut from the same cloth as most other serial killers. These were not sex murders with gruesome strangulations or drawn out knife work as the sadistic killer stared his victims in the eyes as the life drained out of them. The I-70 killer didn't even want to see their faces. He shot them in the back of the head. He chose victims smaller than him. He chose low traffic stores, and he was in and out within minutes.

This guy was cautious. A coward, maybe.

Although an interstate task force of more than 40 officers was formed, there wasn't much to go on. "We don't even know what the hell we're looking for," one frustrated Terre Haute police official said at the time.

The lack of clues was frustrating. He never left fingerprints behind. No hair. None of the victims fought back, which might have scratched his face or torn a button off. No one ever saw him get in a vehicle of any kind. The clues and similarities pointed towards the same guy in all six cases, but they were no closer to identifying him.

That didn't stop them from old fashioned police work, collecting thousands of names from motel registries and showing composite drawings at interstate truck stops and gas stations. Travelling salesmen, truck drivers, and hitchhikers were at the top of their 'check those guys out' list.

By the middle of May, the task force dubbed their unidentified suspect the I-70 Killer. Their simple sketches were released. His MO was explained. All six victims were revealed, detailed and consolidated into single articles. Soon, the story was getting nationwide attention.

And that's when the killer disappeared.

“IT CAME DOWN TO THE FACT THAT THERE APPEARED TO BE NO REASON SOMEBODY WOULD WANT TO KILL THESE PEOPLE”



An Intratec TEC-22, similar to the model the killer might have used. This magazine is non-standard

THE MURDER WEAPON

In 2012, investigators in St Charles released new information in the case with the hope of generating solid new leads. They said it is possible the murder weapon was an Intratec Scorpion, an "Uzi style" looking gun as described by one witness, or an Erma Werke Model ET 22, which resembles a German luger. Although they believe these may have been the weapons used, other makes and models of .22-calibre pistols couldn't be ruled out. The ammunition used was CCI brand .22-calibre long rifle copper-clad lead bullets. This ammunition, however, is popular and .22 calibre weapons are also the most widely used in the United States.

St Charles police also revealed that scientific examiners found two substances on the cartridge cases: corundum and a red material consistent with rouge, which are used as industrial abrasives or polish. The substances are used to grind, buff and polish a wide variety of things, including guns. It was declared at the time that the killer might have lived or worked somewhere where grinding or polishing was performed.

"We hope this jogs somebody's memory, when they think about that period of time and consider what the guy looked like," said Captain Pat McCarrick.

THE TEXAS CONNECTION

DID THE I-70 KILLER RESURFACE OVER A YEAR LATER?

Why did it just suddenly stop? That's a question we've asked ourselves hundreds of times over," said Raytown Police Chief Kris Turnbow in October of 1992. "He may have been killed; he may have committed suicide; he may be incarcerated somewhere.

"And we can't rule out that maybe he is lying low."

It's unclear where he was or if something happened to the killer, but it is speculated that he came back. And this time, he may have had a new pistol and a new State to haunt.

FORT WORTH (25 SEPTEMBER)

At 10:45 am that Saturday morning, store owner Mary Ann Glasscock telephoned a repairman due to come in later to tell him that she was running late. When Robert Johnson arrived at Emporium Antiques at around 11:30 am, a customer standing outside told him nobody would answer the door.

After looking through the windows and trying to call Ms Glasscock from a payphone, Johnson decided to enter the unlocked business, only to find her body in a pool of blood.

The only clue they could find was a .22 calibre shell casing. There were no witnesses and the victim's car was still parked out front. There didn't appear to have been a struggle. Although the victim's trousers had been pulled down, it was quite possible that this occurred after the shooting took place.

ARLINGTON (1 NOVEMBER)

Just like Nancy Kitzmiller, Amy Vess wasn't even supposed to be working on the day she was murdered in the backroom of Dancer's Closet, a small shop that catered to children.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



NEAL FALLS

The suspected serial killer was killed by an escort in Virginia in 2015 during a struggle. Falls had threatened the escort with a gun, but she managed to knock it out of his hands and defend herself with it. While police have not formally named him as a suspect his name continuously springs up in discussions on the ongoing case.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



DONALD PASCO

Webb initially picked the 46 year old out of a photographic lineup but soon realised that she was mistaken and immediately informed the police. Pasco was quickly let go by the authorities without charge, and has never again been linked to any of the murders.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



GERRY GLASSCOCK

The newly divorced ex-husband of one of the victims from the second round of killings in Texas, Fort Worth antique store owner Mary Ann Glasscock, quickly fell under suspicion after her murder. After a brief investigation the police realised that he was not their man and let released him.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



VICTIM

MARY ANN GLASSCOCK



Antique store owner Mary Ann Glasscock is found dead. The killer takes her car keys and leaves her partially nude, with an empty till and .22 casing for company.

25 SEPTEMBER 1993



RED HERRING

JERRY GLASSCOCK

Recently divorced, Mary Ann's ex-husband, Jerry Glasscock is initially treated as a suspect. He is quickly ruled out.



VICTIM

AMY VESS



22-year-old Amy Vess is shot twice, once behind her left ear and once in the back of the head, while she works in Dancers Closet. \$200 is taken from the cash register.



WITNESS

The store owner next door reports seeing a strange man in the car park around 6:15 pm. He had walked clumsily and wore a woman's wig over the top of a white headband.



RED HERRING

DONALD PASCO

Webb initially picks out 46-year-old Donald Pasco Bracewell from a photographic line-up. She later corrected her mistake and Bracewell is released.



VICTIM

VICKY WEBB

The only victim to survive, Vicky Webb engages her would-be killer in conversation and later describes him as "weathered", with long, shaggy blonde hair.

BELOW The manager of a neighbouring store saw a "drifter" walking away from the scene of the Fuldauer murder.



Sometime between 6:15 and 6:22 pm, a stranger entered the store and ordered the girl into the backroom, where he shot her twice. The killer then grabbed \$200 cash from the register and left.

When detectives working the I-70 killer case heard about the Arlington murder, they connected the case with their own. The details of Vess' murder paralleled theirs with one exception – the markings on the .22 calibre shell casing were different. He had used a new pistol. Arlington police found the similarities interesting, but were less than convinced.

HOUSTON (15 JANUARY)

The last known attack possibly attributable to the I-70 killer broke the pattern as he interacted with Vicki Webb more than he had any victim before. The attack also deviated from the norm in another important way: she survived.

At 10:00 am that Saturday, a short man with long, shaggy blonde hair, who looked to be about 50 years old, entered Arternatives Gift Shop, located three-quarters of a mile south of Interstate 69. He looked around for a few minutes, then left saying he would be back soon. At 11:30 am, he returned to the quaint little store in the Rice Village shopping district.

The strange man tried to put Vicki at ease by saying he was due to meet his niece soon and how much she would like her store. He then pointed to a copper picture frame and said he wanted to buy it. After Webb handed him the frame she turned around to go behind the counter. She was then shot in the back of the neck.

The bullet struck her between the second and third vertebrae, chipping a bone that hit her spinal cord, paralysing her from the neck down.

The shooter then jumped over the counter and grabbed about \$75 from the cash register. He rolled Webb over and dragged her behind the counter, and, as he had done in the Glasscock case, he pulled her trousers off. He then put the gun to her forehead and pulled the trigger.

"Click." A misfire. He found this funny, and laughed. But before he could chamber another round, he heard the sound of a car pulling up to the real estate office next door, so left.



Nancy Kitzmiller's parents at a tree planting for Crime Victims' Rights Week on 23 April 2012

THE AFTERMATH

THE CASE MAY BE COLD, BUT IT'S FAR FROM CLOSED

The I-70 serial killer case is still being investigated in Indianapolis, Wichita, Terre Haute, St Charles and Raytown. In each city, investigators receive a handful of new leads every year, and each one is followed up on.

The Texas connection to the I-70 serial killer case exists in a grey area created by the lack of a ballistics match, but also by Texas investigators who reject the theory that their cases are connected with those in the Midwest. Although the manner, victim profile, store proximity to an interstate, and the use of a .22 calibre are strikingly similar, they have never publicly stated whether the same gun was used in all three of their cases. Currently, the murder of Mary Ann Glasscock is the only Texas cold case posted on a police department's website.

Over the years, nationally televised shows like *America's Most Wanted*, *Inside Edition*, *Unsolved Mysteries*, and recently, *Dark Minds*, have aired episodes profiling the I-70 case. This, coupled with local media outlets that continue to keep the story alive by running updates, and the enormous amount of attention given to the case over the last 23 years, should have been enough to expose the killer.

But it hasn't.

Over the years, there have been countless theories about what kind of man the I-70 killer was, what kind of work he did, why he killed in close proximity to interstates, and why he stopped. All theories been discussed and rehashed over and over by detectives. Was he a truck driver? A travelling salesman? Or was he a drifter, someone who existed far below anyone's radar and outside the norms of society?

If the old maxim about serial killers is true, that they never stop killing, why did the I-70 killer stop? Arguably, twice. Retired Wichita Police Lieutenant Mike Hennessy points out in a 2013 television interview that serial killers can stop themselves. He led the undercover investigation to capture Wichita's BTK killer in 2005. Dennis Rader killed ten people between 1974 and 1991, and then he stopped. But his narcissism enticed him to resurface in 2004, which eventually led to his arrest.

Today, 23 years after his first murder, the I-70 killer would probably be in his 50s. 23 years on, police are no closer to catching him, and they can't help but wonder; is he dead, in jail, incapacitated, or did he settle down into a regular life? If he is still out there, alive, living among us all, then he might just be, America's most elusive serial killer.





STUFFED INTO THE WYCH ELM

NAZI SPIES, BLACK MAGIC, A GLAMOROUS CABARET SINGER AND A MURDER-MYSTERY THAT JUST WON'T GO AWAY: WHO WAS THE DIMINUTIVE BRUNETTE SO BRUTALLY STUFFED INSIDE A HOLLOW TREE AND WHY, OVER 70 YEARS SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF HER CORPSE, HAS HER KILLER STILL NOT BEEN FOUND?

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

In 1941, World War II was raging and the people living in the English Midlands were enduring regular raids. The German Luftwaffe had been bombing Birmingham solidly for three years. It was estimated that, in total, about 1,852 tons of bombs were dropped on the city and surrounding area, causing devastation and mayhem. The Germans were particularly interested in this area as it contained a number of key munitions factories and the intelligence within was far too tempting to ignore. Whispers of spy rings and secret agents persisted throughout the war while any foreign-sounding person was treated with suspicion.

The nightly raids, commonly known as the Birmingham Blitz, would ultimately hamper the investigation that would be opened upon the discovery of a skeleton stuffed in to a tree trunk in 1943, as so many men and women went missing during this time. Matching lost relatives to the ever-increasing body count became almost impossible as, across the course of the Blitz, a minimum of 2,000 locals were killed in Birmingham. More than 3,000 missing-persons record were checked during the investigation surrounding the skeleton, a deeply time-consuming activity, but each one turned out to be a waste of police time. Similarly, it became an overwhelming task to keep track of documentation during this period. Dental records required in the investigation proved difficult to pin down, leading to dead end after dead end. Official buildings that housed vital information were destroyed, causing further disruption. A perfect storm of circumstances, timing and general bad luck resulted in an unsolved crime; a fascinating cold case to re-examine.

HAGLEY WOODS BY DUSK

Just as the sun began to dip behind the Clent Hills on 18 April 1943, four lads slipped through the hedge into the Hagley Hall Estate and started to make their way through the Hagley woods near Wychbury Hill. It was a haunting, lonely spot at the best of times, but at dusk, when the shadows began to lengthen and the foxes started to shriek, it was particularly creepy. The boys shouldn't have been there. For a start, they were trespassing on Lord Cobham's land, and second, they were poaching. But there they were, and they didn't really mean any harm by it. Egg collecting had been outlawed in 1954, but at this particular time, it was merely frowned upon. If they managed to find some wild bird eggs, they could sell them for quite a profit along with anything else they could poach during their evening foray. Everything was set for an illicit thrill in the woods.

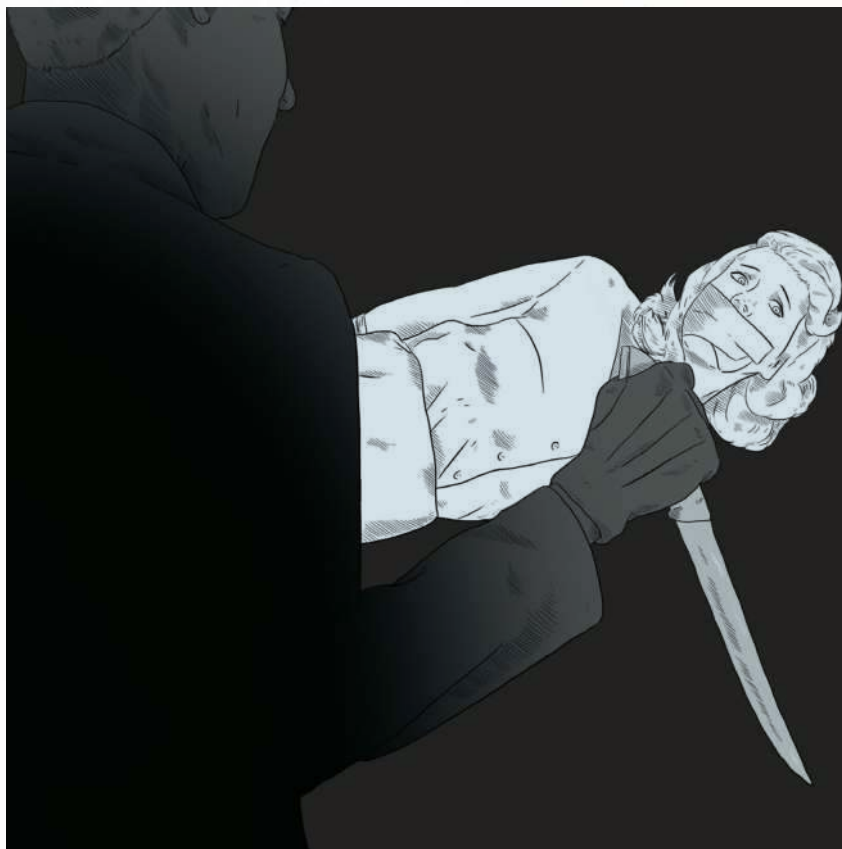
Eventually, they came upon an enormous wych elm, its hollow trunk towering over them. This area was already known as a sinister location. The suckers emanating from the top of the tree reached up towards the darkening sky like a spindly hand. Locals called it the wych elm, not because of its species, but due to the long roots and suckers reminding them of witches' hair. The mist was collecting around the base of the trees and bushes, adding to the ominous atmosphere. This was not a place for boys to play.

THE BODY IN THE TREE

Robert Hart, Fred Payne and young Thomas Willetts kept a lookout while 15-year-old Bob Farmer, the skinniest yet bravest of the bunch, clambered up the trunk, intending to wriggle into the hole at the top. The tree was known to



Patches of rotting skin clung to the forehead while strands of long brown hair hung down over the eye sockets. Her protruding teeth would become part of the investigation



ABOVE Theories abounded in the void of any clear evidence of who 'Bella' was and who killed her. Even the far-fetched notion that she was a satanic sacrifice gained credibility

BELOW From the top of Wychbury Hill, ramblers get their first glimpse of the village of Hagley and the sprawling estate where Bella's body was discovered

A TANTALISING QUESTION

THE MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY OF BELLA WAS COMPOUNDED BY A CRYPTIC MESSAGE

VICTIM 'BELLA'

The wych elm was heavily coppiced, creating a 'cupped hand' shape. It was within this hollow 'hand' that the body was cradled.

HAGLEY

WITNESS LYTTETLTON ARMS

This was the supposed meeting place of the strange Dutchman, Van Ralt, and his female companion who could have been Bella.

EVENT WYCHBURY HILL

On 18 August 1999, someone painted a message on the Wychbury Obelisk. It said "Who put Bella in the witch elm?" and re-ignited interest in the case.

BIRMINGHAM

EVENT UPPER DEAN STREET

In 1944, the first message appeared on a wall in Upper Dean Street, Birmingham. It read 'Who put Bella down the wych elm - Hagley Wood?' Did someone know the answer?

EVENT A456

In June 2016, a placard appeared tied to a fence along the A456. It read, "Who put Bella in the wych elm?" The mystery continues to fascinate.



ABOVE Perhaps the most plausible of the wych elm theories is that 'Bella' was drunk and unconscious when she was dumped into the hollow by her two companions, while she slept the booze off. But even this takes a stretch of the imagination

THE 'ANNA' LETTERS

IN 1953, A SERIES OF LETTERS BY A WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS 'ANNA OF CLAVERLEY' WERE SENT TO JOURNALIST WILFRED BYFORD-JONES

Writing under the pen name 'Quaestor', Wilfred Byford-Jones began a lengthy article on the Bella case. The renewed interest led to a series of letters being sent to him, sparking some fascinating claims. The letters dismissed the occult theory as nonsense, stating, "The affair is closed and involves no witches, black magic or moonlight rites." She then went on to give a clear account of both killer and victim. Bella was a member of a Dutch spy ring while the "...person responsible for the crime died insane in 1942." The Dutchman, she claimed, was Van Ralt. Her husband had been present when she had been dropped inside the tree. Clearly guilty at keeping the secret for so long, she finished, "I have no wish to recall any more."

be hollow and would be an obvious place for wildlife. The boys were hoping to find birds' nests. What they actually discovered was far more disturbing.

Nestled among the decaying leaves and gnarly branches lay a milky white skull. Initially, this looked like a good find, something to scare the others with, but, on closer inspection, Bob realised this was no animal skull. This had belonged to a human. Mousy brown hair still sprouted from the crown while flesh clung to the forehead and two crooked teeth protruded from the gaping mouth along with a piece of cloth, bursting through the jaws like peach-coloured foam. A shoe had been dropped down the hollowed out trunk too. He had discovered a dead body.

With the fear of God speeding him on, Bob Farmer shimmied down the trunk and described his horrifying find to his friends. He had carried the skull out with him in case the boys didn't believe him, but the evidence stared back at them in the moonlight. The lads were obviously shaken, but also in a quandary as they knew that they should report it but were also well aware that they were trespassing. They quickly came to the conclusion that admitting where they had been would only end in tears. They could, after all, get into a great deal of trouble. The boys swore to tell no one and the skull was left to remain a secret. Bob Farmer climbed up the tree once more and tossed it back into the hollow on its bed of mouldy foliage. However, it didn't take long for the secret to come out.

TELL-TALE TOMMY

The youngest of the four friends, Tommy Willetts, was too upset to keep it to himself. By the time he reached home, his mind was made up. Although he didn't want to get in to trouble for trespassing on Lord Cobham's land, and realised that his mother would be very disappointed with him, he

knew in his heart that this particular secret needed sharing. He told his parents everything: the sightless skull, the limp, hanging hair and scraps of rotting flesh. His father was unimpressed by the joke – after all, it wasn't very amusing. In fact, it was in poor taste considering the tragedy that constantly surrounded them during the war. However, Tommy did seem extremely upset. The initial anger at their son's poaching was soon replaced with horror as they realised he was telling the truth. Silently they listened as he described the awful discovery in the old hollow wych elm on the Hagley Estate.

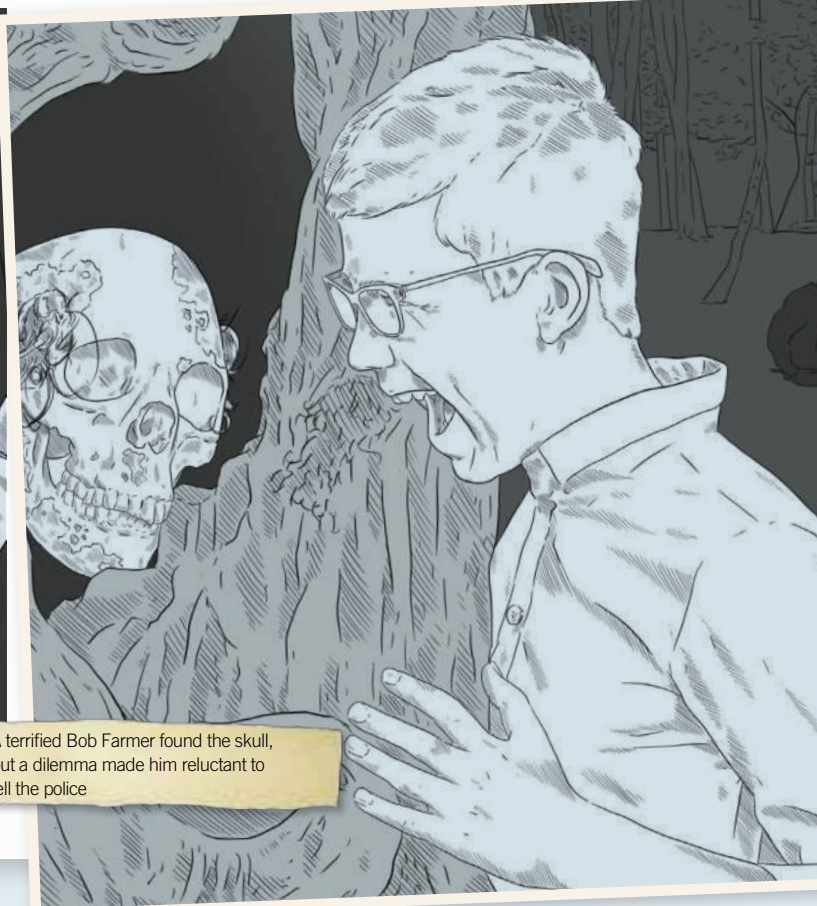
Mr Willetts phoned the local constabulary and, before long, police officers searched the old elm tree. True to young Tommy Willetts' word, there was a skull, but that wasn't all. An almost complete skeleton had been placed inside the tree, along with some rotten clothing, a shoe and a cheap gold wedding ring. As if that wasn't gruesome enough, finger bones and a severed hand were scattered around the base of the wych elm.

The police were at a loss to know who their skeletal victim was and how on earth they had come to end up in the tree in the middle of the woods. Professor James Webster, head of the Home Office Forensic Science Laboratory in the West Midlands and creator of the West Midlands Forensic Science Laboratory at Birmingham University, was called in to find out.

“ MOUSY BROWN HAIR STILL SPROUTED FROM THE CROWN WHILE FLESH CLUNG TO THE FOREHEAD AND TWO CROOKED TEETH PROTRUDED FROM THE GAPING MOUTH ”



ABOVE One theorist suggested 'Bella' was part of a Dutch Nazi spy ring, and she parachuted into England only to disappear. Unlikely, but this theory has endured



A terrified Bob Farmer found the skull, but a dilemma made him reluctant to tell the police

PIECING THE CLUES TOGETHER

PROFESSOR WEBSTER PRODUCED A DESCRIPTION OF THE WOMAN BASED ON HIS FINDINGS, RIGHT DOWN TO HER CLOTHES AND HAIR STYLE

HEIGHT

Having laid out the collected pieces of skeleton on a table, Webster established that the victim must have been approximately 1.5 metres tall.

BELT

A further piece of material was found, suggesting a matching belt.

BODY

Further examination of the skeleton, particularly the pelvis, led Professor Webster to believe that the victim had given birth to at least one child.

AGE

Forensic analysis of remaining skin fragments, hair strands and bone structure suggested that the victim was aged between 35 to 40 years.

SHOES

A blue crepe-soled shoe had begun to rot but not so much so that the style and size could not be ascertained. The size of the shoe matched Professor Webster's estimation of height.

HAIR

Strands of hair clinging to the scalp allowed Professor Webster to give a clear description. The victim had fine, mousy hair.

CARDIGAN

Strands of tightly curled wool in two shades of blue were found within the hollow. The shape suggested that the wool had been knitted and since there were two shades, probably striped. A typical style from 1941 was used to show the public.

RING

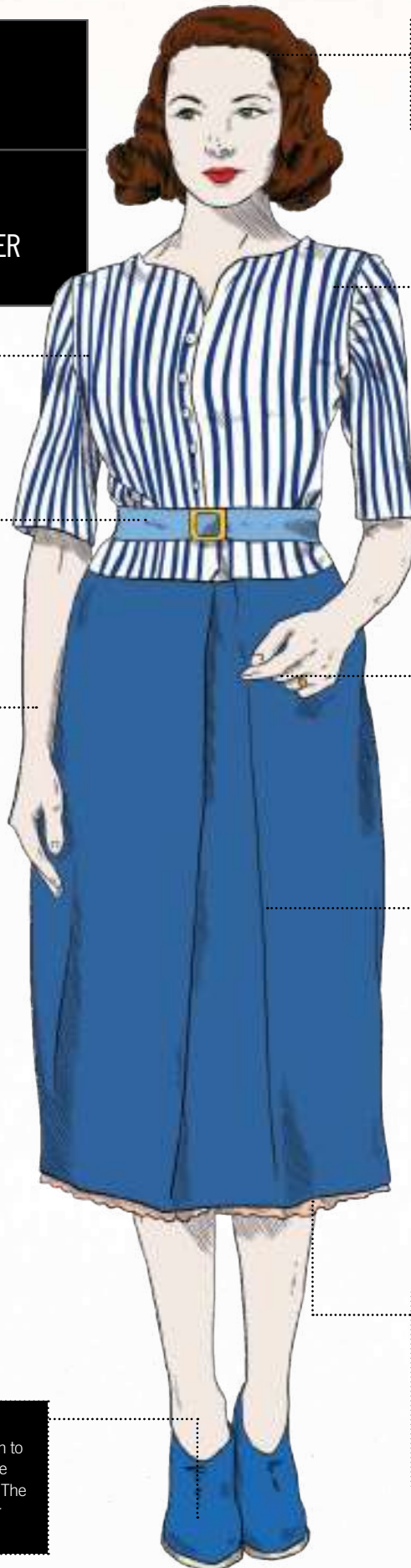
A cheap rolled gold wedding ring was discovered on the remaining hand. Had the victim actually been married or was this ring a fake, used as part of a disguise?

CLOTH & ZIP

The discovery of a large swatch of cloth with a zip attached suggested a skirt. Once again, Professor Webster looked to styles of the day to guess what she was wearing when murdered.

TAFFETA

Peach coloured taffeta, used as an under skirt, was not only found inside the tree but also wedged inside her throat. This was of vital importance as it showed how the woman was killed – asphyxiation.



THE INVESTIGATION

LEADS SAW THE POLICE INVESTIGATE SEVERAL THEORIES, INCLUDING SPY RINGS, GYPSY CULTS AND WITCHCRAFT

The bones were carefully gathered together and taken back to Professor Webster's laboratory in Birmingham, where he quickly established a number of important facts. The remains belonged to a female aged between 35 to 40. She had been about 1.5 metres tall with mousy brown hair and uneven teeth. She had given birth at least once. She had died approximately 18 months previously in October 1941 and wedged into the hollow tree almost straight away, before rigor mortis had set in. He surmised this last point as, after the body became stiff, there was no way she would have fit inside the hollow. On closer examination, Professor Webster discovered taffeta stuffed in her mouth and, as there were no other signs of violence upon the body, concluded that she had been murdered by asphyxiation. A detailed description could be given to police, including what she was wearing on the night of her death, and this was released to the public. Unfortunately, nobody came forward with any knowledge of the mysterious lady in the tree.

Surprised by the lack of response, the police decided to check the National Dental Records as her crooked teeth were so distinctive, but this turned out to be another dead end. Her description failed to match anyone on the missing persons list. She was a woman who no one had missed and nobody recognised.

However, the rather pathetic tale was soon to become far more mysterious.

Six months into the investigation, the police were handed a new and rather disturbing clue. Some graffiti appeared on a wall in Upper Dean Street, Birmingham, asking 'Who put Bella down the wych elm - Hagley Wood?' Was Bella the name of their murder victim and if so, why hadn't the message writer approached the police before? A new line of enquiry was opened looking for both the graffiti writer and the mysterious Bella but, once again, the clues reached a dead end. The writer was never found and, without any further information, the tantalising question meant nothing.

A prostitute came forward claiming her friend and fellow streetwalker 'Bella' had disappeared about the time Professor Webster had told police the victim had been murdered. She had apparently worked the Hadley Road but stopped showing up without any warning. The police investigated but, as there was no corroborating evidence, this line of enquiry soon fizzled out.

When Una Mossop came forward claiming that her cousin, Jack, had hidden a woman in the tree, things looked slightly more promising. He had been talking to a Dutchman, Van Ralt, and his female companion while at the Lyttelton Arms public house. The three went for a drive but the woman, who was by this stage extremely drunk, passed out on the back seat. The pair did not know what to do with her so they had dumped her in the hollow tree to sleep it off. Jack had subsequently gone quite mad with guilt and died in a Stafford mental hospital. Why, the police asked, had she taken so long in coming forward? Una Mossop had no answer and, once again, the lead grew cold. However, the name Van Ralt and the mental hospital would strangely reappear during later investigations.

Anthropologist Professor Margaret Murray muddled the investigation with suggestions of witchcraft and black magic. The basis for this rather wild suggestion was firmly rooted in the severed hand and sprinkling of finger bones. Professor Murray rather tenuously linked the appendage with an ancient occult

“ ‘CLARA’, AS SHE WAS CODENAMED, WAS A NAZI SPY WHO PARACHUTED INTO THE WEST MIDLANDS IN 1941 AND THEN DISAPPEARED ”

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



GERMAN SPY RING

Some suspected that Bella had been a Nazi German spy who had been killed during the war while embroiled in an espionage operation. Her body would have been hidden by stuffing it into the trunk of the tree. Was Bella really 'Clara', a Nazi spy that had perhaps been caught and murdered by the English or by her handlers?

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JACK MOSSOP

Jack Mossop's wife approached the investigative authorities 10 years after her husband had died, claiming that he had confessed to her that he and his friend had stuffed a drunk woman in a hollow tree hoping to spook her, but instead the woman had died.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



WITCH CULT

This is probably the wildest theory related to Bella's death. Some suspected that a cult of witches with a coven in the area had killed the young woman as part of a satanic sacrifice and that she had been stuffed in the wych elm as part of a ritual. Was her severed hand intended to be an occult tool called a 'Hand of Glory'?

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



ABOVE In 1999, the question "Who put Bella in the witch elm?" was scrawled in white paint on the side of the 200-year-old obelisk on the top of Wychbury Hill, re-igniting interest the mystery once again



Movie star, cabaret singer and Nazi spy, but was Clara Bauerle, the beautiful lover of Gestapo agent Josef Jakobs, also the body in the wych elm?

tradition known as the 'Hand of Glory'. Such a tool would be created by a local witch and sold to the highest bidder, often a thief. The witch needed the severed hand of a criminal corpse, which was later baked. The fat from the flesh was used as candle wax while hairs ripped from the scalp could be turned into the wick. The hand was fashioned into a gruesome holder, containing the candle. This was then

hidden inside a house ensuring the household remained asleep while the burglar crept through to take any worthwhile goods. Although such practices were carried out in the past, the likelihood of such goings on during World War II was highly unlikely. This was a real crowd-pleaser but not followed too seriously.

Later, in 1953, a woman by the name of Anna began an extraordinary trail of enquiry within the world of espionage, having sent an explosive letter to journalist Wilfred Byford-Jones. She claimed Bella had been part of a Dutch

spy ring and had ultimately been killed by one of the agents. Anna's ex-husband had been one of the ring. Interestingly enough, he had also been a Dutchman, linking back to Una Mossop's Dutch claim. Although a fascinating proposal, no evidence could be found to back it up.

Then, in 1968, a book entitled *Murder By Witchcraft*, written by Donald McCormick, re-ignited public interest in the case once again. It claimed that Bella was in fact Clarabella Dronkers, a Dutch girl related to Johannes Marinus Dronkers, a spy who was later executed by the British. 'Clara', as she was codenamed, was a Nazi spy who parachuted into the West Midlands in 1941 and then disappeared. However, this story was unsubstantiated and, while the whispers of occult practices and Nazi spies continued to bubble away, the case grew cold. That was until, 30 years later, declassified wartime MI5 files revealed something that could back up McCormick's claims, or at least build upon them and the name Clara. In 1941, Josef Jakobs, a Gestapo agent, had been arrested by the Home Guard having parachuted into Cambridgeshire. Among his possessions was a photograph of a woman Jakobs named as Clara Bauerle, a Stuttgart-born music hall singer, secret agent for the Germans and his lover. Apparently Clara had been due to parachute into the Midlands in early spring 1941 to gather intel relating to the munitions factories, but had never made radio contact. Could this be the Clarabella from McCormick's story? Unfortunately for investigators, Jakobs was executed by firing squad on 15 August 1941. The last man to be put to death at the Tower of London had probably taken the true identity of 'Bella' with him to the grave.

THE AFTERMATH

THE THEORIES HAVE COME AND GONE, AND THE EVIDENCE WAS SCARCE TO SAY THE LEAST. SO WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

Every lead taken up by the police resulted in a hopeless dead end, and sadly, although all relevant files are now open to the public, amateur sleuths are no closer to the truth. The declassification of MI5 files at the National Archives supported the spy theory to a point, adding weight to the 'Anna' letters and Josef Jakobs' confession, but nothing concrete emerged. It also gave credence to the Una Mossop theory, highlighting the clear existence of a Nazi spy ring in the vicinity.

In 2009, West Mercia Police officially closed the case, stating that there were no leads left to explore. The case files were duly published, allowing the general public to have a go at solving the crime.

At some point somebody suggested DNA testing. Surely this would at least prove if Bella was actually Clara Bauerle? Of course this would never answer the now-famous question of "Who put Bella down the wych elm?" but the mystery of her identity might just be solved. The police acknowledged that there was definitely some merit in this venture and agreed to help. Unfortunately, the unforeseen forces keeping the case unsolved reared their heads again. Bella's bones had disappeared.

Professor Webster thoroughly examined the bones in 1943 and, having completed his forensic investigations, the skeleton was passed on to his friend at the University of Birmingham for unofficial analysis. It was naturally assumed that, when finished, the university would have passed the remains back to Hagley for a dignified burial. However, when investigators went to retrieve the body, no such grave existed in Hadley churchyard. Bella was never given a proper resting place and now her whereabouts are unknown. Without them, finding out who Bella was has become as big a mystery as who put her in the tree. Could this suggest a governmental cover-up at work and if so, why?

The graffiti continues to pop up from time to time. Originally it served as an open taunt to the police, most likely from a witness to the crime or the killer themselves, but today it merely keeps the mystery alive. Although not so creepy as the original graffiti that was left by Old Hill shortly after the discovery, the latest tatty sign still sends a shiver down the readers' spine, begging the question, who did put Bella in the wych elm?

WHO SHOT TUPAC?

SINCE LEGENDARY RAPPER TUPAC SHAKUR WAS GUNNED DOWN, ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE, FINGERS POINTED AND RUMOURS GESTATED, BUT STILL NO ONE HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF HIS MURDER. REAL CRIME SIFTS THROUGH THE FACTS AND WILD FICTION OF THE CASE WITH THE HELP OF ONE OF THE MEN ACCUSED OF INSTIGATING THE EAST-WEST COAST RIVALRY

WORDS SETH FERRANTI



Considered one of the greatest rappers ever, Tupac Shakur is still a larger-than-life legend 20 years after his death. Born in New York City in 1971 to Afeni Shakur and Billy Garland, active members of the Black Panther Party, he was raised by his mother, who had spent part of her pregnancy in jail for a Black Panther-related bombing she was later acquitted of. Tupac didn't know his father growing up and was raised by the Black Panthers in the cauldron of tensions and racial inequality the organisation was fighting against.

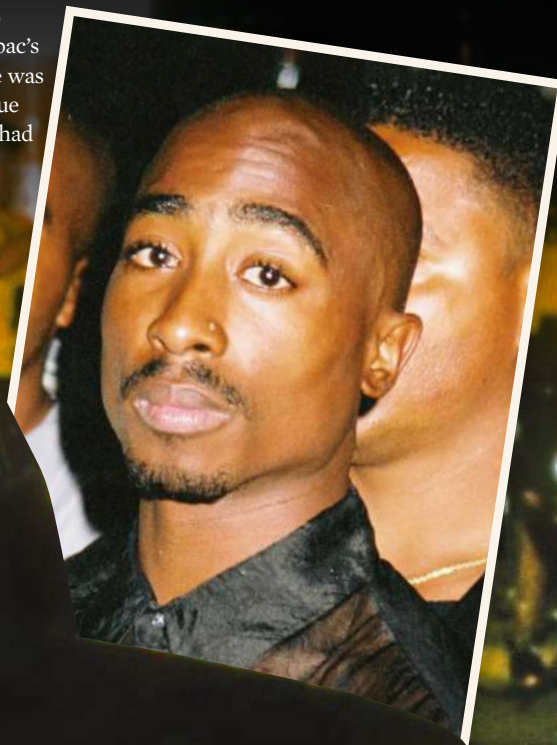
Tupac's godfather was high-ranking Black Panther Party member Geronimo Pratt and his stepfather was Mutulu Shakur, who was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list in the 1980s. Mutulu was wanted for a series of crimes including helping his sister, Assata Shakur, escape to Cuba from a New Jersey penitentiary after being convicted of killing a state trooper in 1973, and a 1986 armoured truck robbery in which two police officers and a guard were killed. Born in a violent era, with violence all around him, Tupac was more revolutionary than entertainer. He was named after an 18th-century Peruvian, Tupac Amaru, who was executed after leading an uprising against Spanish rule. A fitting nom de guerre for the polarising man Tupac would become.

From the jump, Tupac was a very artistic child, getting involved in theatre and even performing in Shakespearean plays. After spending his formative years in East Harlem, his family relocated to Baltimore in 1986 and Tupac continued

his love affair with performing, attending the Baltimore School of Arts. After getting into rap as a teen, Tupac found a muse in hip-hop and a forum that was uniquely suited to his talents. To many that encountered him in these early years, it was obvious that he had a bright future in front of him, before his family relocated again in 1988 to the San Francisco Bay area in California when Tupac was 17.

In the Bay area, he hooked up with Oakland alternative hip-hop group Digital Underground, first as a break dancer and then, eventually, as he worked his way into the group as an MC, appearing on several songs and launching his rap career. In the early 1990s, he released his first album, *2Pacalypse Now*. His next album, *Strictly 4 My Niggaz*, which sold over 1 million copies, solidified his place in hip-hop with radio hits like *Keep Your Head Up* and *I Get Around*. Tupac also got back into action as an actor starring as the cold-blooded gangsta Bishop in 1992's *Juice*, and showing his sensitive side in 1993's *Poetic Justice* with Janet Jackson.

"Tupac's music and gangster image was a combination of two things," Walter 'King Tut' Johnson, an infamous New York street legend who was implicated in the Quad Studio shooting that precipitated Tupac's murder, told **Real Crime**. "He was truly a conflicted individual due to his exposure to reality. Pac had



two sides and both of them inspired him to move towards a single destination. He had to utilise a combination of what he learned at home, in the streets, and in the school of performing arts to become that magnetic force of nature and persuasion.” But Tupac, as befitting his entrance to the world via the Black Panthers, would live and die by the gun.

THE DEATH OF AN ICON

After attending the Mike Tyson/Bruce Seldon heavyweight championship fight on 7 September 1996 in Las Vegas, Nevada, with Death Row Records head honcho Suge Knight, Tupac Shakur was fatally shot with a .40-calibre Glock in a drive-by shooting. Apparently the victim of a retaliatory hit after a beatdown by Tupac and his entourage, captured on a security camera in the lobby of the MGM Grand Casino, of Southside Crip Orlando ‘Baby Lane’ Anderson, Tupac lingered for six days before succumbing to his wounds on 13 September 1996 at the age of 25. 20 years later, we’re still no closer to knowing who murdered the gangsta rap icon.

We know that when Knight stopped at the intersection of Flamingo and Koval, a white Cadillac pulled up on the passenger side of Knight’s car and fired shots out of the back-seat window, hitting Tupac four times and grazing Knight in the head with a bullet. Only in 2014, 18 years after the shooting, did retired Las Vegas Police Department Sergeant Chris Carroll admit that he was the first officer on the scene. When he opened the door, Tupac fell out of the car covered in blood. The officer asked Tupac, “Who shot you?” and Tupac responded, “Fuck you.”

Tupac was taken to the University Medical Center and placed in a medically induced coma. He died six days later after never regaining consciousness, which made his “Fuck you” to Officer Carroll his last words: a fitting epitaph for the gangsta rapper that seemed to court chaos and controversy in equal terms. Since then, there have been numerous theories put forth about his death, but not one of them has led to any arrests and the case is still open today – a stunning conclusion to Tupac’s short but extravagant life.

“The murder of Tupac will always be one of the biggest tragedies and mysteries in the hip-hop files,” Jimmy Dasaint, bestselling author of *Black Scarface*, told us. “At the peak of his popularity he was gunned down in the streets. Tupac was an eccentric man with a gift like none other. A man before his time that revolutionised the world of hardcore/conscious rap. When he was taken away, the whole world stopped. Leaving us only memories and a collection of timeless music that will never die.”

To get the real deal on Tupac’s murder, you have to understand the history behind it and what led up to that climactic final moment when he was and murdered in public. Tupac was in the crosshairs of his rivals and didn’t even know it. A series of events were conspiring to rob him of his life. The tension was building and when it boiled over, Tupac Shakur, the voice of a generation, was dead.

THE TIPPING POINT

“Tupac Shakur’s death meant the ending of something extremely necessary and beautiful. Tupac was a paragon of hope and a person capable of articulating a truth that most people deny, run away from or are too ignorant to comprehend,” King Tut said. The Quad Studios shooting, in which he was a suspect, sparked the East Coast-West Coast feud that spiralled out of control and set the hip-hop world

on fire, eventually leading to Tupac’s murder. King Tut is doing a life sentence in federal prison now, under the three strikes law, but he’s always maintained his innocence in the Tupac shooting at Quad Studios.

“I was a man with a chequered past and a reputation for robberies,” King Tut told us from his prison cell. “I just returned home from having a serious situation with civil assassins that attempted to kill me while in the presence of my five-year-old child at a public barbershop. Law enforcement hated me because they didn’t want to accept the fact that their officers were in the wrong... they were dirty cops that tried to murder me with guns that had obliterated serial numbers. Law enforcement also hated Tupac because he was the resurrection of a movement and the voice of a generation that was soon to come. The police were in collusion with lying informants using propaganda to eliminate the both of us.”

But the story of King Tut shooting Tupac, although alive in popular culture and hotly debated by hip-hop aficionados, has been disproved by another man, Dexter Isaac. Isaac published a book from prison, *From Friends To Enemies*, wherein he admitted that he orchestrated the Quad Studio shooting and robbery on behalf of rap maestro Jimmy Henchman. Isaac, who is serving life in a federal penitentiary for an unrelated murder, breaks down what happened, why it happened and who was behind it all in his book.

“In 1994, James ‘Jimmy Henchman’ Rosemond hired me to rob 2Pac Shakur at the Quad Studio. He gave me \$2,500, plus all the jewellery I took, except for one ring, which he wanted for himself,” Isaac told *gorillaconvict.com*. “If I never would have robbed Tupac for Jimmy Henchman, then maybe Biggie and Tupac and many others would probably still be alive today.” Isaac implied that Sean ‘Puffy’ Combs knew all about Henchman’s plan and this was the tipping point for the climatic Bad Boy/Death Row beef that followed, leading not only to Tupac’s murder but to Christopher ‘Biggie Smalls’ Wallace’s death also. It robbed hip-hop of two of its biggest stars within six months.

CONSPIRACY THEORIES

“I’m a bit on the fence as to what happened, but I think you have to buy into one of two theories,” Don Sikorski, the filmmaker and producer of *Rap Sheet: Hip-Hop And The Cops*, *Unjust Justice: The Jimmy Rosemond Tapes* and *BMF: The Rise And Fall Of A Hip-Hop Drug Empire*, told *Real Crime*. “The first being that Orlando Anderson and his team were upset and wanted revenge for the beating inside the MGM Grand, and they retaliated by killing Pac. The other theory that, for me, has always felt off was that Suge Knight orchestrated the death of Pac, the Orlando Anderson fight was staged by Suge as a red herring and he was ultimately responsible for not only Tupac’s death but also Biggie’s.”

Greg Kading (author of *Murder Rap: The Untold Story Of The Biggie Smalls & Tupac Shakur Murder Investigations*) and Randall Sullivan (author of *LABYRINTH: A Detective Investigates The Murders Of Tupac Shakur And Notorious B.I.G.*) are the two authorities on this subject. Both books outline the theories of who killed Tupac and Biggie. The

“THE TENSION WAS BUILDING AND WHEN IT BOILED OVER, TUPAC SHAKUR, THE VOICE OF A GENERATION, WAS DEAD”



ABOVE On 7 September 1996, Tupac, Suge Knight and other Death Row members watched Mike Tyson knock out Bruce Sheldon at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. Tupac then started a fight in the hotel-casino's lobby. Hours later, Tupac was fatally shot

RIGHT Video tape footage of Tupac and his entourage beating down Orlando ‘Baby Lane’ Anderson at the MGM Grand Casino on the night of Tupac’s murder



West Coast

AS THE BEEF BETWEEN DEATH ROW AND BAD BOY HEATED UP, INSULTS AND BARBS WERE TRADED NOT ONLY IN PERSON BUT IN SONGS AND IN PRINT

The Bad Boy/Death Row beef was highly publicised and aired out in videos, raps and print. Not only were the two companies trying to sell records and prove who was more gangsta, they were seemingly locked in a life and death battle, a struggle that was bigger than the entertainment industry and resulted in the death of two of hip-hop's biggest stars. With guns, bodyguards and entourages of hangers-on trying to prove their loyalty to their crew, the beef was

explosive and deadly with numerous bodies dropping. From Atlanta to New York to Las Vegas to California, death was always around the corner. In the gritty world of gangstas, cocaine and rap, everything was fair play and there were no rules, except survival of the fittest. From the streets to the penitentiary and back again, it was on and popping wherever and whenever with these two crews. The following are some of the words that escalated the violence associated with the beef.

**Puffy let's be honest you a punk
or you will see me with gloves /
Remember that shit you said to
Vibe about me bein' a thug / You
can tell the people you roll with
whatever you want / But you and I
know what's going on**

Against All Odds by Tupac Shakur

**Who shot me? But ya
punks didn't Finish now
you 'bout to feel the wrath
of a menace nigga, I hit
em up!**

Hit Em Up by Tupac Shakur

**I ain't got no
motherfucking friends
/ That's why I fucked
your bitch, you fat
motherfucker**

Hit Em Up by Tupac Shakur

**First off, fuck your bitch
And the clique you claim
/ West side when we ride
Come equipped with game
/ You claim to be a player
But I fucked your wife / We
bust on Bad Boys niggas
fuck for Life**

Hit Em Up by Tupac Shakur

**New York, New York big city of
dreams / And everything in New
York ain't always what it seems /
You might get fooled if you come
from out of town / But I'm down by
law and I'm from the Dogg Pound**

New York, New York by Tha Dogg Pound



LEFT At one time Tupac was a sort of mentor to Biggie Smalls. Early in both of their careers before the Bad Boy/Death Row beef, they were comrades

only problem is that they have opposing viewpoints. Lead detective Russell Poole worked the cases in the early 2000s for the LAPD, and Greg Kading came on the scene later in the late 2000s, and while both their theories make sense and are convincing, they fall apart in the face of each other.

"For me, the theory of Biggie's murder was outlined in the book *Labyrinth* by Randall Sullivan," Sikorski said. "It's obvious LAPD officers David Mack and Rafael Perez had a hand in the murder of Biggie, and it was orchestrated by Suge. The LAPD did not want this murder solved and Russell Poole died trying to solve both the murders. I've met with Perry Sanders, the lead attorney for the Wallace Family in the wrongful death lawsuit they brought against the LAPD and the City of Los Angeles. I also have met and spent a ton of time with Randall Sullivan, the author of the book. His

East Coast

Bad boys move in silence. If somebody wants to get your ass, you're gonna wake up in heaven. There ain't no record gonna be made about it. It ain't gonna be no interviews; it's gonna be straight-up. Oh shit, where am I? What are these wings on my back? Your name is Jesus Christ? When you're involved in some real shit, it's gonna be some real shit"

Puff Daddy in a Vibe magazine article

Suge, who has never concealed his past affiliations with L.A.'s notorious Bloods, was rumored to be coming with an army. Puffy was said to be bringing massive New York drug lords and thugs. When the conference came and Puffy did not attend, Billboard reported that it was due to threats from Death Row.

Vibe magazine article, 'East Coast vs West Coast'

He ain't mad at the niggas that shot him ; he knows where they're at. He knows who shot him. If you ask him, he knows, and everybody in the street knows, and he's not stepping to them, because he knows that he's not gonna get away with that shit. To me, that's some real sucker shit.

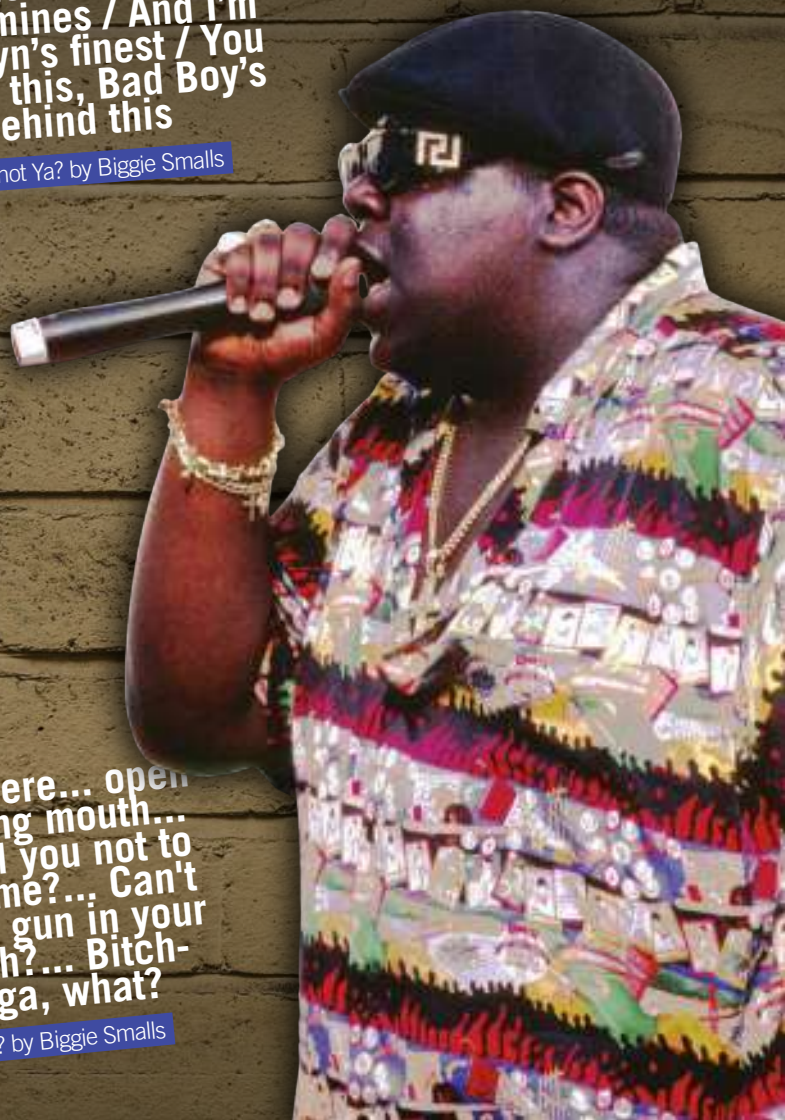
Biggie Smalls in Vibe magazine

Everything Around Me, 2 Glock 9s / Any motherfucker whispering about mines / And I'm Crooklyn's finest / You rewind this, Bad Boy's behind this

Who Shot Ya? by Biggie Smalls

C'mere c'mere... open your fucking mouth... Didn't I tell you not to fuck with me?... Can't talk with a gun in your mouth huh?... Bitch-ass nigga, what?

Who Shot Ya? by Biggie Smalls



work and investigation into the murders is hands down the best work on the two cases. I believe the theory that both Sanders and Sullivan support, with Amir Muhammad being the trigger man. But I wouldn't be surprised if all this is just a small part of a bigger picture. I do know Russell Poole spent more time than anyone looking into both those murders. Russell Poole actually had a heart attack at a sheriff's office in Los Angeles tracking down clues on the Biggie Smalls murder." But *Murder Rap* author Greg Kading and the LAPD believe that disproved the allegations laid out in *Labyrinth*.

"Detective Kading's findings amounted to more than just theories to me," filmmaker Michael Dorsey, who made the *Murder Rap: Inside The Biggie And Tupac Murders* documentary, told **Real Crime**. "A theory is mostly speculation, and that's all that the other films had offered.

They gave fans a bunch of interviews with people who didn't know who did it, and a few scraps of old case files, instead of doing real police work and digging up evidence. Those films can be entertaining, but at the end I didn't feel like a case had been made. Fans should know that Kading and his team started with theories, and then spent three years backed by a ton of resources proving and disproving those theories until they had a case with confessions and hard evidence."

THE OUTCOME OF THE BAD BOY/DEATH ROW BEEF

The entire Tupac/Biggie beef and unfortunate outcomes may not have ultimately been so much about them literally wanting to whack each other, as it may have been

THUG LIFE

LAW ENFORCEMENT TRACKED DOWN MANY POSSIBLE SUSPECTS IN TUPAC'S AND BIGGIE SMALLS' MURDERS: HERE ARE THE TOP FOUR

ORLANDO 'BABY LANE' ANDERSON

Baby Lane was a Southside Compton Crip who was friends with Easy-E from hip-hop group NWA. He was identified as a suspect early on in the investigation but was never arrested for Tupac's murder. Keffe D was his uncle and a Southside Compton Crip shot-caller (gang boss). Video tape evidence from the MGM Grand's security cameras shows Tupac and his entourage, including Suge Knight, jumping on Baby Lane right after the Mike Tyson vs Bruce Seldon fight and stomping him. Shortly after, Tupac was gunned down on the Vegas strip. Baby Lane was in Las Vegas and had reason to retaliate against Tupac.

DUANE KEITH 'KEFFE D' DAVIS

By his own admission, Southside Crip Keffe D was solicited by Puff Daddy and offered \$1 million dollars to kill Tupac. When he saw the opportunity in Las Vegas, he took it. Purely motivated by money, Keffe D and his gang provided security and other services for the Bad Boy entourage whenever they journeyed out west. As the Bad Boy/Death Row beef escalated, Keffe D claims Puff Daddy ordered the hit on Tupac.

DAVID MACK

Mack was an LAPD detective who worked with Suge Knight as a security guard and 'covert agent' of Death Row Records. He supposedly had a shrine to Tupac in his garage and was very distraught and outraged when Tupac was murdered. He was a corrupt cop involved in the Rampart scandal – one of the most widespread cases of police corruption in the USA – and served time in prison for robbing a bank in 1997. LAPD Detective Russell Poole asserted that David Mack allegedly carried out the hit on Biggie Smalls on the orders of Suge Knight after the Southside Compton Crips gunned down Tupac, with Knight in the car, six months previously. The murder of the Notorious BIG was nothing more than a retaliatory killing. His black Chevrolet Impala SS fit the description of the shooter's car.

AMIR MUHAMMAD

Muhammad was a college friend of David Mack. They both played sports at the University of Oregon in the late 1970s. Muhammad bore a striking resemblance to the composite of the murder suspect. Although he was a mortgage banker from San Diego, Detective Poole considered him the shooter. When Mack got locked up for the bank robbery, Muhammad was the first person to visit him. There were reports that the shooter in the Biggie Smalls case was a contract killer who worked for the Nation of Islam and Muhammad fit the description.



ABOVE When Tupac was shot and murdered, the world mourned and not only in hip-hop circles. But with his death Tupac transcended rap and became an icon

a far more complex yet completely screwed up series of miscommunications. As some sources have suggested, it could have been a situation of one mogul, Puff Daddy, simply running his mouth, then another mogul, Suge Knight, running his, but when such speech falls on the perked ears of individuals who take things literally, bad things happen.

Tupac's murder has become one of those sensational, albeit tragic, great American true crime mysteries. The problem isn't even that the world doesn't know who pulled the trigger. Basically, most of those involved seem to be pretty sure who did it. The unanswered question is why, exactly?

"Tupac believed in people and that was his major stumbling block," King Tut said. "He was an idealist dealing with envious opportunists. The reason his murder has never been solved is because they refuse to shed light on a man they deem despicable and unworthy of their resources. Historically, he is the fruit of a tree they desire to burn down to the roots. If they leave his death a mystery, they believe that he will fade away like leaves blowing in violent winds."

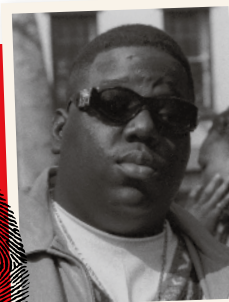
Despite all the research and investigations, it seems there are no easy answers. Anyone that had the answers or knew the truth was probably killed in the frenzied cover up. It's amazing how many people associated with these two icons and their deaths have been killed. Orlando 'Baby Lane' Anderson, the man who had the confrontation with Tupac in the MGM Grand, was gunned down, as were many other people who might have known the truth. The consequences reverberated outward but the two possible main players and opposing forces, Suge Knight and Puff Daddy, remain.

"I believe as many as four people laid eyes on Tupac's killer that night, and recognised who he and the others in his vehicle were," Dorsey told **Real Crime**. "Some of that is based on common sense, and some of it is based on what's in the case files and what some witnesses have told me privately since *Murder Rap* was released. But because of the 'street code' against snitching, none of the best witnesses would co-operate with police. I believe this crime could

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

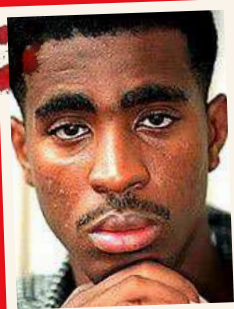
THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G

Rapper Christopher Wallace, known as 'The Notorious B.I.G.' and Tupac's rival was suspected of killing him but furiously denied he was involved and produced a solid alibi. An article in the Los Angeles Times by Chuck Philips also implicated B.I.G in 2002.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



ORLANDO ANDERSON

Tupac and some of his associates beat up Southside Crips member Orlando "Baby Lane" Anderson just hours before he died. The fight was recorded by hotel surveillance and broken up by hotel security. It is suspected that Tupac's murder was committed by the gangster in revenge for the attack. Anderson was killed two years later.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JAMES ROSEMOND

Mentioned by name in one of Tupac's songs and also known as "Jimmy Henchman", the hip-hop mogul was deemed suspicious when full lifer Dexter Isaac claimed in 2012 to have been hired by Rosemond to kill Tupac. Rosemond also reportedly admitted to some involvement in the 1994 assault on Tupac in New York.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

“ ANYONE THAT HAD THE ANSWERS OR KNEW THE TRUTH WAS PROBABLY KILLED IN THE FRENZIED COVER UP ”

have been solved the night that it happened had there been more co-operative witnesses. This murder was committed by gang members – look at how many gang-related murders go unsolved every year, and it's for the same reasons.”

Following the *Murder Rap* theory, which is convincing, Puff Daddy allegedly offered the Compton Southside Crips \$1 million to kill Tupac and Suge Knight. Following the death of Death Row's main attraction and his attempted murder, Suge Knight allegedly paid a Mob Piru Blood hit man \$25,000 to kill Biggie Smalls in retaliation. But the only people who might know the truth, Suge Knight and Puff Daddy, aren't talking. Anybody else who might know is seemingly dead.

TUPAC'S LEGACY

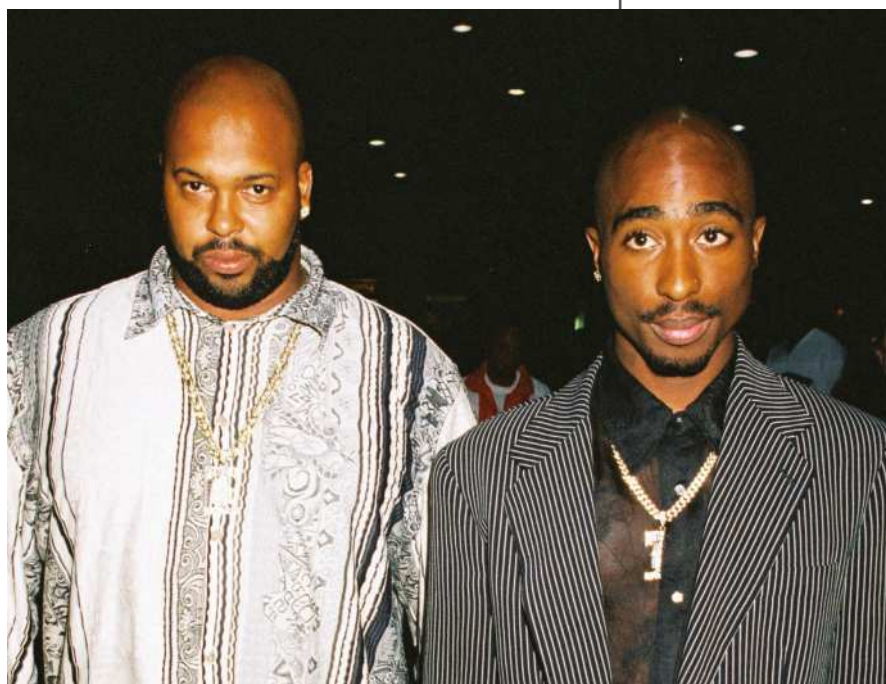
“I don't believe the conspiracy theories,” Ryan Smith, *Don Diva's* online editor, told **Real Crime**. “I was only in sixth or seventh grade when Pac was killed and people were saying stuff like, ‘Makaveli (Tupac's stage name) spelled backwards is ‘I'm alive.’” I knew then that all of that stuff was bullshit. I really feel like Pac got swept up in the violence and death synonymous with the gang culture he entered into. He wasn't a gangster. He was an art school kid. His militancy came from Ms Afeni Shakur, RIP. Her past as a prominent Black Panther influenced his irreverence, rhetoric and gun-toting.

“But I believe he was constantly trying to prove to himself that he was one of the goons. Though he and Biggie seemed like 30-year-old men to 12-year-old me, Pac was only, like, 25, when he died. Still plenty of time left for horrible life choices. He got shot the first time fucking with goons in New York. Then, when he got out of jail, he started fucking with Suge, a known goon, deeply entrenched in LA gang life. I believe that adrenaline was high that night: Pac, Suge and their squad molly whomped on Orlando ‘Baby Lane’ Anderson after the fight. Then Baby Lane and his people tracked Pac down and shot him. They were gangsters. That's what gangsters do. They got swept up in the cycle, too. Tupac wasn't the only

one they did dirty before their numbers were called.” Only one of the four guys in that white Cadillac is alive today.

“Tupac will always live through the many people who understood the difference that he was trying to make,” King Tut said. “Out of the many theories about his death... I will lean towards this one: dirty cops and savvy criminals being in cahoots to eliminate a freedom fighter and national treasure. Tupac was a thorn in the paw of a corruption. He delivered his truth straight from his core and identified with those who often felt alone and wanted to give up. He loved humanity and was an intellectual soldier in the trenches of vocal warfare. His emotions often made him hit a speed bump or crash, but his intentions were always noble.”

BELOW Co-founder of Death Row Records Suge Knight (left) was in the car when Tupac was fatally shot. He suffered only minor wounds from shrapnel



© Alamy; Getty Images; Shutterstock

WHO IS THE ZODIAC KILLER?

NOT SINCE JACK THE RIPPER HAD A KILLER CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF THE PUBLIC WITH HIS TERRIBLE DEEDS. LIKE HIS FELLOW MANIAC, ZODIAC WAS NEVER CAUGHT

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

They were spooked. Was it a bored patrolman wanting to bust teens getting frisky? Like a police vehicle, the car, described later as either a light-brown Corvair or Ford Mustang, had rocked up and parked at an angle (to the left and rear of a Corvair driven by 22-year-old Darlene Ferrin), its headlights on full beam. Blue Rock Springs was well known as a lovers' lane in the Bay Area navy town of Vallejo, California. No doubt this jobsworth Officer Donuts would step out, amble over, ask them what they were up to at this late hour (as if he didn't know) and tell them to skedaddle on home. They might even know him. Ferrin was

a diner waitress popular with local enforcement officers. She was friendly with a lot of folk in town. Vallejo residents would later say she was too friendly, too trusting, and quite the flirt. She and her companion, 19-year-old Mike Mageau, were sat talking and listening to the radio on a sultry California night at the end of a long day of Independence Day celebrations. The cop would check their IDs and leave.

But that isn't what happened. The bulky shadow exited the vehicle and proceeded to walk over at a steady pace, a spotlight swinging its unnerving attention between the occupants. Ferrin and Mageau fished out their identification,

RNLIYEJ OADPG BTGS MB RNLIYEJ OADPG BTGS MB RNLIYEJ OADPG BTGS MB
 O P B B X D E H M U A R R X L O / P B B X D E H M U A R R X L O / P B B X D E H M
 P / / U B D X O R T 9 X T B D P / Z / U B D X O R T 9 X T B D P / Z / U B D X O
 V + 3 Y F O H P K D Y E W V + 3 6 Y F O D H P K D Y E W V + 3 6 Y F O D H P K
 M J A U I X A P T N G D O M J A U I X A P T N G D O M J A U I X A P T N G D O
 S / A B P O R A B R J D E S / A B P O A U B R J D E S / A B P O A U B R J D E S
 X A M Z T O R \ 9 F H V W A Y X A L Z T O R \ H V W A Y X A L M Z T O R \ 9 F H
 B + D G D A I O D A O S B + D G D A K I O D X A O S B + D G D A K I O D X A O S
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 L O / B B X D E H M U A R R X L O / P B B X D E H M U A R R X L O / P B B X D E H M



ready to show. The window on Mageau's passenger side was wound down. Illuminated briefly by the interior light of Ferrin's car, Mageau caught a glimpse of a solidly built man with short, curly light-brown hair. Without any warning, this individual walked toward the passenger door, shone the light directly into Mageau's face and fired a gun into the car.

Nine bullets did the job, in all. Several passed straight through Mageau and struck Ferrin, contributing to her fatal wounding. Ferrin, slumped over the steering wheel, was pretty much already a goner. Leaving momentarily, the killer about turned and blasted away four more times, two for each victim. Mageau attempted to get out of the line of fire and pushed his way into the rear of the car. With the execution over, the killer hightailed it out of Blue Rock Springs. It was minutes after midnight. The witching hour had conjured a phantom whose deadly deeds and cosmic-sounding moniker (revealed to the world via the press in the following month) would haunt the annals of real crime history for decades to come.

THE PHONE CALL

At 12:40am on 5 July 1969, switchboard operator Nancy Slover received a call. By then, it was already known two kids had been attacked at Blue Rock Springs. Right after the shooting, a trio of teens out searching for a pal came across the gruesome scene. They'd noticed Ferrin's car and thought, at least for a second, it was their missing buddy. Mageau had by this time managed to crawl out of the Corvair and was lying in roaring agony on the ground. He informed the teens, through mouthfuls of streaming warm blood (a bullet entered his right cheek and exited the left, punching a hole in his jawbone and tongue), that he'd been shot and needed a doctor. It was the call at 12:40, however, that changed things significantly. Ferrin was barely alive; her soft moans sounded to Detective Sergeant John Lynch like "the wind". Ferrin was put in an ambulance and pronounced DOA (dead on arrival) at 12:38am.

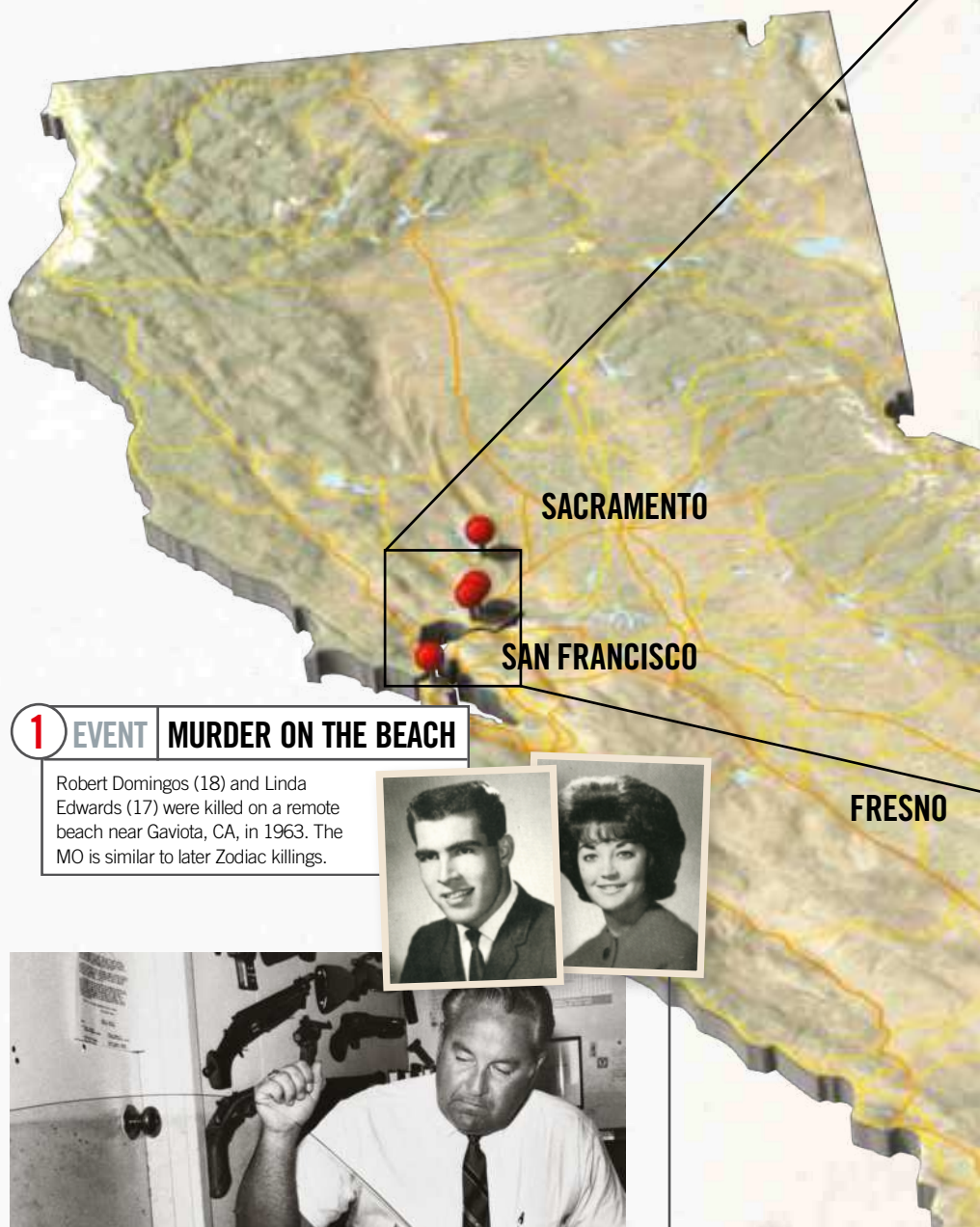
"I want to report a double murder. If you go one mile east on Columbus Parkway to the public park you'll find the kids in a brown car. They were shot with a 9mm luger. I also killed those kids last year. Goodbye."

The way he'd said "goodbye" gave Slover the creeps. It was described in a filed police report as sounding "taunting". She also stated that the message was rattled off as if the caller was reading from a piece of paper or was memorising what he had set out to say. Any attempt by Slover to get further details caused the mystery caller to raise his voice, which was described in the report as "soft but forceful", and there was no hint of a local or regional accent.

Up until then, the double homicide on 20 December 1968 had left the police and townsfolk baffled. The murder rate at this end of the Bay Area was very low. And why would anybody want to kill two high school students out on their first date? It made no sense. The phone call to Vallejo PD potentially broke the case or gave them a new avenue of inquiry. They knew, too, if what the caller said was the truth, they had a maniac on the loose. Little did they realise what was about to come.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

EVEN WITH MULTIPLE SIGHTINGS AND CLUES LEFT BY THE PERPETRATOR HIMSELF, THE POLICE HAD VERY LITTLE TO GO ON



1 EVENT MURDER ON THE BEACH

Robert Domingos (18) and Linda Edwards (17) were killed on a remote beach near Gaviota, CA, in 1963. The MO is similar to later Zodiac killings.



LEFT Police preserved Zodiac's message on Hartnell's car door, and initially didn't release the whole message to the public

WITNESS BRYAN HARTNELL

Hartnell engaged Zodiac in conversation before the attack. Like other witnesses, he described a 'stocky' man and said he spoke without trace of an accent.

CLUE WING WALKERS

Shoe prints, size 10.5, from government-issue-only boots known as Wing Walkers, were found at the crime scene. Did Zodiac have an association with the military?

6 EVENT LAKE BERRYESSA, NAPA COUNTY

Bryan Hartnell and Cecilia Ann Shepard met Zodiac in a remote spot on Lake Berryessa. They were stabbed repeatedly. Shepard died in hospital.



5 EVENT BLUE ROCK SPRINGS, VALLEJO

Mike Mageau and Darlene Ferrin were attacked around midnight on 5 July 1969. Ferrin died from multiple gunshot wounds. Mageau survived.



4 EVENT PAUL STINE'S MURDER, SAN FRANCISCO

Cab driver Paul Stine was shot in the back of the head after picking up a fare on the evening of 11 October 1969.



WITNESS THE KIDS WHO SAW THE KILLER

A trio of teenagers looking from a top floor window with an unrestricted view saw a man wiping down the interior of the cab. They called the police.

WITNESS MIKE MAGEAU

Mageau saw the killer very briefly. In 1991, he identified Arthur Leigh Allen as the man who shot him and Ferrin that night in 1969.

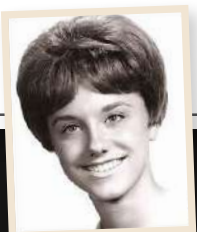
3 EVENT LAKE HERMAN ROAD, BENICIA

David Faraday and Betty Lou Jensen were gunned down on a remote stretch of country road on 20 December 1968. Cops were baffled.



2 EVENT RIVERSIDE CITY COLLEGE, CA

Student Cheri Jo Bates (18) was stabbed to death on campus. A potential link between the killing and Zodiac emerged in 1970.



CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES



ABOVE Ferrin and Mageau thought they were being approached by a police officer until he shot at them

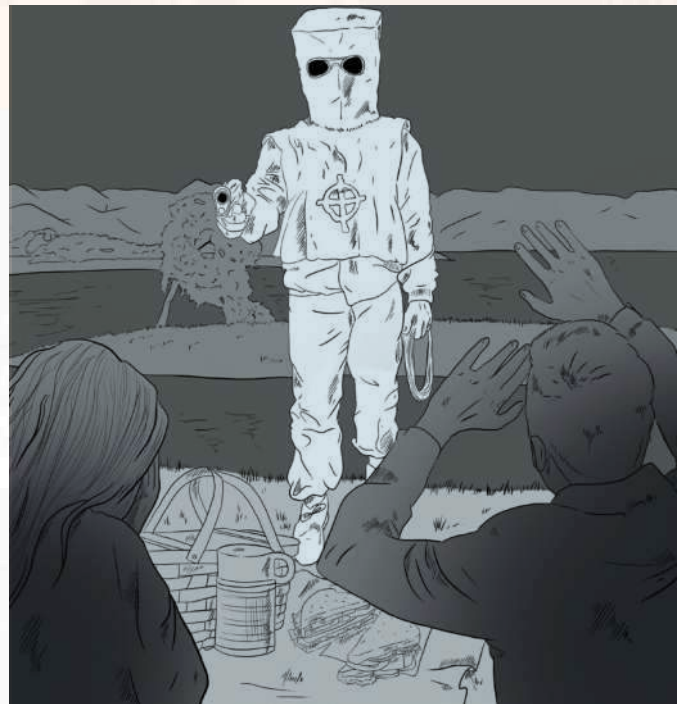
THE LAKE HERMAN ROAD HOMICIDES

The Lake Herman Road double murder may be considered the outlier. Upon first look, the killing of cab driver Paul Stine, on 11 October 1969, appears to be the odd one out, but the deaths of high schoolers Betty Lou Jensen, 16, and David Faraday, 17, left no eyewitnesses. That's what makes it markedly different from all the other accredited slayings.

Unlike the attack at Blue Rock Springs, or the bizarre encounter at Lake Berryessa in September 1969 or the Stine episode, the Lake Herman Road crime scene was simply discovered, and there was very little to go on forensically. Two teenagers went out on a date to a remote stretch of country road and never came back. They were found expired by passing driver Stella Borges, on her way into Benicia; the headlights of her car illuminated the bodies lying on the roadside at Gate 10, a short path leading to a pumping house station, about a mile east of Lake Herman Cottage.

Faraday had been shot at point blank range behind the left ear. When the police arrived he was, somehow, still breathing. Was this the last, faint flickers of life igniting reserves of energy and telling the body to hang in there, or the final, soft ebbing toward the kingdom of death? If there was a sign of life, there was hope. The ambulance raced hell for leather to Vallejo General Hospital, but it was not to be. Faraday was pronounced DOA at 12.05am. The bullet exploded part of his cranium and simply caused too much damage. Nothing could be done.

“ ZODIAC WAS DRESSED LIKE A MEDIEVAL EXECUTIONER WITH A BLACK HOOD DOUBLED AS A TUNIC ”



ABOVE Zodiac wore a strange costume when he attacked Hartnell and Shepard

Jensen had made a plucky run for it, and was gunned down 8.5 metres from the rear of the two-tone Nash Rambler Station Wagon. Bullets had struck her upper torso and it looked very much like the work of an expert marksman; there was nothing but moonlight and headlights to go on out there in the sticks. The accuracy was eerie. Jensen was pronounced dead on scene. The police investigated the area and found no signs of a struggle and no tyre tracks from any other car. The hard winter ground had worked in Zodiac's favour. Police were only able to recover nine Super X copper-coated bullet casings fired from a .22 calibre weapon.

LAKE BERRYESSA: ZODIAC STRIKES AGAIN

They weren't even supposed to be there. 20-year-old Bryan Hartnell and Cecilia Ann Shepard, 22, students at Pacific Union College, a liberal arts institute in Napa County, had intended to drive across the Bay Bridge into San Francisco for the day. The friends – soon to be parting ways, with Shepard moving down to Riverside, California – decided to spend the weekend together. (It should be noted that, like Jack the Ripper, Zodiac only struck at weekends.)

Deciding that it was too late to get there and back in sufficient time, they headed out to a local beauty spot: Lake Berryessa. A former reservoir with an unusual irregular shoreline, it wasn't entirely deserted on the early evening of 27 September, but it was very, very quiet. A few people were dotted here and there fishing on the lake, but that was all. At 38 kilometres in length and almost five kilometres wide, Berryessa is a big old place. The only thing folk would usually need to look out for here, though, were western rattlesnakes, not psycho killers.

Parking on Knoxville Road and walking down 450 metres to a little island connected by a sand spit to a peninsula, Hartnell and Shepard laid down their blankets by the water and chatted about all sorts of things. Neither of them saw the



ABOVE Kathleen Johns and her daughter hid from Zodiac in a Modesto field

figure lurking by a cluster of oak trees until it was too late. It was Shepard who first spied the stranger. Hartnell, however, dismissed the girl's concern and assumed that it was just a guy answering the call of nature, the oak trees used discreetly to cover up his action. Shepard saw the man disappear momentarily, but then he re-emerged, much closer now.

"He's got a gun, oh my god." Shepard's words startled her friend. He'd been stretched out facing toward the water, so hadn't seen the guy until he approached. What they saw was both comical and frightening. The bulky man approached wearing what looked like a homemade Halloween costume. Based on subsequent sketches, Zodiac was dressed like a Medieval executioner with a black hood doubled as a tunic. There was a ten-centimetre circle-and-crosshair symbol embroidered at the centre. He wore dark sunglasses over the eyeholes of the hood (Hartnell suspected he was wearing two pairs of glasses), dark trousers, black boots, a utility belt with a gun holster (left hip), a sheath to hold a homemade knife (right hip) and pieces of cut plastic wire from a clothesline.

The man spun them a tale about how he was an escaped convict from Montana. He was on the lam and needed a car to drive down to Mexico. He also required the contents of Bryan's wallet. If this was so, Hartnell thought, the fella was out of luck. All he had on him was 75 cents. As a sociology student and not quite realising who he was dealing with, Hartnell asked Zodiac all kinds of questions, but answers were not forthcoming.

The pair were hog-tied with the pieces of clothesline the man had brought with him especially for the task. Hartnell asked the man if the gun was really loaded. The man obliged him, pulling out the clip. This was for real. Yet the gun was never used. It was a tool to inspire fear and the promise of a dreadful situation. Zodiac began stabbing Hartnell in the back with the 30-centimetre bayonet-like knife. He was stabbed six times. Shepard, reacting on pure survival instinct, attempted to roll away. Zodiac walked over and stabbed her repeatedly, too. Job done, he headed back up to Knoxville Road.

ZODIAC'S MEDIA CIRCUS

The hoopla surrounding Zodiac brought out the crazies. Literally. The most famous example is the live broadcast on the USA's Channel 7's morning talk show, which featured host Jim Dunbar and Melvin Belli, a nationally famous attorney, chatting to a man purporting to be none other than the serial killer. This occurred on 22 October 1969, almost a fortnight after the murder of Stine. Police were cautious about prank calls and chasing leads that turned out to be pure bunkum, but neither could they take a chance. They agreed to give him airtime.

The man identified himself only as 'Sam' and would later be traced to a mental institute across the bay in Oakland. Yet on that morning in late October, he'd gripped the nation with his talk of skull-crushing headaches and the need to kill because it alleviated the pain. "If I kill I don't get them," he told Belli. Later on during the conversation, he screamed down the phone and feigned ignorance at having made a sound. "What was that?" Belli asked. "I did not say anything. That was my headache," came the freaky reply. 'Sam' also later yelled, "I'm going to kill them. I'm going to kill all those kids!" a direct reference to a letter written by Zodiac, in which he

threatened to blast away school children.

Three days after the Stine event, on 14 October, the *San Francisco Chronicle* had received their latest piece of correspondence from Zodiac. It contained a torn piece of the cab driver's bloodied grey-and-white checked shirt, as proof of authenticity. The letter began with the customary "This is the Zodiac speaking..." and the author claimed responsibility for the death. It finished with: "School children make nice targets, I think I shall wipe out a school bus some morning Just shoot out the front tire & then pick off the kiddies as they come bouncing out."

The news media went ape at this revelation, with a typical mixture of sensationalism and what would have been, for many, genuine concern. Plugging teenagers on lovers' lanes out in the sticks was one thing. Shooting a taxi driver point blank in the head was another. Threatening to snuff out children shifted the paradigm and upped the ante significantly. The whole of northern California placed school buses under heavy surveillance and undercover cops posed as bus drivers. Zodiac's threat remained a violent flight of fancy. It never came to pass.

Dear Editor

This is the murderer of the 2 teenagers last Christmas at Lake Herman & the girl on the 4th of July near the golf course in Vallejo To prove I killed them I shall state some facts which only I & the police know.

- Christmas
- 1 Brand name of ammo Super X
 - 2 10 shots were fired
 - 3 the boy was on his back with his feet to the car
 - 4 the girl was on her right side feet to the west
- 4th July

- 1 girl was wearing patterned slacks
- 2 The boy was also shot in the knee

In page one and page two of the Zodiac Killer's 31 July 1969 letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *San Francisco Examiner* and *Vallejo Times*, Zodiac described details of the murders only he would know

Here is part of a cipher the other 2 parts of this cipher are being mailed to the editors of the Vallejo times & SF Examiner.

I want you to print this cipher on the front page of your paper. In this cipher is my identity.

If you do not print this cipher by the afternoon of Fri. 1st of Aug 69, I will go on a kill rampage Fri. night. I will cruise around all weekend killing lone people in the night then move on to kill again, until I end up with a dozen people over the weekend.





THE INVESTIGATION

ZODIAC MOCKED THE POLICE IN THEIR EFFORTS TO CATCH HIM AND CREATED A JURISDICTIONAL HEADACHE FOR THEM

"I like killing people because it is so much fun it is more fun than killing wild game in the forest because man is the most dangerous animal of all to kill something gives me the most thrilling experience it is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl the best part of it is that when they die I will be reborn in paradise and they have killed will become my slaves I will not give my name because will you try to slay me down or atop my collection of slaves for my afterlife ebeorietemethhpti"

The message by Zodiac was encoded in a three-part 408 cipher sent to three Bay Area newspapers – *Vallejo Times Herald*, *The San Francisco Chronicle* and *The San Francisco Examiner* – on 1 August 1969. If it was solved, he informed the editors in an accompanying letter, then his identity would be revealed. If they failed to publish the three-part cryptogram, more people would end up dead, he threatened.

After the Blue Rock Springs attack, Zodiac began the next phase of his game plan: taunt the police, the media and, through those channels, the wider population. Editorial staff debated whether this was an elaborate hoax by a loon attempting to jump on the bandwagon. The ciphers were printed but one newspaper included quotes from Vallejo Police Chief, Jack Stiltz, in which he demanded more info from the killer... only things he would know and that hadn't yet been made public. Zodiac dutifully replied with information pertaining to the crime that only he would know. This was for real. As he wrote on 7 August 1969, "This is the Zodiac speaking..." It really was.

The three-part cryptogram stumped near enough everyone. It would be solved not by FBI experts or naval intelligence, but by a high school teacher and his wife. Donald and Betty Harden, of Salinas, California, worked the code obsessively, in one day. Zodiac's use of coded messages is unique in the annals of real crime history. There is nothing else like it. Other ciphers sent by Zodiac have never been solved.

When Stine was executed on the San Francisco police department's home turf and Zodiac took credit for the slaying, the investigation became a massive affair. Homicide Inspectors Bill Armstrong and Dave Toschi – a cop whose upside-down gun holster was copied by Steve McQueen in the San Francisco-set movie *Bullitt* (1968) – were assigned to lead the multiple homicide investigation.

But Zodiac was a crafty individual. By virtue of choosing different locations across the Bay Area, in different counties, he created a jurisdictional headache. Not only that, the various offices weren't so hot on sharing information, leads or suspects. The guys from Vallejo and Napa thought Toschi and Armstrong were muscling in, trying to dominate and generally acting like Big Time Charlies. Meetings between SFPD, Napa County and Vallejo were fraught with misunderstandings and petty grievances grew into, on occasion, outright hostility. Zodiac would have loved it. It took major efforts to agree on anything and there was plenty of to-ing and fro-ing going on. The wheels of justice turn slowly, but in the Zodiac case, which was massively complex, the wheels ground to a halt and only budged in fits and starts.

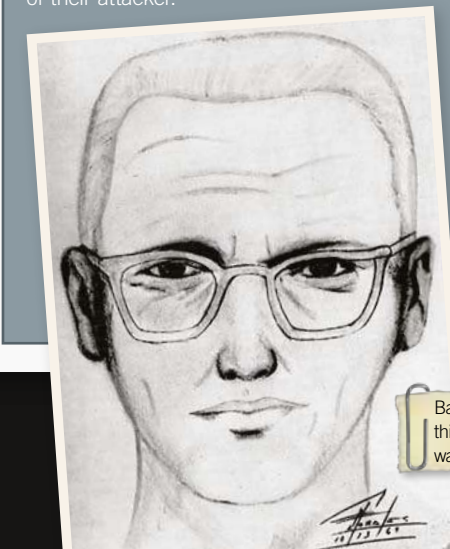


ABOVE This letter from Zodiac to attorney Melvin Belli contained a torn piece of Paul Stine's shirt

A lack of cohesion, camaraderie and mutual respect between investigators only helped Zodiac remain at large. Police, too, were inundated with tip-offs about potential suspects. Toschi would share Robert Graysmith's conviction that Arthur Leigh Allen was Zodiac. He became a local suspect ten days after the Blue Rock Springs incident, when Detective Sergeant John Lynch, Vallejo PD, questioned him about his whereabouts. A couple of years later, in August 1971, his name cropping up again, Armstrong and Toschi interviewed him at his work place at the Pinola oil refinery, where Allen was employed as a chemist. Yet the list of suspects grew and grew into the thousands. Every single one could be him, and so had to be followed up. Cranks and false leads ruled the days, the months and years, and hours of investigating went nowhere.

PRIME SUSPECT: ARTHUR LEIGH ALLEN

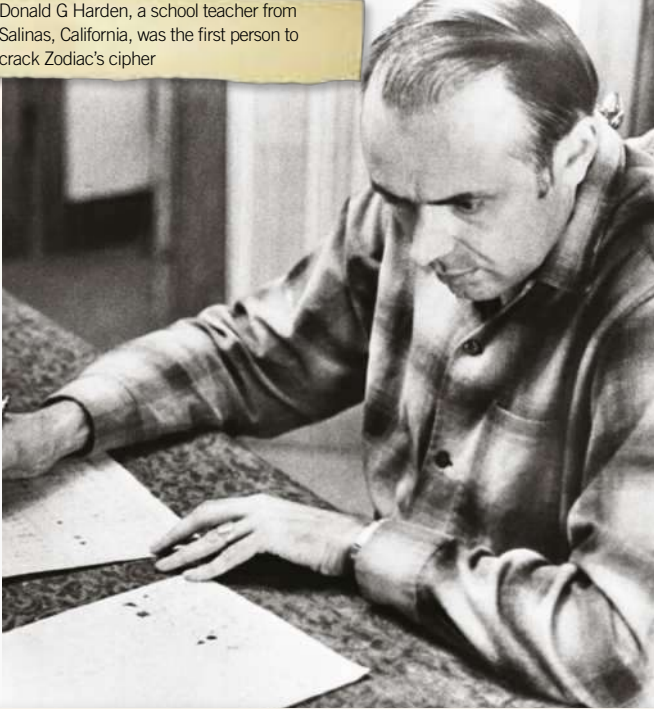
Many individuals involved or interested in Zodiac want Arthur Leigh Allen to be the killer so badly that it hurts. Pinning the murders on him definitively would bring about a closing chapter, as well as allow surviving victims to know the name and face of their attacker.



Robert Graysmith, former San Francisco Chronicle cartoonist and amateur sleuth, was utterly convinced he had his man. Two books he wrote – *Zodiac: The Shocking True Story Of America's Most Elusive Serial Killer* (1986) and its sequel, *Zodiac Unmasked: The Identity Of America's Most Elusive Serial Killer Revealed* (2002) – built a very compelling case against Allen. In the first book, the suspect is known as Robert Hall Star (due to legal issues). So much surrounding Allen is purely circumstantial, but there does become a point when it stops looking circumstantial and like something more profoundly sinister. As a reader, you grow to share Graysmith's conviction. But Arthur Leigh Allen is not Zodiac.

Based on witness testimonies, this sketch of the Zodiac killer was drawn up

Donald G Harden, a school teacher from Salinas, California, was the first person to crack Zodiac's cipher



CRYPTOGRAPHER ANALYSIS

JOHN CLARK, PROFESSOR OF CRITICAL SYSTEMS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF YORK, TOLD US ABOUT ZODIAC'S CIPHERS

"Of the four Zodiac ciphers, only one has been broken (Z408, consisting of 408 characters), two (Z13 and Z32, with 13 and 32 characters respectively) seem destined to remain unsolved without specific private knowledge, and one (Z320) has remained the focus of a great deal of investigative effort."

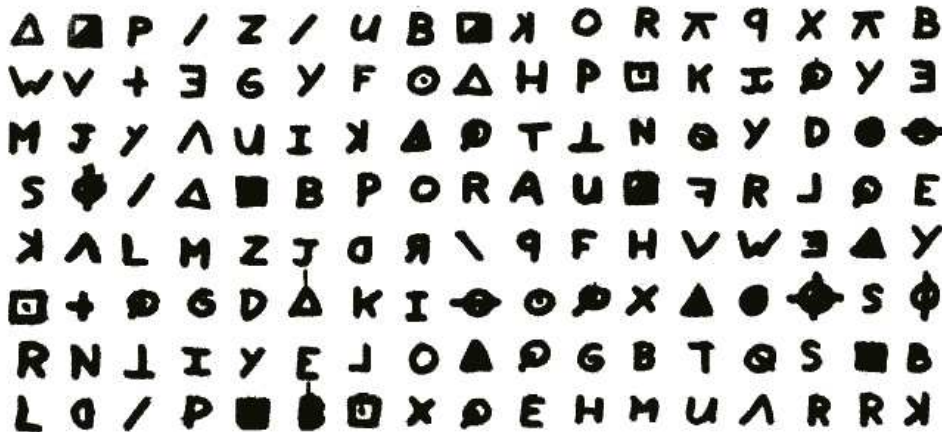
WHAT SORT OF CIPHER IS Z320?

"Strictly we do not know! But the Zodiac killer was plausibly adept. Many 'simple substitution ciphers' applied to a few hundred characters can usually be broken by frequency analysis. Frequencies of ciphertext characters are assumed to largely mirror those of their corresponding plaintext characters (for example, if Q occurs most frequently in the ciphertext, it likely encodes for the most frequently occurring plaintext character, which is normally E in English). Corresponding analyses can be informed by considering occurrence frequencies of bigrams and trigrams (for example, in English, 'the' is very common, 'zqt' is not). Zodiac's (broken) 408 cipher is what is generally known as a homophonic substitution cipher. Each plaintext character can be represented by several different ciphertext characters. This can be done in such a way as to play havoc with many simple frequency analyses for short messages. Zodiac clearly knew this, and Z408's

solvers took a punt on the likely repeated occurrence of the word 'kill' to solve it. Many assume Z320 follows a similar pattern, though this is not certain.

Solving the Z320 may not prove possible. It is not even certain the text is to be read from left to right and top to bottom, though this is perhaps the dominant and plausible assumption in most work. Zodiac was also rather sloppy. From the Z408 we can see that he made spelling mistakes and sometimes he enciphered characters wrongly (though erroneous symbols were typically very similar to the ones he should have used). Zodiac could follow any convention he liked.

The Z320 is of a size that leads many to believe it 'should' be solvable. That's why they spend their time trying to solve it. But we may have to live with the possibility that it will never be solved."



THE MASTER PLAN

Allen was a smart but very troubled guy. The son of an air force pilot, his mother, who Allen seemed to love and hate in equal measure, spoiled him rotten, even as an adult. A friend of his, Don Cheney, was once so weirded out by one conversation he had with Allen that he approached the cops and told them a strange story. Out hunting on New Year's Day 1969, the old college buddies got to talking. Things turned macabre when Allen detailed to Cheney, under the guise of writing a novel, how he would randomly shoot couples and call himself the Zodiac. It seemed important to note Allen owned a Zodiac-branded watch. Did this conversation really take place? Why would a murderer reveal his master plan?

THE WANTED POSTER

Allen was a stocky guy with short balding hair, but he didn't look like the person identified by the teenagers who saw a man wiping down Paul Stine's cab on Washington and Cherry, or as described by the cops who saw the same individual moments later, walking down nearby Jackson Street.

DNA

In 2002, there was a great deal of excitement surrounding the case and Allen's position as prime suspect. DNA extracted from an authenticated Zodiac letter would be compared to Allen's DNA. If they matched, it would be something of a small, but still crucially important, victory. Allen passed away in 1992, but at least

the world would finally have an answer. However, DNA results came back negative. No match.

PROFILE

Allen enjoyed, to a point, being seen as a key figure in the Zodiac investigation. But does his psychological profile point towards him being a killer? Allen was a sexual sadist and convicted child molester. He once told Vallejo cop George Bawart how he enjoyed listening to the screams of a child being beaten. Zodiac was not a sexual sadist. While the Lake Berryessa attack does bear elements of sexual sadism, others do not. Neither did he torture his victims. The thrill he derived was from the act of killing. He even wrote in his three-part cipher, "It is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl."



OTHER THEORIES

All sorts of theories abound. At one point, cops were willing to question Ted Bundy, then on death row, to see if he had anything to do with it. More recently, Gary L Stewart penned *The Most Dangerous Animal Of All* (2014). He detailed the journey from seeking out his birth father and uncovering – to his horror – that daddy was the Zodiac. If he's misguided and grasping at straws, it's nothing compared to the outré behaviour of Deborah Perez. In 2009, she declared that her father, Guy Ward Hendrickson, was the Zodiac. In a press conference outside the *San Francisco Chronicle*, she said she was in possession of cab driver Paul Stine's glasses. The provenance of the eyeglasses turned out to be false. Perez was another wacko attention-seeker in a long line of them.

Former California highway patrolman Lyndon Lafferty penned *The Zodiac Killer Cover-Up: The Silenced Badge* in 2012. His suspect was a 91-year-old Solano County resident, whose name and guilt had been known to law enforcement agencies since 1971. But guess what? Corruption and office politicking had not obscured the truth. Chalk it down as more baloney.

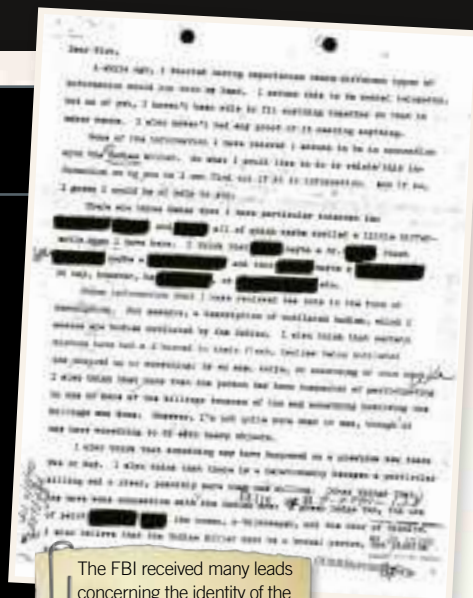
Among the cockamamie fictions, one individual does warrant further investigation: Richard Gaikowski. The former newspaperman lived in Vallejo at the time of the killings and looked like the guy on the wanted poster. In the late 1980s, a former colleague of his, known only as 'Goldcatcher', told investigators about conversations they'd had on the topic of Zodiac and how richly detailed they were. Goldcatcher made audio

recordings of Gaikowski, and when Nancy Slover, the radio dispatcher, was given a sample of his voice, she was convinced it was Zodiac's.

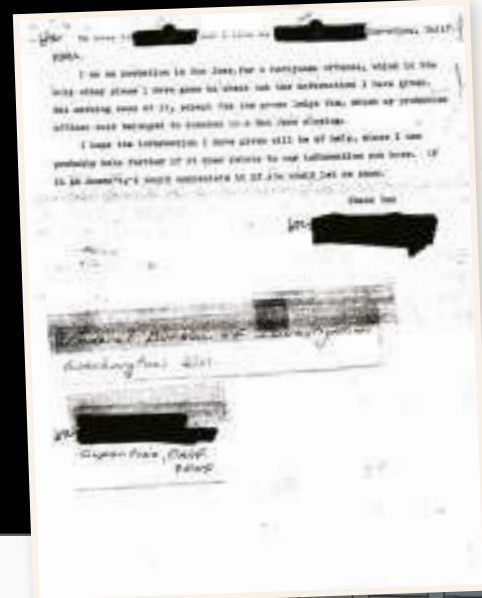
In one of the unsolved ciphers, the name 'Gyke' appears, a shortening of his last name. Bob Loomis, another former colleague of Gaikowski's, who is sceptical of 'Gaikowski as Zodiac', confirmed he did use this nickname in correspondence, but showed it was spelled "Gaik". 'Touch' DNA work was done on Gaikowski's letters to Loomis, written in 1968. A partial profile from an envelope was extracted. It is yet to be contrasted with the partial DNA profile pulled from an authenticated Zodiac letter in 2003. SFPD refused a request to test it.



ABOVE In 2009, Deborah Perez claimed her father was the Zodiac killer and that she had helped him write the letters



The FBI received many leads concerning the identity of the Zodiac killer, not all of them reliable or useful



WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



ARTHUR LEIGH ALLEN

Based on a plethora of circumstantial evidence, Arthur Leigh Allen was considered a prime suspect within days of Blue Rock Springs incident. Robert Graysmith wrote two books about Allen which tell incredibly convincing stories. But Allen was cleared in 2010 of being the killer and DNA to one of the letters did not match.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JACK TARRANCE

In 2007 Dennis Kaufman claimed that his late stepfather, Jack Tarrance, was the Zodiac killer. He turned several key items over to investigators that were of interest (hand writing samples, a homemade hood and a bloody knife). In 2010 DNA tests were ruled inconclusive.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



'GEORGE RUSSELL TUCKER'

Former highway patrol officer Lyndon Lafferty alleged that a man, who he identified using a pseudonym, was the Zodiac and had been at the centre of a cover up. Lafferty's superiors allegedly hampered the sleuth's investigation. 'Tucker', a former real estate salesman, died in 2012.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?





ABOVE Witnesses saw a man wipe down the taxi after Paul Stine was shot

BELOW Although police may have stopped Zodiac in the aftermath of Stine's death, he did not look like the man they were searching for



"I want to report a murder, no, a double murder." Officer David Slaight, covering for a colleague on a break, took the message. When he attempted to get further information regarding the homicide, the caller simply stated: "I'm the one that did it." He dropped the receiver and left it dangling.

The phone call had come in from a phone booth in the city of Napa, 43 kilometres from the crime scene. The biggest surprise, however, was left for the cops to find along with Hartnell and Shepard. Written on Hartnell's car with a black marker pen was a message and a score to date:

Vallejo
12-20-68
7-4-69
Sept 27-69-6:30
by knife

THE FINAL VICTIM: PAUL STINE

How Zodiac entered Paul Stine's cab is a mystery and quite possibly down to nothing more than random selection. What is known, based on the cab logbook, is that 29-year-old Stine picked up his murderer at Mason and Geary and drove to Maple Street before continuing on a block or so to Washington and Cherry. Was Maple Street too well-lit?

W&C was a quiet residential area in an affluent neighbourhood. The lack of adequate street lighting made the situation almost perfect. Zodiac asked Stine to park up, placed a gun against the driver's head and pulled the trigger.

In the vicinity of W&C, Officers Foukes and Zelms stopped a gentleman out walking. They asked if he'd seen anything suspicious. Thanks to a bizarre blunder by the radio dispatcher, they were on the lookout for an NMA (Negro Male Adult). The stocky Caucasian guy that they stopped, who they described as 'lumbering' up Jackson Street, replied he'd seen a guy waving a gun around on Washington Street. Foukes and Zelms cannot be blamed for the error. They were responding to what was then relayed about the murderer of Stine.

THE AFTERMATH

AFTER THE KILLING OF PAUL STINE, ZODIAC CEASED HIS CAMPAIGN. WHY?

Stine's assassination marked the end of the canonical murders. The official tally is: five dead from seven targeted. Until we know otherwise, that's the definitive score. Zodiac's rampage lasted barely a year.

So, why did he stop? There is only speculation. Zodiac fully intended to kill Mike Mageau and Bryan Hartnell, but the men survived. That wasn't in the script. Although he bragged to the press, about how he'd laughed at police incompetence in apprehending him on the night of the Stine murder (he claimed he was hiding in bushes in the Presidio), was Zodiac genuinely frightened by the prospect of getting pinched?

The investigation amplified and the media's coverage remained at fever pitch for a good while after. Zodiac never killed again, but he wrote to newspaper editors with his latest threats and reflections upon the state-wide panic he had orchestrated single-handedly like a master of puppets. Bay Area police had tens of thousands of suspects to sift through, but nothing would ever stick. Each developed a favourite suspect, but they all lacked the vital piece of evidence to clinch the deal. Years went by and there were long silences, which then became complete silence. The phantom finally vanished into the air like a mid-morning fog rolling in off the bay and the world moved on.

The last authenticated letter was received in January 1974. In it, Zodiac praised William Friedkin's *The Exorcist* as the "best satirical comedy I have ever seen." Zodiac signed off with the tally "Me - 37 SFPD - 0". Had Zodiac really killed 37 people? We don't know, but it seems unlikely. Detectives leafed through old cold cases for potential links to Zodiac, but nothing solid turned up. It was another joke at the expense of the police, the killer enjoying the uncertainty he weaved by mere suggestion.

Other letters pertaining to be from the maniac turned up once in a while, but experts dismissed them as hoaxes. The current layout of the case is this: SFPD closed their files in 2004 but re-opened it in 2007, the same year David Fincher's masterpiece examination of the case was released worldwide, a film that painstakingly recreated the murders, after new info came in. SFPD remained resolutely tight-lipped on recent developments, however. Maybe it was just more hooey and not worth getting excited about. In Napa County and Riverside, the search for Zodiac is still on. It's doubtful now, though, there will be ever be an arrest made. Zodiac will remain one of the greatest fiends never caught.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN OF SOMERTON BEACH

WHILE INVESTIGATING THE BODY OF A MAN FOUND DEAD ON THE SANDS OF SOMERTON BEACH, DETECTIVES WOULD UNEARTH SECRET CODES, HIDDEN PHONE NUMBERS AND A RUSSIAN SPY RING — LEAVING THEM WITH MORE UNANSWERED QUESTIONS THAN VIABLE CLUES

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK







ABOVE Paul Lawson creates the plaster cast of the Somerton Man. He would later comment on Jessica Thomson's dramatic reaction on seeing it despite her denial of knowing who he was

The young couple taking an evening walk along Somerton Beach didn't think much of the man they saw lying on the sand with his head propped against the old seawall. He appeared drowsy, for he lethargically raised his right arm before dropping it into his lap limply. They assumed he was just catching the last of the sun's rays, and so they left him to relax as they made their way up the 25 wooden steps leading to the corner of The Esplanade and Bickford Terrace, in the shadow of the Crippled Children's Home. It was 7pm on 30 November 1948, and they were to be the last people to see the mysterious Somerton Man while he was still alive.

30 minutes later, another pair of walkers strolling along the beach, which was near Glenelg, just south of Adelaide in south Australia, noticed that the prostrate figure must be dead drunk, as he appeared oblivious to the gathering mosquitoes. Sadly, it wouldn't be long before the insects would also take an unhealthy interest in him, since, in that short space of time, as the sun finally dipped below the horizon, he had passed away. Further witnesses later came forward to tell detectives of a strange character gazing down upon the corpse from the top of the steps.

However, it was not until 6.30am on the morning of 1 December that John Lyons and two other gentlemen on horseback established that the sleeping figure was actually dead. The police were soon called and Detective Sergeant Lionel Leane, who was to lead the initial investigation, carefully noted down the scene before him. Leaning against the seawall with his legs fully extended towards the sea and his feet casually crossed, the man looked for all the world as if he had simply fallen asleep. A cigarette precariously

balanced on the collar of his elegant double-breasted jacket, as if it had slipped from the corner of his mouth, just as if he had dosed off. Having taken photographs of the body in situ, Leane decided to carry out a thorough search of the gentleman's possessions. A number of items were noted down and bagged up for evidence, including a packet of cigarettes, a comb, chewing gum and an unused train ticket.

SUICIDE OR MURDER?

Having gathered all the evidence available from an initial search, the detective had the body sent to John Burton Cleland, a leading pathologist of the time. At 1.5 metres tall with broad shoulders and a small, slim waist, the man appeared to have been in good physical shape. However, the autopsy was to prove otherwise. Upon opening up the body, it soon became clear that something truly dreadful had happened to the mystery man from the beach. Blood had mixed in with his last meal within the stomach, which was, along with the pharynx, duodenum, kidneys and spleen, heavily congested. The gullet had ulcerated and there were obvious signs of an acute gastric haemorrhage. This was clearly not a natural death. But could it have been a suicide? Cleland thought not. The unknown man had been poisoned,

“ IT SOON BECAME CLEAR THAT SOMETHING TRULY DREADFUL HAD HAPPENED TO THE MYSTERY MAN FROM THE BEACH ”

SCENE OF CRIME OR TRAGIC ACCIDENT?

A NUMBER OF CLUES WERE DISCOVERED AT THE SCENE THAT, ALTHOUGH INTRIGUING, ULTIMATELY CARRIED THE INVESTIGATION NO FURTHER FORWARD

WITNESS THE WATCHING MAN

During the initial investigation, one witness came forward stating that he had observed a shadowy figure looking down upon the body from above on the corner of The Esplanade and Bickford Terrace. The character was never traced.

VICTIM THE SOMERTON MAN

The body was discovered leaning against the seawall. Had he committed suicide, been poisoned or died of positional asphyxia while dozing on the beach? Nobody knew.

CLUE THE UNLIT CIGARETTE

A cigarette was found carefully balanced on the right collar of the unknown man's coat. Since it had not been lit, it was unlikely to have dropped out of his mouth while he was sleeping. Had it been placed there on purpose by the killer?

CLUE STRIPED TIE

The stripes on the tie worn by the unknown man sloped with a negative gradient, as seen in fashion in the United States at the time. People in both Australia and the UK traditionally wear their stripes in the 'heart to sword' position, thereby supporting the American connection.

CLUE THE 'TAMAM SHUD' NOTE

Journalist Frank Kennedy recognised from where the phrase had originated and called the police with details of the Persian book of collected poems. The unusual font helped pinpoint the exact edition they were hunting for.

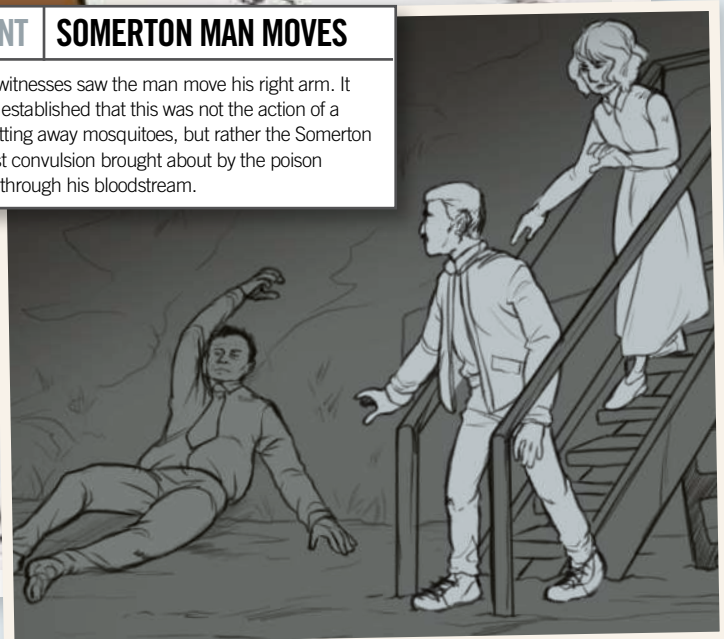


CLUE PERSONAL EFFECTS

A half empty packet of Wrigley's Juicy Fruit Chewing Gum held yet another American connection, since this was a popular brand in the USA and was not sold in Australia at that time. Similarly, an aluminium comb found on him was American in design. The 10.50am unused train ticket to Henley Beach must have been bought between 6.15am and 2pm on 30 November. Only three such tickets were issued that day. A bus ticket was also discovered, which departed at 11.15am from opposite the railway station. Someone had replaced the Army Club cigarettes with a more expensive brand, Kensitas. Was this his choice or the work of the killer?

! EVENT SOMERTON MAN MOVES

At 7pm, witnesses saw the man move his right arm. It was later established that this was not the action of a man swatting away mosquitoes, but rather the Somerton Man's last convulsion brought about by the poison coursing through his bloodstream.

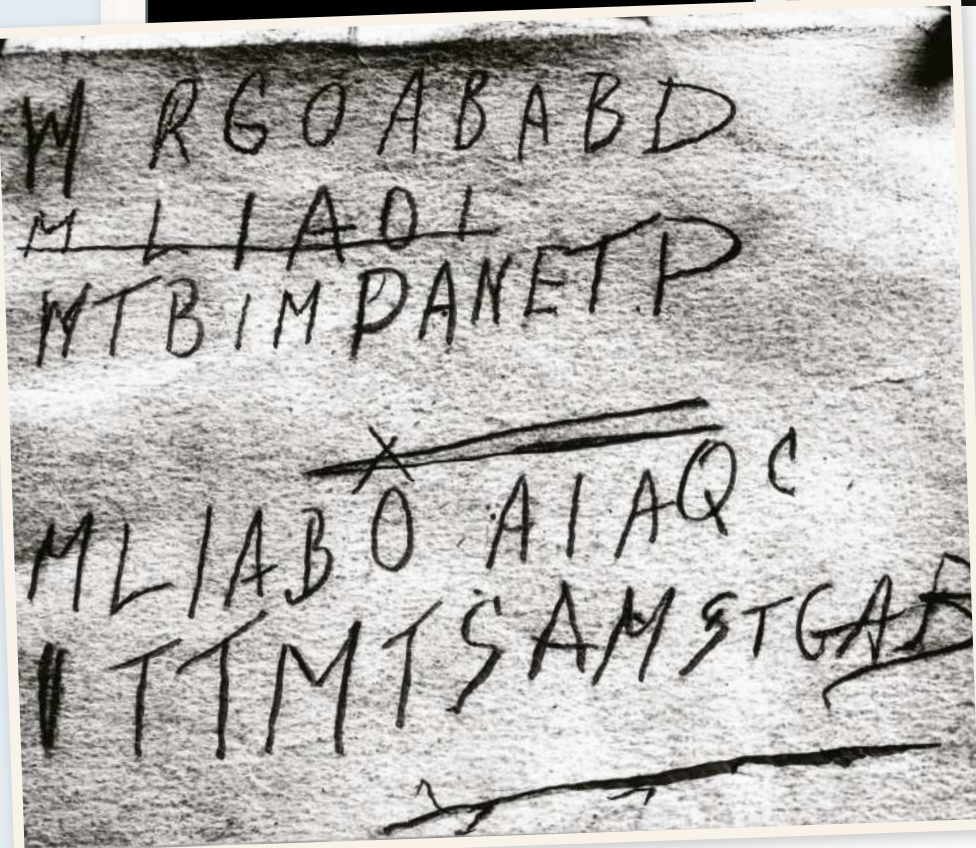


JUST A COINCIDENCE?

Three years before the discovery of the Somerton Man, 34-year-old George Marshall from Singapore was found dead just across from Clifton Gardens in Ashton Park. He was discovered lying on his back as if fast asleep. Stranger still, a copy of the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám* had been left open and carefully balanced on his chest. George, the brother of Singapore's first chief minister, David Marshall, was thought to have committed suicide by ingesting poison. On 15 August 1945, the authorities carried out an inquest into his death. Under two weeks later, on 28 August, a woman by the name of Gwenneth Dorothy Graham, who had given testimony at the hearing, was found floating face downwards in her bath water. Her wrists had been slit.

THE ENCRYPTED MESSAGE

The five lines of text discovered on the last page of the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám* have never been deciphered and therefore remain a tantalising mystery to conspiracy theorists around the world. Initially thought to be a foreign phrase, cryptographers now believe the encrypted message is of English origin. In 2004, a retired detective suggested that the last line stood for 'It's Time To Move To South Australia Moseley Street', which would link the message to Jessica Thomson's address. Computational linguists agree that it is probably English and more likely to be shorthand than code. Further specialists have claimed that micro writing can be seen using a UV backlight and an Olympus camera set to macro with optical magnification. Images of this were released on the internet in March 2017.



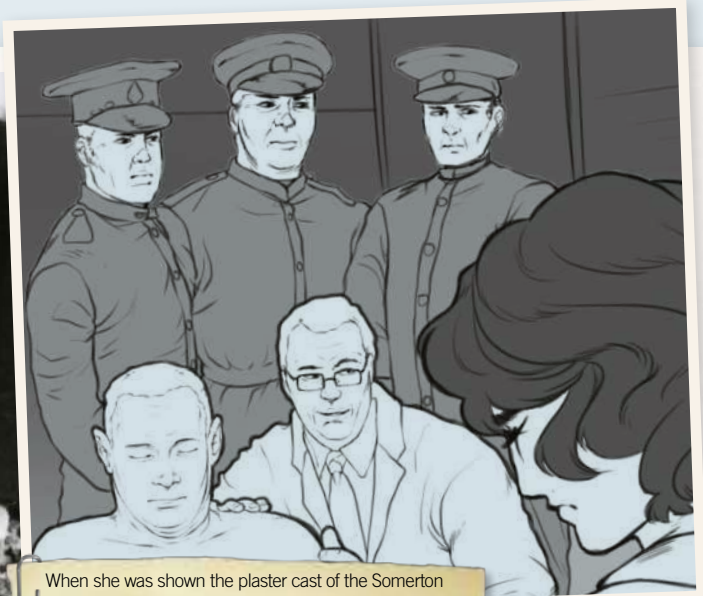
probably with a soluble hypnotic or barbiturate, which would have caused the victim to vomit excessively after ingestion. As there was no vomit present at the scene, the detective theorised that the man had been moved post-poisoning, therefore ruling out suicide. The couple walking on the beach had unwittingly witnessed his final death throes.

The questions were many, the evidence limited. Cleland could estimate the time of death at approximately 2am. The man's hands and fingernails suggested he had not been a casual labourer while his calf muscles indicated he had been a long-distance runner or possibly a dancer. His toes were unusually shaped, as if he had forced them into pointed shoes or ballet slippers, but Cleland thought it was more likely that he had suffered from dystonia of the toes.

The fact that he carried no identification or wallet upon him indicated suicide, but when the clothes were examined, it was discovered that the labels had been carefully removed. This was highly suspicious, and not in keeping with a suicide theory. With the lack of vomit and removal of identifying marks, all notions of suicide were abandoned. This man, whoever he was, had most likely been murdered and carefully placed on Somerton Beach sands.

MORE EVIDENCE, MORE QUESTIONS

Less than a month later, a brown suitcase was discovered by



When she was shown the plaster cast of the Somerton Man's face, Jessica Thomson looked as if she was about to faint, despite her claim she did not know who he was



staff at the Adelaide railway station. Although all labels had been removed from it, it was quickly established that the case had been checked into the cloakroom on 30 November and had almost certainly belonged to the unknown man found on the beach. Detective Lionel Leane and his colleagues, Dave Bartlett and Len Brown, opened the suitcase to discover pyjamas, a dressing gown and slippers along with an electrician's screwdriver, a pair of sharpened scissors, a sharpened table knife, a stencilling brush and a zinc square used to protect the knife.

On removing a pair of trousers from the case, a scattering of sand fell out of the cuffs. A card, neatly wrapped with orange-waxed thread, was discovered that clearly linked the case to the dead body, as exactly the same thread had been used to mend the trousers worn by the victim. Once again, the majority of labels had been removed with the exception of a couple that displayed the name 'T. Keane', 'Kean' and 'Keane'. A coat revealed a link to the USA, as this was the only country manufacturing such featherstitching at the time, and the style matched those worn in the country. A set of paper and pencils had been packed in the suitcase but no correspondence was discovered, which would have been an extremely useful find.

Equally strange was the fact that there were no spare pairs of socks found with the underpants and pyjamas. The detectives were baffled and frustrated. More clues had been discovered but they seemed to lead them round and round

in circles. Having chased up every conceivable lead, they appeared to be no further forward.

On 17 June, Cleland conducted a thorough coroner's inquest. Most of his conclusions were speculation. The cleanliness of the victim's shoes strongly suggested he had died elsewhere and been carried to the spot where his body was discovered. This idea was in keeping with the lack of vomit where the body had been discovered. Further analysis of the stomach contents led professor of pharmacology Cedric Stanton Hick to believe that the man had ingested a cardiac glycoside such as digitalis or ouabain, a highly toxic substance. However, when it finally came to determining the cause of death, no one could be absolutely positive. The Australian police contacted the USA's FBI asking for help in identifying their corpse but, having consulted FBI chief J Edgar Hoover, the agency was not able to find a fingerprint match for the man. A plaster cast of the unknown man's head and chest had also been taken before his burial on 14 June 1949 at the West Terrace Cemetery in Adelaide. However, one further clue would yield itself at the inquest, and it was to baffle the entire world.

ABOVE LEFT Salvation Army Captain Em Webb conducted the Somerton Man's funeral service, which was paid for by the South Australian Grandstand Bookmakers Association. Reporters and police officers look on

ABOVE A secret pocket inside the Somerton Man's clothes was found to contain a piece of paper torn from this copy of the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám*, which was later found on the back seat of a Glenelg doctor's car

“ WHEN IT FINALLY CAME TO DETERMINING THE CAUSE OF DEATH, NO ONE COULD BE ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE ”

THE INVESTIGATION

THE DISCOVERY OF A SECRET CODE INSTIGATED A WHIRLWIND OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES

During the detailed examination of the dead man's clothing, a small scrap of paper was discovered rolled up in the fob pocket of his trousers. The words "Tamam Shud" were printed on it in an unusual font. The evidence was photographed and released to the press, and the mysterious clue was printed nationwide in all the papers. The words, meaning "finished" or "it is ended" in Persian, were soon identified as the last page of Edward Fitzgerald's the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám*, a collection of poems translated from Persian. It wouldn't be long before the exact copy from which the scrap had been torn was located.

Where the book had been found seems to have been lost over the years. The timing of its discovery is also a mystery but the general consensus seems to be that a member of the public found it on the back seat of an unlocked car in Jetty Road, Glenelg, not far from where the body had been discovered. The scrap of paper was interesting and again raised the idea that the unknown man had committed suicide, but it was the book itself that instigated the authorities to call it an "unparalleled mystery". The book contained a secret code.

Five lines of code, all written in capital letters, were found in the back of the book. The second line had been scored through suggesting a mistake on the part of the writer, but this has never been confirmed. Was this a foreign language, an encrypted message or merely the ramblings of a madman? Specialists were brought in to decipher its meaning but, to this date, no satisfactory explanation has been given.

Along with the infuriatingly mysterious code, detectives found a telephone number, and this proved to be more useful. Although the number, X3239, was unlisted, it was quickly traced back to a local resident by the name Jessica Ellen Thomson. Jessica, also known as Jo, was a nurse who lived at 90A Glenelg Street, no more than 400 metres away from Somerton Beach where the body had been discovered.

Jessica Thomson denied any knowledge of the unknown man. She didn't know who he was or why he might have her phone number. She was fearful of any publicity and insisted that all records of her name be removed from the case. From this point on a variety of pseudonyms were used including the pet name 'Jestyn', which had been used by her former co-workers.

Detective Leane was not convinced that Jestyn was being entirely truthful regarding her

lack of knowledge of the body's identity. Once again, he pushed for information and this time he showed her the plaster cast of the man's face made before the inquest. Her reaction was quite extraordinary. Paul Lawson, the creator of the cast, noted that, having seen it, Jestyn looked away and refused to so much as glance at it again. Leane, on the other hand, noticed her sudden change in pallor. He later stated that she was so taken aback that he believed she was about to faint. However, she stuck to her story.

She did confirm that during World War II she had owned a copy of the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám*, but told the investigators she had given it to a boyfriend, Alf Boxall. After the war, Alf had contacted her but she was already engaged to Prosper Thomson and did not want to renew their friendship. She had not heard from him since. Could this be the man on the beach? The police were convinced that this was the break they had been waiting for.

In July of 1949, Alf Boxall was located, working in a bus depot in Sydney. Although taken aback by the police interest, he was happy to show them his copy of the book, which had been signed 'JEstyn' by his then girlfriend. He could think of no connection to the unknown man and the police were at a loss once again. The case went cold.

The body of the man was finally released and buried in Adelaide in a pitiful multiple burial site. However, somebody cared, for years later flowers started appearing on the grave. To this day it is unknown who the mourner was.

A variety of suggestions were raised about the man's identity, including that he was a

Swedish station worker, a seaman named Tommy Reade and, later, a worker on a steamship. At least three people came forward saying the body belonged to Robert Walsh, a 63-year-old woodcutter, but witnesses retracted their statements when they discovered the body lacked certain identifying scars.

In 2009, Professor Derek Abbott from the University of Adelaide decided to take up the challenge of cracking the Somerton Man mystery once and for all. The investigation covered further examination of the bizarre code, re-analysis of the poison and another look at the evasive Jestyn. Sadly, Jessica Thomson had passed away in 2007, but her family proved to be far more loquacious.

In May 2009, Abbott called in dental experts to analyse images of the Somerton Man's teeth. They concluded that the unknown man had suffered from an extremely rare genetic disorder known as hypodontia. Less than two per cent of the population are afflicted with this condition, which leaves the mouth without incisors. The canine teeth grow directly next to the two front teeth, making this an easily identifiable disorder.

Meanwhile, Henneberg had identified another unusual trait. The Somerton Man had a rare ear formation that meant that his upper ear hollow, or cymba, was larger than his cavum, or lower ear hollow. This anatomical feature occurs in only one or two per cent of the population.

Back in 1946, Jessica Thomson had given birth to a baby boy, whom she named Robin. He had two distinctive facial features, no incisors and strangely shaped ears whereby his cymba was larger than his cavum. The chances of Robin having the same ear formation and hypodontia as the Somerton Man were one in 10 million and one in 20 million respectively.

Robin passed away in 2009 but was survived by his ex-wife, Roma Egan, and his daughter, Rachel. Abbott sent a photograph of the Somerton Man to Roma and asked if she knew of anyone who resembled the image. Roma did not hesitate – the Somerton Man looked spookily like her late ex-husband Robin. Could Robin have been the love child of Jessica and the Somerton Man but passed off as the son of Prosper Thomson? It was an extremely strong possibility. DNA testing would of course prove it one way or the other, but in 2011, Attorney General John Rau refused permission to exhume the body of the Somerton Man, as it was not deemed to be in the public's interest.



ABOVE When a copy of the *Rubáiyát Of Omar Khayyám* was found in someone's car, it raised many questions



If the Somerton Man was left on the beach by the killer, no witnesses came forward to say they saw it happen

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



JESSICA THOMSON

Some suspect that the ex-lover of the Somerton Man was the culprit. Could Jessica Thomson, a nurse working in Adelaide, have been a Soviet spy with whom he had fathered a child before his death? Had she poisoned an ex-lover? But investigators had no evidence to charge her with any crime, so she was dropped as a suspect.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



SECRET SPY

The vast mystery surrounding the Somerton Man has led to the theory (however likely or unlikely) that he could have been a spy whose death was the result of an espionage operation to remove him from the covert unit. Perhaps the undecipherable code and rare poison point to a hit undertaken by an undercover agency.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



UNKNOWN CHEMIST

Given the nature of the victim's death and the rare poisonous chemicals found in the Somerton Man's postmortem, chemists have always been persons of interest in this case. Could a chemist with access to some uncommon and dangerous drugs have had a personal vendetta against the Somerton Man?

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE AFTERMATH

SO WHO WAS THE SOMERTON MAN? THE MYSTERY RAGES ON

By 1949, eight so-called 'positive' identifications had taken place but all turned out to be incorrect. This had increased to 251 by 1953.

More recently, in November 2013, Jessica's daughter, Kate Thomson, agreed to give an interview on *60 Minutes*, an American current affairs program. Kate confirmed that her mother was indeed 'Jestyn', but she had not been truthful to the detectives all those years ago. She claimed that her mother had admitted to her that she had known the Somerton Man all along and, even more shockingly, she had not been the only one to know his true identity. Apparently, her mother believed that "a higher level than the police force" was already aware of his name and business. This in itself was dramatic stuff but did Kate have any idea what 'his business' might have been?

Kate fervently believed that both the Somerton Man and her own mother were spies working for the Russians. Although this was only speculation, she had some highly interesting circumstantial evidence to back up her claim. Having given up nursing, Jessica had started teaching English to incoming migrants. Kate stated that her mother spoke fluent Russian but never explained from where or why she had learned to do so. She also had a deep interest in the concept of communism, much to the horror of her husband, Prosper.

The rare form of poison used to dispose of the Somerton Man, the strange undecipherable code, the refusal of Jestyn to acknowledge

their relationship plus the total lack of identifying possessions all led to the tantalising thought of a spy ring. Interestingly, former South Australian Chief Superintendent Len Brown believed that the man had originally hailed from a country in the Warsaw Pact. He had come to this conclusion during the 1940s due to the fact that police could do nothing to establish an identity, and the Cold War was under way.

Derek Abbott, on the other hand, is less inclined to follow the spy ring theory. As he himself stated, "You don't have to be a spy to be secretive." His conclusion is far more grounded, believing that the man was probably no more than a wheeler dealer involved in the black market and, having attempted to reconnect with his lost love, he had gone for a snooze on the beach where he died of positional asphyxia – a great deal less exciting but possible nonetheless.

However, just when everybody thought that the most likely truth was disappointingly dull, a new piece of speculation reared its head and began a fascinating addition to Australia's unparalleled mystery. In February 2017, an online identity by the name of 'Gordon332' posted the latest suggested name of the Somerton Man. During August 1948, Major Pavel Ivanovich Fedosimov of the KGB was seen boarding a ship bound for Russia. He was never seen again. Known photographs of Fedosimov strongly suggest he had the same unusual ear formation. Apparently, Gordon332 has more evidence to follow...

ALTERNATIVE THEORIES

At one point, the body was named as EC Johnson of Payneham but this was somewhat undermined when the real Mr Johnson turned up at the police station.

During late November 1959, an inmate of New Zealand's Wanganui Prison by the name of EB Collins claimed to know the Somerton Man's true identity. At some point his statement was mysteriously misplaced.

Years later, a woman came forward with an identification card of a man named HC Reynolds. She thought that the photograph looked similar to that of the Somerton Man. The card, given to a foreign seaman during World War I, was passed on to anthropologist Maciej Henneberg. Although the faces were alike, it was the fact that both men had a mole on their cheek that convinced Henneberg to positively identify him as the Somerton Man.

ROMANCE IS DEAD

WHY COULDN'T POLICE STOP THE 'MONSTER OF FLORENCE', WHO PROWLED THE TUSCAN HILLS FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES, PREYING ON INNOCENT COUPLES AS THEY MADE LOVE IN THEIR CARS?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

In 19th century London the undetectable Jack the Ripper, a blade-wielding maniac, stalked the streets of Whitechapel, preying on the city's prostitutes. In pre-Nazi Germany it was Peter Kürten, known as The Vampire of Düsseldorf, who savaged more than a dozen men, women and children in a series of sexually charged slaughters spanning 16 years. The Boston Strangler was the one to incite terror in the US state of Massachusetts during the 1960s, asphyxiating 13 female victims with their own clothes. For Italy, the 'Monster of Florence' is the Achilles heel of its criminal justice system. Throughout a period of almost two decades, seven sets of lovers were slaughtered while making love in the hills surrounding Florence, with many of the female victims suffering sickening mutilations to their sexual organs. The investigation into the culprit (or culprits) became a tangled and intricate web. Yet despite one of the longest and most expensive manhunts in history, police have failed to peel back the mask on Italy's darkest and most brutal phantom.

FLORENCE'S SEEDY UNDERBELLY

The morning of 7 June 1981 was a quiet one in the unsuspecting town of Scandicci. Residents shuffled between their morning visits to church and their homes for lunch.

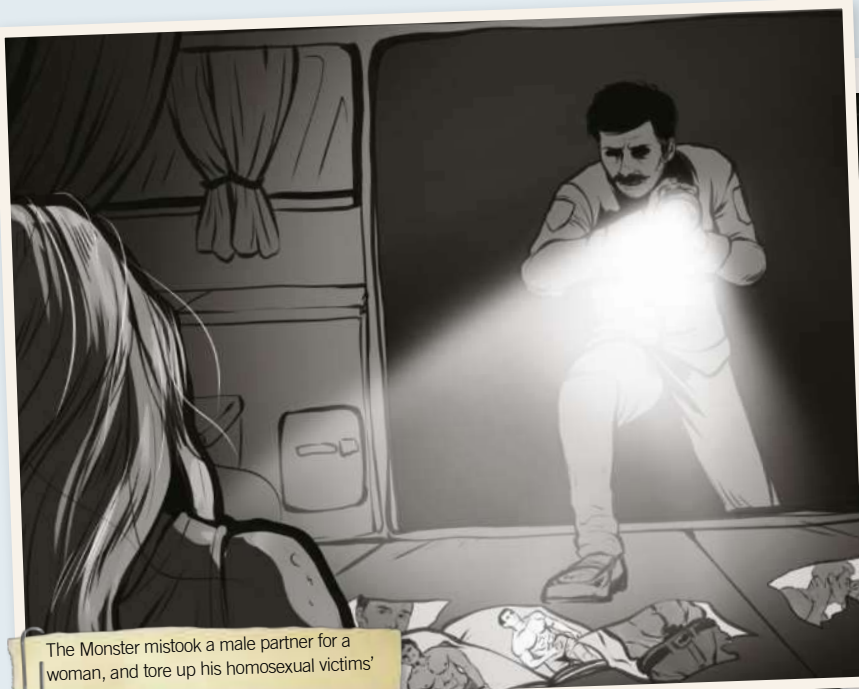
But in the fields just outside town, the sweltering heat of the summer was unrelenting and stifling for a group of Carabinieri marshals, police officers and forensic examiners who attempted to make sense of the scene before them. Sat inside a copper-coloured car was a young man. The hole in his left temple and the spider-webbed glass window to his right, which was tinted red with blood, were only the beginning of the horrors of this crime scene.

Behind the car lay the sprawled, nude body of a woman. She too had been shot but, between her parted legs her pubic region had been cut away, leaving a bloody and gaping wound. The victims were 21-year-old Carmela De Nuccio and her fiancé, 30-year-old Giovanni Foggi. The pair, who had been seen at a local hangout for young people the previous evening, had slipped away from their friends before midnight. As they nestled into the hills to make love they were ambushed and killed.

Bullet casings found at the crime scene showed that their killer had used a pistol loaded with .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. Having inspected the bodies, the medical examiner determined that the knife used to carve out De Nuccio's vagina resembled that of a scuba knife. The local paper was awash with details of the murders the following day. Next to it a recollection of a similar unsolved crime that had occurred in 1974.







The Monster mistook a male partner for a woman, and tore up his homosexual victims' mags in rage

Two young adults, Pasquale Gentilcore and his fiancée Stefania Pettini had been shot as they made love in Gentilcore's Fiat 127 near Borgo San Lorenzo just outside of Florence. The bride-to-be was found a distance from the car. She had been attacked post-mortem, stabbed 97 times and a grapevine branch had been inserted into her vagina. Found at the scene were .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. In light of the murders in Scandicci police took another look at the two killings and compared the scenes. Ballistic tests proved that the same gun had been used to shoot both couples – a small mark on the rim of the cartridges showed that the weapon had a distinct defect on the firing pin.

Police questioned Enzo Spalletti, an ambulance driver about the slayings. Before the victims had been front-page news, Spalletti already knew too much. He confessed that he was in fact a Peeping Tom and had seen the pair in their car, but that they were very much alive. Police, believing Spalletti knew more than he was letting on, arrested him.

THE MANY-FACED MONSTER

On 23 October, news of a new couple having been slaughtered in the Bartoline Fields forced police to release Spalletti without charge. Witnesses who had driven past the scene outside of Calenzano, told police they had seen a nervous-looking man in a red Alfa Romeo. The forensic identification team drew up the suspect described but the e-fit was not released to the public, for fear that it would incite a witch hunt in a community that was already pointing fingers at family members. Some believed the killer was a doctor or a surgeon – after all, who else would have the stomach to mutilate the women? Others believed that the vine branch lodged into Pettini had been inspired by a Biblical reference: "The vines that bareth not fruit he taketh away." Was a local clergyman targeting unmarried lovers for their illicit desires? Local journalist Mario Spezi had a new identity for the killer: 'The Monster of Florence'.

The police couldn't pursue the case for the remainder of the year thanks to the contamination of every crime scene to that date, after the investigating officers had failed to cordon off the areas. The beast struck again the following summer.



Paolo Mainardi and Antonella Migliorini were discovered in a ditch in Montespertoli on 20 June 1982. Migliorini had died at the scene, fear of being caught out in the open meant that the Monster hadn't mutilated her. Mainardi, still alive was rushed to hospital but he couldn't be saved. Police believed that the pair had seen the Monster in the flesh before their deaths. Journalists were instructed to report that the male victim had revealed a telling detail to the police while in hospital, hoping to scare the Monster into making a mistake.

The ambulance driver who had attempted to save Mainardi was harassed with phone calls by a man claiming to be the Monster. His safety and the safety of his family was threatened, but the calls were never traced. The e-fit was also released but the results were fruitless and the Monster remained at large.

THE SARDINIAN TRAIL

The case spun on its axis when police received a clipping from a newspaper report on a 1968 murder. Married woman Barbara Locci and her lover Antonio Lo Bianco were shot as they made love inside Lo Bianco's car in Signa – her son was asleep in the back seat. The pair had been mid-clinch when they were shot at point-blank range with a Beretta, loaded with none other than .22-calibre Winchester series 'H' bullets. Locci's husband Stefano Mele confessed to the murders, bitter over his wife's infidelity and was jailed. However, the gun was never recovered. Mele said he had

“ SHE TOO HAD BEEN SHOT BUT, BETWEEN HER PARTED LEGS, HER PUBIC REGION HAD BEEN CUT AWAY LEAVING A BLOODY GAPING WOUND ”



tossed it into the nearby river after the shootings but despite an exhaustive search, it remained lost.

While residing at a halfway house for convicts, Mele was interviewed by Spezi who was surprised when Mele told him: "They need to figure out where that pistol is otherwise there will be more murders. They will continue to kill." Who was this 'they' Mele referred to? Had he had accomplices the night he killed his wife? Had he taken the fall for others? Where were they now? And where was the gun?

Brothers, thugs and Sardinian immigrants Giovanni, Francesco and Salvatore Vinci had moved to Florence in the early 1960s. Salvatore had lived with Mele and his wife for a brief period and the brothers became her lovers before she moved onto Lo Bianco. Locci's son, who had witnessed the shooting recalled to police that he had seen three men at the scene but he was later discarded as a reliable witness. Had

ABOVE Pasquale Gentilcore and his fiancée Stefania Pettini were murdered in 1974. Pettini was stabbed 97 times and a grapevine branch used to penetrate her

ABOVE LEFT Officers and forensic examiners attending the crime scenes had not worn shoe covers, overalls or gloves while collecting the sparse evidence from almost any of the scenes, making the later investigations tasking

the Vinci brothers been Mele's accomplices? Did they now have the gun? Evidence suggested that one of the brothers potentially had a Beretta pistol that they had brought over from Sardinia but there was no definitive proof the gun was still in their possession.

Police were able to place Francesco within the areas where the recent murders had occurred. An abandoned car found days after the Montespertoli killings near the scene was traced back to Francesco. He was arrested in August 1982, a move that seemed to quiet the beast preying on the Florentine hills. But the real Monster struck again on 9 September 1983. However, in an unusual fashion for the Monster, the pair attacked were German students Wilhelm Meyer and Jens Rüschi, two men who had travelled to Italy to celebrate Meyer getting a scholarship that summer. They had been in the back of a camper van when they were shot through the windows. Police believed that the monster had mistaken Rüschi for a woman because of his long blond hair.

Prosecutors working on the case were sceptical about Francesco being the Monster, but they suspected he knew who the Monster was. Their next move was to arrest his nephew Antonio. While in custody, police attempted to play both Vincis off against each other in the hope that one would start talking. They also arrested Piero Mucciarini, Mele's brother-in-law, and Giovanni Mele, his brother.

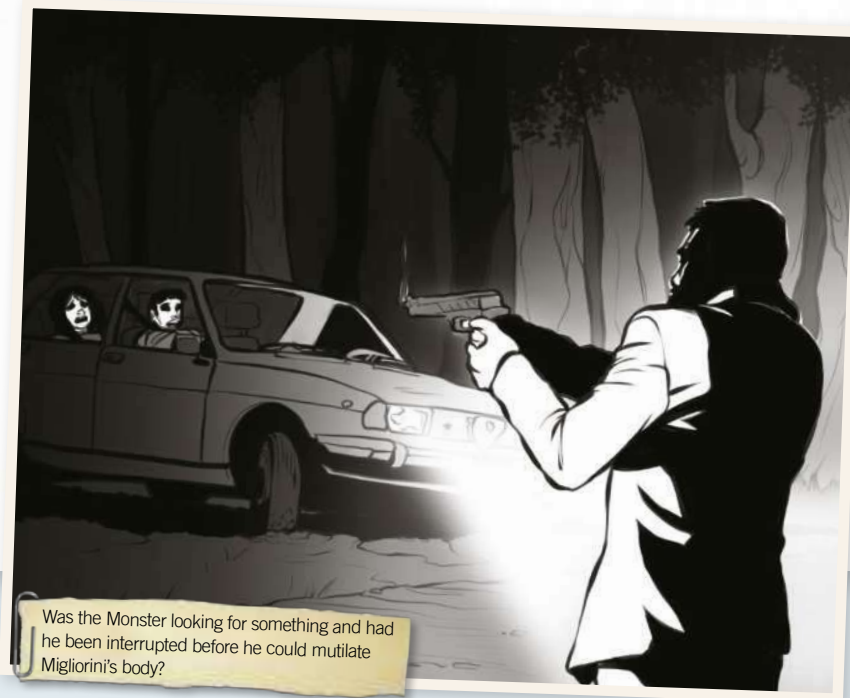
With the clan behind bars the games between the accused and the police continued, until the morning of 30 July 1984,

PROFILING THE MONSTER

THE FBI HELPED THE ITALIAN POLICE PRODUCE A DETAILED PROFILE OF THE TYPE OF MAN THEY BELIEVED THE KILLER TO BE

- DESCRIPTION**
- Male
 - About 45 years old
 - At least 1.8m in height
 - Manual labourer
 - Average intelligence
 - Bachelor, lives alone or with an elderly person
 - Lives near place of first killing
 - Has no relations with women and likely has a sexual dysfunction
 - May use alcohol or drugs to pump himself up
 - He is not a rapist or someone convicted of sexual crimes but rather petty crimes

- MODUS OPERANDI**
- The killer does not choose the victims but rather chooses the place and the night
 - He kills the male victim first to neutralise the threat to him before attacking the woman
 - The motive of the crime is the possession of the female victim, the male is considered a mere obstacle
 - The mutilation represents either sexual inadequacy or a resentment of women
 - The surveillance of his victims shows that he has doubt about his ability to control his victims if confronted with them face-to-face
 - The use of many bullets is to ensure the victims will not survive and thus talk



Was the Monster looking for something and had he been interrupted before he could mutilate Migliorini's body?

SLAIN IN LOVER'S LANE

WHEN LOVERS PARKED THEIR CARS IN INTIMATE SIDE ROADS, THE MONSTER STRUCK, OFTEN ON A SATURDAY NIGHT AND WHEN THERE WAS NO MOON

CLUE THE GUN

The weapon is thought to belong to the 70 series, possibly a 74-inch or a 76-by-10-stroke .22-calibre Long Rifle and is thought to have been used for shooting sports. The defect on the firing pin is key to the investigation

VICTIMS ANTONIO LO BIANCO AND BARBARA LOCCI

Locci and her lover Lo Bianco were shot in Lo Bianco's car as her son slept. Her husband, Stefano Mele, confessed but he'd allegedly taken the fall for Locci's former lover Salvatore Vinci, who threatened to expose Mele as a homosexual

CLUE THE KNIFE

The knife is considered to be a unique weapon with a small notch on one side, similar to that of a scuba knife. It has never been found

WITNESS THE FARMER

A local man told investigators that he saw the copper Fiat belonging to Foggi. At around midnight he had heard John Lennon's *Imagine* playing in the car when it suddenly stopped. He heard no gunshots though

VICTIMS PAOLO MAINARDI AND ANTONELLA MIGLIORINI

Police believed that as Migliorini was getting dressed, Mainardi spotted the monster and reversed the car out of the clearing to get away but the car ended up in a ditch. The Monster had shot out the front lights to plunge the couple into darkness before shooting them

CLUE DOORSTOP

Discovered close to the couple's car it was later thought to belong to a Satanic cult but this has never been proven

CLUE FOOTPRINT

A size 44 footprint was found at the scene of the murder. It is considered likely to belong to the Monster and apparently confirms that the police are looking for a tall and robust individual

VICTIMS STEFANO BALDI AND SUSANNA CAMBI

The pair were killed on a Thursday night, however the next day was a public holiday so most people would be off work, this gave investigators the idea that the Monster was a working man. The murder was also supposedly carried out to show that Spalletti was not the Monster

VICTIMS GIOVANNI FOGGI AND CARMELA DE NUCCIO

De Nuccio had been lifted from the car as opposed to dragged. Although she was discovered naked, only the gold chain around her neck remained. The killer had used three cuts to remove her vagina

VICTIMS JEAN-MICHEL KRAVEICHVILI AND NADINE MAURIOT

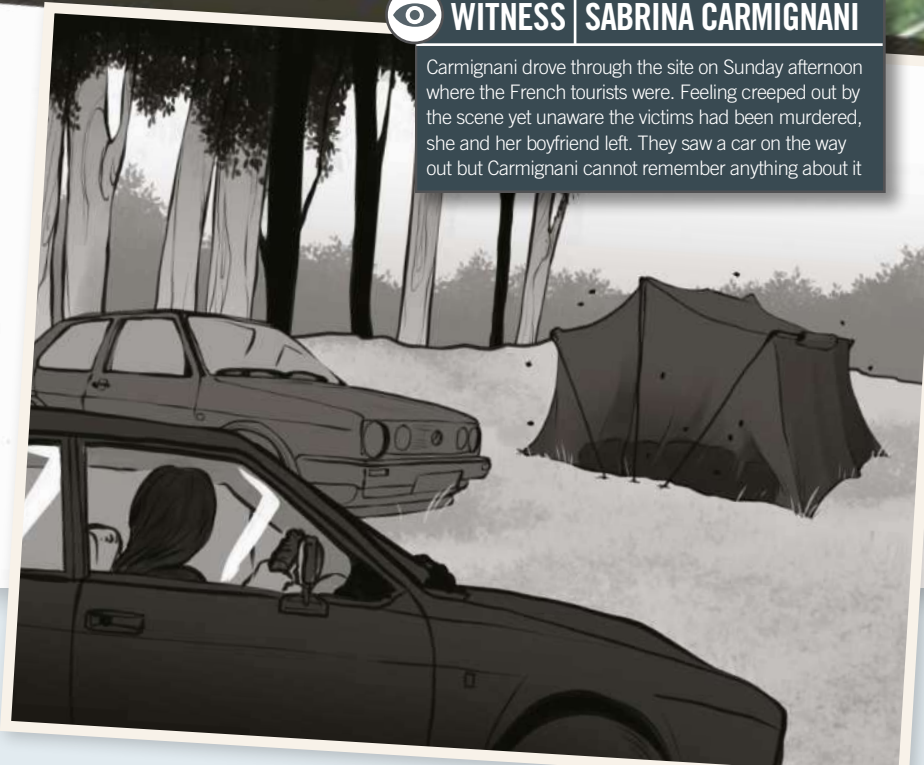
The killer drew the French campers out of their tent before shooting them. Kraveichvili ran but the killer caught him and slit his throat. He removed Mauriot's vagina and left breast before zipping her inside the tent

WITNESS SABRINA CARMIGNANI

Carmignani drove through the site on Sunday afternoon where the French tourists were. Feeling creeped out by the scene yet unaware the victims had been murdered, she and her boyfriend left. They saw a car on the way out but Carmignani cannot remember anything about it

THE KILLER'S CLIMAX

During the final weeks of the following summer, on 9 September another couple were discovered. This time the Monster had made an effort to hide the bodies, zipping the female victim, 36-year-old Nadine Mauriot inside a tent and attempting to camouflage the male's body, 25-year-old Jean-Michel Kraveichvili, with branches and leaves. However, mushroom foragers stumbled across the scene near San Casciano. Mauriot's vagina and left breast had been removed. The heat of her tomb had devastating effects on her body.



**EVENT A PRINCE DIES**

Prince Roberto Corsini was shot dead by a poacher in 1984 in Florence. Shortly after, the castle was broken into but nothing was taken. The town gossiped that the prince had been the Monster, had been murdered in a blackmail bid gone wrong, and that the break-in had resulted in important information being stolen to prove it

**VICTIMS****PASQUALE GENTILCORE AND STEFANIA PETTINI**

Gentilcore was shot first followed by Pettini who was then stabbed 97 times. The vine inserted into her vagina gave investigators the impression that the killer was impotent and therefore unable to rape his victims

**VICTIMS****CLAUDIO STEFANACCI AND PIA RONTINI**

Discovered by their friends after they split off from the rest of the group. Rontini's sexual organs had been mutilated. The pair were killed on a Sunday while the Sardinian clan were in custody

**WITNESS****UNIDENTIFIED WITNESS**

It was reported anonymously to the police that gunshots had sounded off at around 9.40pm the same evening Rontini and Stefanacci had been killed

**CLUE****A HANDPRINT**

A left hand print found on the top of the car at the scene of the Rontini and Stefanacci murders led investigators to believe that the killer was right handed – he'd held the gun in his right and steadied himself with his left

**VICTIMS****WILHELM MEYER AND JENS RÜSCH**

Police thought the killer was over 180cm tall as he'd shot through the high camper van windows. Police were also concerned that the murders happened on a Friday not a Saturday. They had also happened when Francesco Vinci was incarcerated

**CLUE****THE BULLETS**

Winchester casings marked with the letter H were found at the scene. The ammo is thought to have come from the same two boxes containing 50 cartridges but this was very common at the time of the killings

5km

The following day, prosecutor Silvia Della Monica received a letter at her office. Inside the envelope, she found a piece of Mauriot's left breast. She immediately resigned from the case and sought out protection from bodyguards. The San Casciano murders were the last of the monster's reign but the Carabinieri and the police refused to rest, offering a reward of half a billion Italian lire (around £200,000 at the time) for information that would lead to the arrest of the monster.

A letter pointed the finger at Pietro Pacciani, a farmer from Vicchio, who had served time for killing a man who had tried to seduce his girlfriend in 1951. Once he had bludgeoned him to death, Pacciani raped his cheating girlfriend next to the corpse. But Pacciani, now 60, was riddled with ailments.

It was hard to imagine him being capable of chasing down victims or lumbering toward cars undetected. The investigating judge, Mario Rotella, was sure Salvatore was the Monster and that the gun used in the murders hadn't left the Sardinian clan he believed to be involved in the 1968 slayings. He served Salvatore a notice informing him of his suspect status and at the end of 1985, the Sardinian native was extradited back to the island. He faced trial two years later, accused of murdering his wife in 1961, who had supposedly committed suicide. But Salvatore was acquitted and was never seen again after he walked out of the court a free man.

THE INVESTIGATION

MORE THAN 100,000 MEN WERE INVESTIGATED BY POLICE BUT VIA MODERN TECHNOLOGY, THIS HUGE NUMBER WAS WHITTLED DOWN TO JUST ONE. COULD THIS BE THE KILLER?

After Salvatore disappeared, Rotella was forced to remove himself from the investigation and hand it over to the Polizia di Stato Chief Inspector and head of the Anti-Monster Crime Squad Ruggero Perugini, who started the investigation from scratch. The problem was that no evidence or samples from the crime scene had been preserved. Instead Perugini, who favoured methods used by the FBI, turned to the use of computer crime databases. He eliminated suspects one by one until one name caught his attention repeatedly: Pacciani.

Perugini reasoned that as per Pacciani's own statement from his trial, when he saw his girlfriend bare her left breast to the travelling salesman with whom she had snuck away with into a field, it triggered a murderous rage. Had this become a repeated pattern with Florence's young couples? Items taken from Pacciani's home in 1992 during an 11-day search were only circumstantial as evidence of him being the Monster, but when a Winchester series H bullet was discovered in the earth outside Pacciani's home, the investigators closed in on him. Although the evidence was flimsy at best, seeing as the bullets were hardly rare in Italy, it was enough to tie him to the murder weapon used in all seven killings.

His trial, which began in April 1994, was televised. Pacciani pleaded his innocence but it fell on deaf ears as he was convicted for six of the seven double homicides. With Pacciani behind bars for life, Florence began to breathe easy. But before long rumours started to

“ PACCIANI PLEADED HIS INNOCENCE BUT IT FELL ON DEAF EARS AS HE WAS CONVICTED FOR SIX OF THE SEVEN DOUBLE HOMICIDES ”

circulate that the bullet was planted. According to Spezi's book, *The Monster Of Florence: A True Story*, co-authored by Douglas Preston, a Carabinieri officer expressed his doubt to Spezi about the authenticity of the discovery of the bullet and other items found in Pacciani's home. Pacciani also claimed that the bullet, found by the ambitious Perugini, was planted.

There was much doubt over the time of death of the French tourists, with camps divided between the Saturday and Sunday evening. On the Saturday, typically the favoured night by the Monster, Pacciani had a strong alibi for his whereabouts. The fact that one of the victims had sprinted away from the killer in a bid to escape also troubled many as Pacciani had received multiple bypass surgeries on his heart – he was hardly capable of sprinting after the young male victim.

The Supreme Court of Cassation quashed the verdict in 1996. However the police received confessions from four of Pacciani's 'friends' tying him to the killings. A prostitute, Gabriella Ghiribelli, her pimp Norberto Galli, former postman Mario Vanni and village drunkard Giancarlo Lotti confessed that they helped Pacciani commit the murders. Vanni and Lotti were both given jail sentences of life and 24

years respectively for being the monster's accomplices. Pacciani died in 1998 from a suspected heart attack before he could be brought in for a second trial. Some believe the farmer was poisoned, after the autopsy showed a heightened level of his heart medication.

Ghiribelli had confessed that they were all part of a secret cult 'The School Of The Red Rose', and had been ordered to kill and sacrifice the local youths by high ranking figures in the city in a black magic ritual. Police pursued this believing it may lead them to answers about the Monster's identity. Spezi continued to investigate the case through his journalism, not convinced of the theory that a Satanic cult was behind the killings. Michele Giuttari was the chief police investigator on the Monster case from 1995 to 2003 and wrote his own book indicating that the murders were the work of a Satanic cult, a theory Spezi and Preston ridiculed. Instead Spezi's mind settled on the Vincis' nephew Antonio as the killer but the Sardinian has denied this theory. When Spezi and Preston met in 2000 while writing their book, they found themselves under the scrutiny of the police who accused them each of being the Monster and tampering with evidence in the case, but neither was ever charged.



A FAMILIAR FACE

BEFORE PROSECUTOR GIULIANO MIGNINI TACKLED AMANDA KNOX ABOUT HER ALLEGED 'SATANIC' KILLING OF MEREDITH KERCHER, HE WEIGHED IN HEAVILY ON THE MONSTER CASE

A central figure in the Amanda Knox murder trial in 2007 was prosecutor Giuliano Mignini, who erroneously believed Knox to have murdered her roommate Meredith Kercher while studying in Italy in a demonically motivated attack. Knox was eventually cleared of the murder charges despite Mignini's best efforts. But prior to becoming a central figure of one of the most notorious trials in history, Mignini was part of the Monster case. In 2001, he claimed that a doctor who had committed suicide just weeks after the final murders conducted by the Monster had been a member of a Satanic cult. Not only that, but he accused the man, Dr Francesco

Narducci of being the keeper of those body parts that had been stolen from the victims. Mignini, who had been convicted of abuse of office while pursuing the case, alleged that the doctor was killed to keep him quiet. His theory was an elaborate conspiracy made up of 20 people, including government officials and law enforcement officers, who he alleged were a secret group behind the Monster killings. Mignini indicted the 20 people and charged them with the concealment of Narducci's murder. His theory included body doubles and the doctor's body being swapped twice. The accused were all cleared of charges.

For one Peeping Tom, the night of the new moon gave him opportunity to kill under the cover of darkness



ABOVE Mario Vanni a former postman had given a damning testimony while on the stand during Pacciani's 1994 trial, answering that the pair were simply "picnicking friends" to almost every question

BELOW The FBI profile depicted the Monster as sexually impotent, which Pacciani was not. In fact he was overly sexual, imprisoned in the mid 1980s for raping his own daughters



THE AFTERMATH

THE KILLINGS HAVE CEASED, BUT THE MYSTERY PREVAILS

Although the four witnesses were imprisoned for their alleged part in the killings of the seven couples, in June 2005, pharmacist Francesco Calamandrei fell suspect to the investigators. His wife had repeatedly reported the strange behaviour of her husband, particularly the night that the French campers were killed. Police suspected Calamandrei was the leader of a Satanic cult that had commissioned Pacciani and his friends to carry out the killings. The body parts severed from the victims were supposedly taken because female sex organs in the height of an orgasm are thought to be the most powerful kind of sacrifice that can be offered to the devil.

During an 11-hour search of Calamandrei's home in 2004, police seized ten boxes of porn and paperwork. As well as Calamandrei, 13 others were also investigated. Officials claimed they had "concrete proof to unmask" those behind the murders. But Calamandrei was acquitted and killed himself in 2012.

In 2015, it was believed that the gun used in the killings had been located in a closet at the Potenza Carabinieri office. But it was ruled out following investigations.

As of 2017, former legionary Giampiero Vigilanti, 86, has been entered into the list of suspects. But Vigilanti denies any involvement, telling investigators: "Look elsewhere I am not the Monster". He refutes the theory that Pacciani was involved in the killings. It was also recently announced that the discovery of DNA, not attributable to the victims was discovered on a forgotten relic of the last murder. The bloody handkerchief was found a few days after the murders in a bush along with surgeon's gloves.

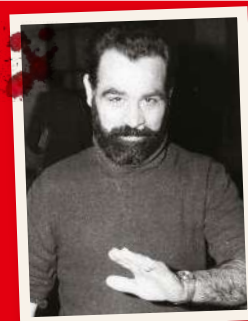
Professor Riccardo of Cagliesi Institute of Legal Medicine of Florence, had in 1985 drawn up a 13-page report, indicating that the material was of human blood group B. A brown human hair follicle was also found on the bodies of Cambi and Baldi. Professor Riccardo's findings were forgotten until late July 2017 when the prosecutor of Florence performed DNA testing, in order to compare it with that of the suspects and convicted criminals. Examiners have said that reliable genetic findings have also been extracted from the envelopes sent to the judges by the killer.

Each participant in the investigation has their own theory. Some believe Pacciani was the killer and that his merry band of accomplices have been sufficiently detained. For others, the Sardinian native who was never seen again after his trial for murder is still a condemned man. There remain many unanswered questions about the case.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



FRANCESCO VINCI

A Sardinian immigrant, plasterer, and petty criminal, Vinci was linked to the gun used in the serial slayings. He was arrested and thrown in prison, but the Monster struck again, leaving Florence's Carabinieri no choice but to release him without charge.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



PIETRO PACCIANI

An old and lumbersome farmer with multiple ailments and known to be a "peeping Tom", Pietro Pacciani was convicted of the murders in 1994 and sentenced to life behind bars. The verdict was later overturned and annulled since DNA evidence did not link back to Pacciani.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



MARIO SPEZI

A crime journalist intently covering the Monster's bloody attacks, Spezi was named as a suspected accomplice to the killer in 2006. He was jailed for impeding the investigation and after 23 days in jail the charges were overturned on appeal and he was released.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



THE CABIN IN THE WOODS MURDERS

THE GRUESOME DISCOVERY OF THREE BATTERED AND MUTILATED BODIES AND A MISSING CHILD BEGAN A DECADES-LONG INVESTIGATION INTO A CASE THAT STILL PROVOKES CONSPIRACY AND CONTROVERSY

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

The foothills of the Sierra Nevada are a four-hour drive north-east of San Francisco. Yet such is the contrast between metropolis and pastoral idyll, it could be a million miles away. The ancient land is almost impossibly scenic; a hiker's dream landscape. Trails pass through sun-dappled pine forests, verdant valleys and lush meadows. Undulating hills clash with rougher shaped jagged peaks. Inviting rivers and waterways run with an abundance of trout. The national parks draw holidaymakers and recreational sports enthusiasts like moths to flame. The region is also home to one of the world's largest specimens of tree: the mighty sequoia. Locals smilingly refer to the foothills as 'God's own country'. The place is a kind of paradise, certainly, but the picture postcard vistas belie a sickening trauma just beneath the surface of this heavenly part of California. One that stubbornly refuses to go away - or to yield its secrets - 34 years on.

Plumas County and the town of Quincy never felt the same after the triple homicide and kidnapping, in Cabin 28 at the Keddle Resort, on 11 April 1981. In the decades since, residents have described feeling haunted by what happened to Glenna Sharp (36), John Sharp (15), Tina Sharp (12) and Dana Wingate (17). It wasn't just the shock of murder in a

tranquil American town, but the ferocious brutality and the mutilated state of their bodies. This was more than killing.

THE KEDDIE RESORT

As a resort, Keddle rented out 33 cabins or offered single rooms in the lodge. The Keddle Lodge restaurant was known in northern California for its fine locally-sourced barbecue cuisine and wines, today renowned around the world. Such was its reputation as a fine eatery, folk would readily drive in from afar as San Fran and Sacramento.

By the late 1970s and into the early 1980s, however, the resort had fallen onto hard times. Owner Gary Mollath began renting out the cabins to low-income families and while by no means a disastrous policy, it is said small-time criminality followed. The distribution and sale of marijuana, in particular, was prevalent.

In November 1980 a recently single mother, Glenna Sharp, arrived in town with her brood and moved into Cabin 28. Her children ranged in age. John, Sheila and Tina were teenagers or thereabouts. Ricky and Greg were aged 10 and 5. After the murders took place residents gossiped about Glenna, who was known to all by her middle name 'Sue'. The

woman was deemed a bit of a loner. It is said she let her kids run wild and townsfolk postulated that a lack of parental skills led the family on the road to ruin. To this day, many in the town feel the murders were related to some sort of drug deal gone very wrong.

Living close by to the Sharp family, in Cabin 28, was chef and occasional drug dealer, Martin Smartt, his wife Marilyn and their children. One of them, Marty's young stepson, Justin, would be present in Cabin 28 at the time of the killings, and his confused witness statements led many to believe he saw something important.

SHARP FAMILY BLUES

As the sole parent in a new neighbourhood, Glenna had attracted the attention of several men in the area. One of these men was John Boubede, a decidedly shady fellow, who would later become a prime suspect in the slayings. Glenna's relationships at the resort prior to her death are not well documented, save for a gentleman, known as Daryl, who left a week before the murders. Witnesses attest to a blazing row between the pair with plenty of cussing, but the guy was tracked down by investigators in neighbouring Butte County and his alibi and whereabouts checked out. He was not the man responsible for the massacre in Cabin 28.

If the Sharps were far from a model of family unity, it did not make them bad people. They were a working-class, single-parent clan experiencing hard times. For a mother to lose her grip on the situation is not uncommon, but neither is it a particular source of shame. Kids, after all, are prone to rebelling against mum and dad as part of their formative experiences. As many attested, Glenna Sharp loved her kids and they did not lack that vital emotional nourishment. The FBI's Behavioural Sciences Unit, however, declared the victims as 'high risk' individuals. This belief stemmed



ABOVE Cabin 28 showed no signs of forced entry. Whoever killed them... knew them

THREE MUTILATED BODIES AND A MISSING GIRL

NO CLEAR MOTIVE. CABIN 28 LEFT MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS.



CLUE THE KNIVES AND HAMMER

A hammer and two knives were left at the scene by the killers. One knife and the hammer were on left on a wooden table in the living room. Detectives also recovered a steak knife from the scene with a peculiar 25-degree bend.



WITNESS

At 01:15, a couple occupying Cabin 16 wake up and believe they hear 'muffled screams'.



VICTIM DANA WINGATE



Dana Wingate was found lying in the living room, as per the others, and his head was partially resting against a cushion removed from the sofa. Cause of death: head trauma and strangulation.



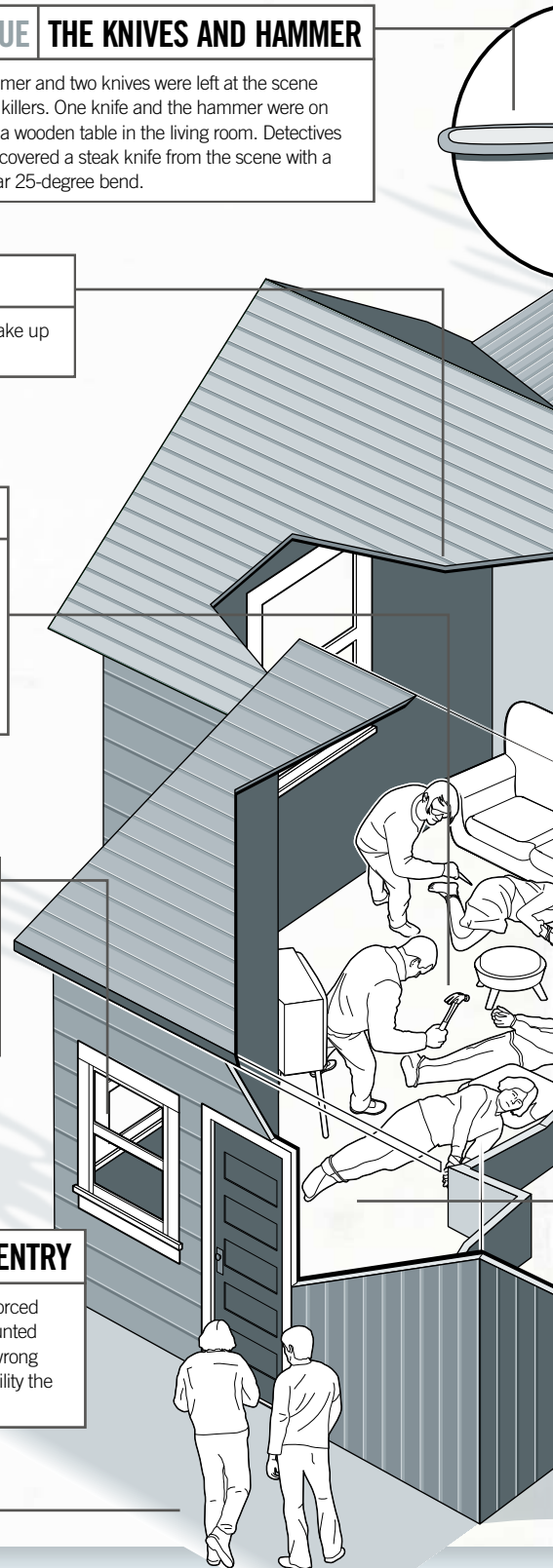
WITNESS

A resident known as Arthur J walks by cabin 28 at 23:30 and notices the porch light is off. This is deemed unusual, as it normally left on.



CLUE NO FORCED ENTRY

The detectives found no sign of forced entry into Cabin 28, which discounted the idea of a burglary gone very wrong and presented the chilling possibility the victims knew their killer.



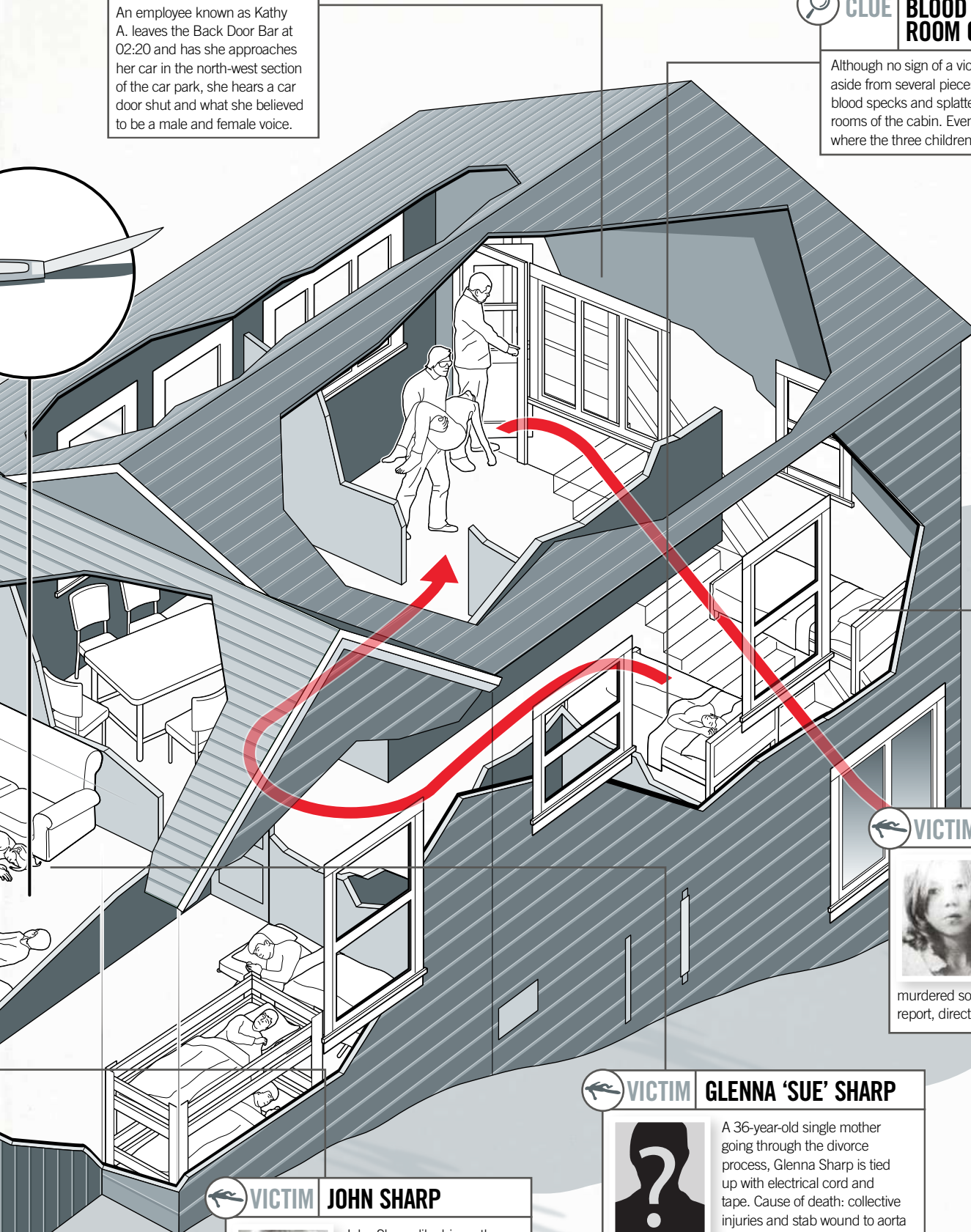
WITNESS

An employee known as Kathy A. leaves the Back Door Bar at 02:20 and has she approaches her car in the north-west section of the car park, she hears a car door shut and what she believed to be a male and female voice.



CLUE BLOOD TRACES IN EVERY ROOM OF THE CABIN

Although no sign of a violent struggle was found, aside from several pieces of rearranged furniture, blood specks and splatters were evident in all rooms of the cabin. Even the adjoining bedroom where the three children slept.



VICTIM TINA SHARP



The FBI presented multiple scenarios in their report of the crime scene. This included her abduction, removal from the cabin and murdered somewhere else and, in a later report, direct involvement in the event.



VICTIM GLENN 'SUE' SHARP



A 36-year-old single mother going through the divorce process, Glenna Sharp is tied up with electrical cord and tape. Cause of death: collective injuries and stab wound to aorta and hemothorax.



VICTIM JOHN SHARP



John Sharp, like his mother, was tied up and suffered blunt and sharp force trauma to the head and body. Cause of the death: the stab wound to his right carotid artery, vein and larynx.

from associations with crooks. (John Sharp was friends with Dana Wingate, a kid with a troubled home life and was well known to the local fuzz, due to his various criminal activities.)

SAVAGE NIGHT: 11 APRIL 1981

As deadly events conspired against the unknowing Sharps, the night began so ordinarily as to render what happened not only a tragedy beyond words, but horrendously perverse. How on earth could a family be murdered so viciously and with neighbours oblivious to what had occurred? Some of the cabins were mere feet apart. It is but one sorry element of the Keddie Murders which defies belief and comprehension.

Sheila had arranged a sleepover at the Seabolts next door, Glenna was at home with Greg, Rick, Tina and their friend Justin came over to spend the night. They played and watched television, until they went off to sleep between 20:00 and 22:00. When they awoke the next morning, to see Sheila ordering them to follow her out of the bedroom window, their lives would change forever. Justin told the police Tina was missing. How could he have known, if he had slept right through? He later told a police officer during an interview about a dream he had had, where Tina had fallen overboard. Prior to getting their heads down for the night, the kids had watched the television series, *The Love Boat*. Was Justin mixing up dream with reality or was it a nightmare cruelly jumbled up in his head as having significance to the case? The problem with Justin's statements to the authorities were that they kept changing - and he was a kid.

Two particular narrative strands may have led directly to the murders. Firstly, John Sharp and his friend Dana Wingate had been partying with acquaintances and friends, and hitchhiked both to and from the party at Oakland Camp. This was in direct defiance of a promise Wingate had made to his foster parents. Had they met their opportunistic murderer(s) and bummed a ride with them? Secondly, Marty Smartt, John Boubede and

“ HOW COULD A FAMILY BE MURDERED SO VICIOUSLY AND WITH NEIGHBOURS OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT HAD OCCURRED? ”



ABOVE One body had been partially covered with a blanket, suggesting remorse from the killer(s)

THE SKULL

THE GHOULISH DISCOVERY OF A CHILD'S SKULL ANSWERED ONE QUESTION, BUT RAISED MORE

In 1984 Robert Pedrini, out looking for old bottles, found a human skull 200 yards from a campsite used by the Boy Scouts of America, nine miles from the local beauty spot, Feather Falls. A remote location, it is situated 50 miles south from Keddie, in Butte County.

Pedrini called the local sheriff's office and they recovered the skull. A deputy from then contacted Dr Turhon Merhad, forensic anthropologist at Chico State University, and asked him to study the skull. Was it modern or prehistoric? If it was the latter, the cops would hand it over to a Native American tribe and that would be that. However, Dr Merhad filed a preliminary report and revealed the skull belonged to a child aged between 11-12.

The skull was in good shape, there was nothing to signify evidence of blunt force trauma or sharp force trauma. No cause of death could be determined during the limited postmortem. Dr Merhad suggested rodents, perhaps woodland squirrels, had denuded the skull of all flesh, which left it exposed and clean as a whistle. When it came to approximating a timescale related to the child's death, it was found very difficult to answer. There was no grease found on the skull and it was odourless. One part of the skull was covered in dirt and the other side had been exposed to sunlight and was bleached out. Dr Merhad concluded therefore that for the bleaching process to occur, it

would take roughly a year or maybe even a couple of years.

After an anonymous phone call was received on 30 May, on 8 June, a remarkable find was made: an investigative team recovered a piece of lower jaw while undertaking a painstaking re-examination of the area, based on the anonymous tip. The Department of Justice's missing persons unit sent X-rays, the skull and useable part of the lower jaw to help identify the body. These were compared with Tina's dental records and a forensics expert, Dr Norman Sperber, confirmed to the authorities the skull belonged to the missing child. Instead of settling matters, it only provoked more head-scratching.

THE TALE OF MARTY SMARTT AND JOHN BOUBEDE

THE TWO MET IN A HOSPITAL FOR VIETNAM VETS AND BECAME PRIME SUSPECTS IN THE CABIN 28 MURDERS

Martin Smartt scarpered from Keddie Resort a couple of weeks after the murders. His marriage was toast and he well knew the cops were looking at him closely. One day in mid-April, Smartt was spotted walking alone along Highway 70 near Portola, hauling a backpack and wearing his green army jacket. It's the sympathetic Vietnam-vet-as-social-outcast image with a perverse twist. Smartt knew the heat was on. He had made an attempt to plead his innocence to a close pal, but wasn't that interested in staying around to fight against any future potential charges.

A cook by trade, Smartt served two tours in 'Nam and believed his experiences of war left deep psychological scars. The truth was far less honourable: he was there as a chef and was stationed well away from the fighting. Like many soldiers over there, he took advantage of the easy access to drugs and returned to the US acting like a five-star lunatic. One time, he threatened to kill his brother and blow up his parents' house. His behaviour upon rotating back to the world was erratic, violent and unpredictable. Smartt also routinely threatened the lives of his wife and children.

Marty's propensity to anger quickly and act violently towards others, even his nearest and dearest, as well as a lack of a solid alibi during the night of 11 April and into the early hours of 12 April, created suspicion among folk. Marilyn's doubts about her husband stemmed from his abusive nature, his lightning quick temper and the fact she thought he was more than capable of committing murder. He also knew the victims and Boubede had expressed an interest in getting to know Glenna Sharp on a romantic level.

In the early months of 1981, Marty was regularly attending a hospital for veterans, in Reno, Nevada, to receive counselling. Smartt told the therapist about his anger issues, marital woes and that he was suffering

post-traumatic stress disorder. A month before the killings took place, Smartt befriended John Boubede, during the stay on Ward 4A. John was known to everybody as 'Bou'. Marty invited John to move into the Smartt's cabin, numbered 26, without any prior notification and became a fixture in the household. Marilyn dared not say a word about their new house guest, in case it riled her husband. Marty and Boubede became bosom buddies, but did it spark off a folie à deux situation, one which led to murder? It takes two to tango, a gun needs bullets, and a stick of dynamite requires the spark of a flame to ignite.

Unlike Marty Smartt, whose dalliances with criminality were minor (he sold hash occasionally to residents), Boubede was a convicted criminal with a charge sheet including breaking and entering, home invasion, bank robbery and allegedly he had links to the Chicago Mafia. 'Bou' was a bad egg and certainly not the kind of man you bring into a sleepy rural community.

Smartt and Boubede were interviewed by the police on 13 April and gave statements. These interviews were taped and transcribed. In them, both men related their comings and goings during the night. The accounts are evasive and possibly total fiction after a certain point. Incredibly, when such holes in their statements appeared, detectives Harry Bradley and PA Crim Jr, conducting the interviews, failed to recognise them. Marty concocted a tale about two guys he'd never seen before, drinking in the Backdoor bar who they looked odd. No other witnesses interviewed recalled these two men. Boubede played the 'I'm new in town and don't know nothing' card. Acting dumb worked for him. He was able, also, to hide the fact he had a record as long as his arm. Later, Boubede was driven to a local bus station and he left town for Klamath Falls, Oregon. Smartt remained and undertook a polygraph test on 17 April, passed it and left Keddie for good.



ABOVE Blood on Glenna Sharp's feet suggested she had initially survived the attack



ABOVE A child's skull was found 50 miles from Keddie. It belonged to Tina Sharp

THE INVESTIGATION

COPS WERE STUMPED BY THE SENSELESS SLAYING, BUT THE FBI DEVELOPED A COMPELLING THEORY

Sheila Sharp returned from the sleepover at the Seabolds, right next door to Cabin 28. She was up bright and early because she'd decided to join the family at their local church service. It was 7:45 a.m. She walked the short journey, literally a few yards, and opened the front door. She found her mother, her brother and his friend, Dana, lying close together, dead in the living room.

Sheila, traumatised but spurred immediately into action, ran back to the Seabolds and with their help, managed to pull Greg, Ricky and Justin through a bedroom window, so they did not have to see the state of the living room. Unable to use the phone, they ran over to the caretaker's cabin, number 25, and made a call to the sheriff's office. The cops arrived approximately ten minutes later, around 8:00.

Police entered the crime scene and were overwhelmed by the grotesque nature of what they saw. This was big city-type evil, not the sort of thing which happened in quiet little Plumas County. The victims were not only killed, but mutilated and beaten beyond recognition. As Patrol Commander Rod DeCrona told the press, whoever was responsible for the murders was a 'psychopath'.

In later years, the Plumas County sheriff's department would come in for much criticism for their handling of the case, which included neglecting potential DNA evidence and failing to secure a crime scene properly. As the surviving eldest, Sheila provided the police

with information about her mother, brother and sister. As well as Tina being physically absent, Sheila reported she had not seen her the night before, and assumed she'd been out playing with friends. Also missing from Cabin 28 was a shoebox Tina had made for a class project. She had a particular attachment to this shoebox. A red nylon jacket and shoes were gone, too.

The police devoted 4,000 man-hours and eight investigators to solving the murders, but the mysteries only seemed to deepen. Nothing could be tied together to fit any particular scenario. The lack of clear motive, no sign of forced entry and Tina's disappearance continued to stump authorities. The groundbreaking Behavioural Science Unit at the FBI pitched in with their rather surprising version of events. John Douglas profiled the potential suspect, too, but even he remained cautious as to the likelihood of the scenario's veracity.

Douglas also noted that Dana Wingate had had a troubled home life, was in foster care, had been known to commit crimes such as burglary and displayed antisocial behaviour. Wingate also had a penchant for cruelty to animals. Douglas concluded he was therefore likely to know the criminal element in the Plumas County area and be involved in illegal activities. Did he lead the killer or killers to the Sharps' unassuming door?

Of the crime scene, he stated the killings were an 'afterthought' and not premeditated. He deduced this by the materials and weapons

used in the murders (a steak knife, a claw hammer and bindings derived from the home). Douglas, too, did not discount the idea there was a sole perpetrator. But he would have been physically strong and in complete control of the environment.

The big twist in the five-page report is that Douglas postulated the key involvement of Tina in the crimes. He also stated Glenna and John Sharp knew their murderer. Glenna was covered in a blanket from her bed. It's an unusual detail, for sure, but one that Douglas believed was crucial to interpreting the scene. Why cover up the body? Is there remorse involved? Being respectful of a person who may be upset by the body? Douglas felt the crime was committed by a man involved somehow with the younger Sharp and murdered Glenna, Johnny and Dana, who was never a target, but in the wrong place at the wrong time, out of warped love and sense of duty toward the child.



The Sheriff released this drawing of the two men they wanted to speak to

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



JOHN BOUBEDE

Now deceased, Boubede was new to Keddie and lived with Smartt. He had a long rap sheet of convictions. He was interviewed and released, leaving town and heading for Oregon. Had he been in a bad mood that night after Glenna had declines his company?

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



MARTIN SMARTT

With no solid alibi the night of the murders, the easily-angered former Vietnam veteran became the prime suspect, having lived next door to the Sharps in Cabin 26. He later moved to Oregon and died in 2006. His wife Marilyn had said that he had been in a grumpy mood that night – and he had no solid alibi at key times.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JOEL WALKER LIPSEY

A special-education teacher at Tina's school who taught Tina part-time, Joel Lipsey had pictures of Tina on his desk and displayed at home. He was also a convicted child molester, involved in lewd or lascivious acts with a 14-year-old child. However, his solid alibi meant that investigators ruled him out as a suspect in the case.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

Marilyn Smartt set off for a night out at the Back Door Bar, their local watering hole, Marty insisted on Marilyn inviting Glenna, so that his buddy John had some female company. Boubede had taken a shine to Glenna, but she didn't want to go and told Marilyn so. Later on, though Marilyn is a somewhat unreliable witness, she told the police the rejection left Marty and John stewing and in a grumpy mood. But would such a slight kick off a mass killing?

Between 22:00 and the following early hours of 12 April, the killer(s) entered Cabin 28, tied up Glenna, Johnny and Dana with duct tape and electrical cord, stabbed and beat them to death with a knife and claw hammer. Sue had been gagged with a blue bandana and her panties. They were embedded deep within her mouth and throat. The killer(s) tied her up with two types of electric cord, one coloured brown and the other black. White adhesive tape had also been used to bound her hands and ankles. The subsequent autopsy report and photographs noted the marked tightness of the ligatures. She suffered multiple bruises and lacerations to the face, stab wounds to the throat (her larynx was severed) and chest area and her teeth were fractured. Her lounging dress was saturated with blood. Her body was next to Dana Wingate's, directly in front of the sofa.

John was found closest to the front door, his hands and feet tied with the same kinds of duct tape and electrical cord. A bent steak knife was found very close to his body. The head and face was severely beaten. The brain had swelled from the trauma of the blows. He was stabbed in the throat – the right carotid artery, vein and larynx were cut – and his chest also received puncture wounds from a knife. The right orbital bone was fractured.

Dana's murder differed on several fronts. He was not stabbed, but died from asphyxia brought on by strangulation. As with the others, his teeth were fractured and there was swelling of the brain from repeated blows to the head. When his body was discovered, his head was placed on a sofa cushion and his arms and legs were not tied up like the others. Dana had an electrical cord and white adhesive tape on left arm and the left ankle of his hiking boots, but they were not connected with the right arm or leg.

Had Dana helped the assailant(s) with Glenna and Johnny before his own grisly demise? Why had Sue been covered up with a blanket from her bed, too? The FBI found this particular detail very telling, and they summed up – much to the shock of the surviving family – that Tina may have taken part or aided the killer or killers in their activity that night. But when it comes to the Keddie Murders, the lack of a clear motive and the array of theories muddled the waters. Tina disappeared from the face of the earth for three years, until partial remains were recovered (the skull and detached lower mandible) in 1984. This resolution of sorts offered too few solutions to dislodge the case from true crime infamy and urban myth, inspiring in part 2008 home invasion horror movie *The Strangers*.

“ THE KEDDIE MURDERS RANK AS ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST UNSOLVED CRIMES AND ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING. THE TRUTH MAY NEVER BE KNOWN ”

THE AFTERMATH

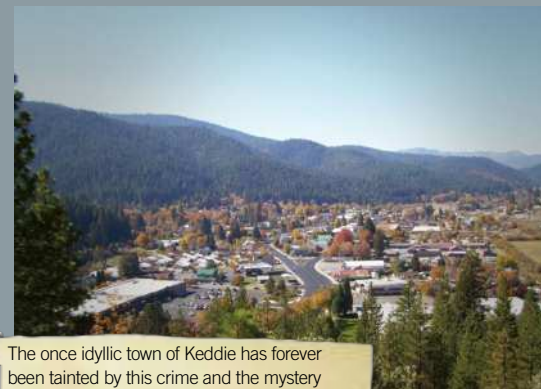
34 YEARS LATER, THE CASE CONTINUES TO HAUNT PLUMAS COUNTY

In the absence of the truth, the murders in Cabin 28 on 11 April 1981 became swamped in wild tales involving drug trafficking, the Mafia, hired assassins, sex rings and all sorts of sordid nastiness. It began as something very real, but soon turned into stories of the supernatural.

Ghosts make perfect metaphors for the haunted past and soon enough locals and those brought up in Plumas County and the nearby town of Quincy spread legends of ghostly goings on. Cabin 28 was dubbed 'Murder House' and the place considered to be rampant with poltergeist activity. Teens would get their kicks breaking in and relating stories to their pals about hearing spooky noises or seeing spirit manifestations. Scott Lawson, executive director of Plumas County Museum, told a San Francisco Gate reporter in 2001, "It's the whodunit of the century around here." It wasn't easy letting go.

The Keddie Resort was never the same after that bloody night and it slowly fell apart. Within the space of a year, folk began to leave and the owners put it up for sale in 1984. The asking price was \$1.8 million, but nobody was interested. Vagrants began to occupy the deserted cabins and it effectively became a ghost town. There were attempts to rebuild the community, but it was never the same again. In 2004, Cabin 28 was demolished for good, not long after a former owner described to the press her terrifying experiences of living there. She'd even wanted the place exorcised, at one point.

For Sheila Sharp and others directly affected, the killings continued to plague their lives. Survivors and relatives of murder victims are presented with a horrible existential conundrum: trying to move on, to live with the pain the best they can, but with memories lurking at the back of the mind. Like a wound, it can fester and spread. Learning to cope is a great emotional challenge. Some get by, others fail miserably. The Keddie Murders rank as one of California's greatest unsolved crimes and one of the most baffling. The truth may never be known.



The once idyllic town of Keddie has forever been tainted by this crime and the mystery that surrounds it

WHO KILLED SISTER CATHY CESNIK?



THE MURDER OF A BALTIMORE NUN IN 1969 WOULD DECADES LATER EXPOSE A SHOCKING CHURCH SCANDAL AND COVER-UP. YET THE BIGGEST QUESTION STILL REMAINS UNANSWERED: WHO KILLED SISTER CATHY?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

George Brown and his ten-year-old lad were out in the biting winter cold to try out a new hunting rifle. They'd headed for a quiet place, a discreet patch of land, 100 yards from Monumental Avenue, in the Lansdowne area of Baltimore, Maryland. As they hit a slope, the pair saw something covered by the snow. It could have been a shop mannequin. But it wasn't that. Brown knew what it was. He and his boy traipsed back through the woodland to the nearest house to call the cops.

On 3 January 1970, the decomposed corpse of a young woman was found wearing a navy-blue skirt and white slip. She was laid down on her back and wore an aqua-coloured winter coat. The skirt had been bunched up, suggesting a sexual assault. Pantyhose, a single shoe and her purse were located a few feet away. The victim's remains had been partially eaten by animals. There were no tracks due to fresh snowfall. Despite plummeting temperatures on the day, fluctuations between mild and severe cold that winter caused flies to lay their eggs and maggots to develop in the throat (a point of contention with major ramifications decades later).

Upon receiving news that a body had been discovered, a county department officer called in M Squad (Major Crimes Investigative Unit). Captain Bud Roemer soon arrived with his boys. Reflecting on the scene years later, to journalist Tom Nugent, Roemer described the Sister Cathy murder: "Every homicide cop has one case that haunts him to the end of his career, and Sister Cathy is mine."

Sister Cathy Cesnik, a 26-year-old nun and high school teacher, vanished without a trace on the night of 7 November 1969. The murder and its unsolved status remained like an open wound on the city of Baltimore. From 1970 to the early 1990s, it was filed as just another unfortunate unsolved homicide. The city had plenty of those (there were 350 homicides in 1969 alone). Unbeknown to all involved – either the Cesnik family or the local fuzz – Cathy Cesnik's death would grow into a real-life thriller or the type of narrative where a localised incident (a murder) branched off into a tributary of an era-defining scandal: abuses of the Catholic Church and the thousands of sex crimes committed by men who were supposed to be God's reps on Earth and paragons of utmost virtue. What nonsense.

Exposing these men as the sexual predators and misogynist hypocrites they were, former high school students taught by Sister Cathy at Archbishop Keough High School began to speak out. What they claimed shocked Baltimore (a very Catholic city with the oldest Catholic diocese in America). But then a theory developed that Sister Cathy was murdered because she was about to bust the whole scandal wide open and had to be stopped from exposing the truth. In the eyes of Keough alumni, Sister Cathy was the nun who knew too much. What she did know and what she set out to do is sadly lost to time and the vacuum of conjecture. A nun on a mission to right a wrong (and killed for it) or was she more wrapped up in personal woes?

THE KILLING OF THEIR SAINT

Everybody remembers a great teacher or a fearsome teacher. The cliché is true, whether it's an inspiring figure or a classroom tyrant. Sister Cathy Cesnik (perhaps due to unfortunate events) is remembered by former pupils of Archbishop Keough High School with the reverence afforded to a saint. Gemma Hoskins, who has spearheaded a people-power justice campaign on Facebook, now changed and branded to reflect Netflix's web-documentary, *The Keepers*, stated: "Catherine Cesnik is the reason I became a teacher. I still regard her as the finest teacher I ever had."

This line of thought and tribute is entirely understandable. The murder of a teacher is likely to be remembered as a very specific and very tragic event in students' early lives. What's more, the murder tapped into the grotesque hypocrisies of the Catholic Church, patriarchal dominance in society and horrifying sexual abuse at the hands of a former Keough High guidance counsellor, Father Joseph Maskell.

On the one hand, the Church preached love and the Lord's redeeming light. On the other, it was taking part in crimes against vulnerable girls and telling them it was all their fault because they were floozies, no-good whores and shameless sluts who deserved what was happening to them. These vile men portrayed themselves as conduits to God, but were channelling nothing but their own desires and flexing their power like preening peacocks, hiding behind the dog collar unchallenged for years. When the Church did act, they merely shuffled priests from one parish to another, or sent them away to 'retreats'. The murder of Sister Cathy may have absolutely nothing to do with the crimes of the Church and Father Joseph Maskell at all. But her story, her professional life and her untimely death, is forever bound to it.

Whenever we think of saintly nuns, two images from the 20th century (one non-fictional, the other fictional) tend to come to mind: Mother Theresa and Julie Andrews as Sister Maria in Robert Wise's classic, *The Sound Of Music*. Former students described Sister Cathy as a brilliant teacher with a sunny disposition, who played guitar, was approachable, gave off positive vibes and appeared to be kindness incarnate. One time, she took a class to see Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo And Juliet*, to help them get to grips with William Shakespeare's classic tragedy. She loved being a teacher. But did she love



ABOVE Sister Cathy Cesnik was a popular and well-respected teacher and nun in Baltimore

ABOVE RIGHT Was Sister Cathy preparing to blow the whistle on sexual abuse and relationships between priests and students at Archbishop Keough High School when she was killed?

being a nun? While Keough survivors and former students sing her praises to this very day, they did not have access to Cathy's private life. Like most frustrated folk, it wasn't the radiating, spiritually reviving presence of Christ in her life she was yearning for, but a flesh and blood man (Father Gerry Koob), whom she'd developed the hots for and was involved in a relationship with (its nature is disputed to this day).

VANISHED INTO THIN AIR

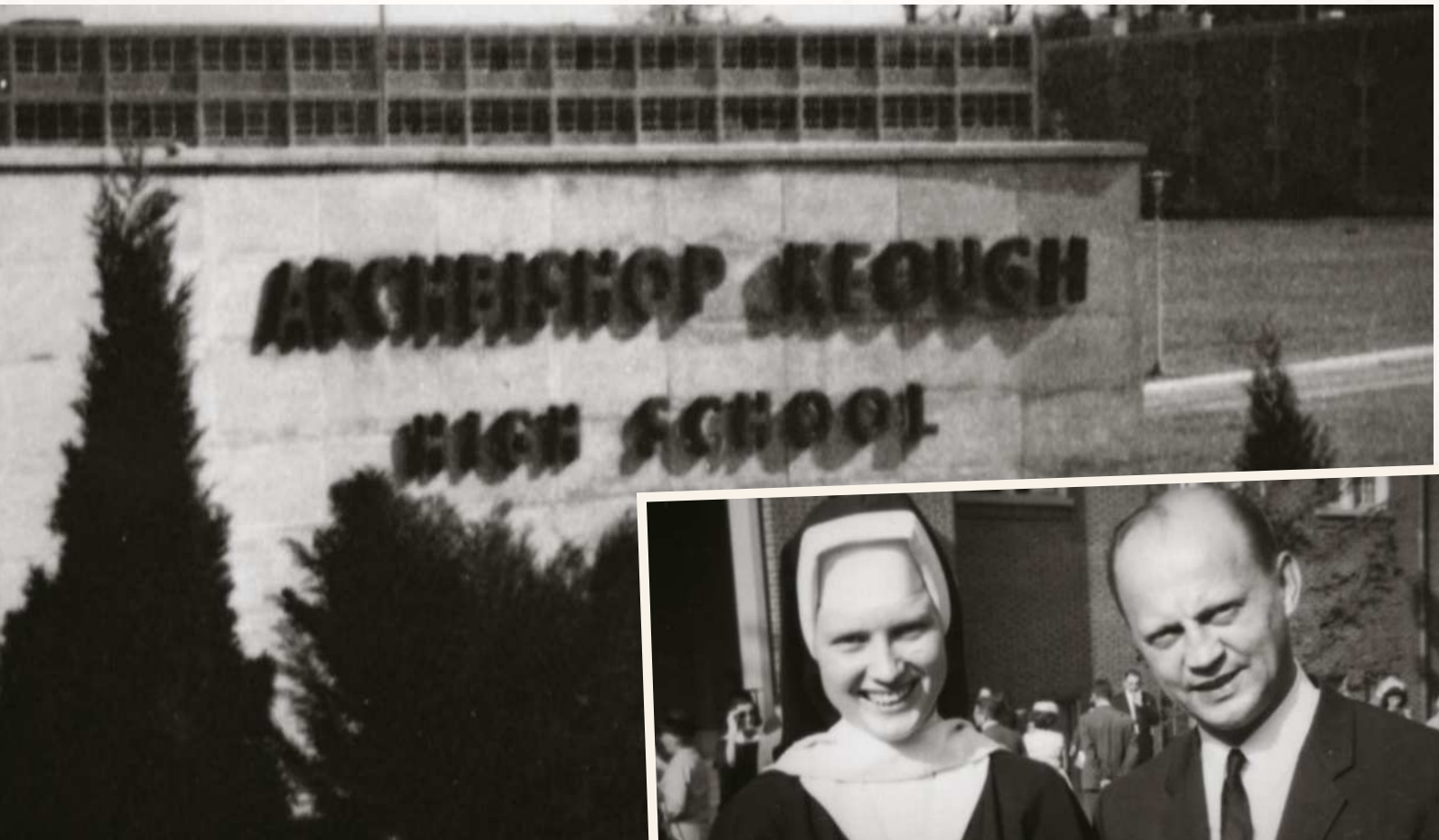
At the time of her disappearance, Sister Cathy no longer worked at Keough. In the fall term of 1969, she'd taken up a new teaching position at Western High School. Why had she left? Cesnik also asked (and received permission) to go out into the world without her habit and daily nun garb. This 'exclaustration' initiative allowed her to work in the public sector yet retain her status as a soldier of Christ.

The Keepers doc is far too reliant on memories and impressions going back almost 50 years. One student went so far as to recall Sister Cathy being out of sorts in the spring of 1969, which might explain the change in scenery she required. "To me, she seemed stressed out, perhaps even on the edge of a nervous breakdown. She was exhausted and extremely nervous, and she missed a lot of school during the spring months." Are these recollections accurate? To be taken as gospel? So many years down the line? Would a pupil have such insight into a teacher's inner life and struggles?

Students attest they would still visit Sister Cathy at her apartment, which she shared with fellow nun Helen Russell Phillips, after she'd left Keough. They continued to discuss the crimes being committed at the school (which they claim



Father Maskell invited police officers to his office to stand guard while they abused the girls



she was aware of and may have been on the verge of acting against). In this narrative and viewpoint, Sister Cathy is portrayed as somebody displaying feminist credentials with a firm embracement of sisterhood. One anonymous witness described going to the apartment at Carriage House and discussing her experiences, when Maskell and Father Neil Magnus burst in and threatened everybody with a gun. The next day, Sister Cathy was murdered and dumped out in the sticks, undiscovered for two months.

What could Sister Cathy have ultimately done? Who would she have reported her concerns to? The Mother Superior? The archbishop? It's fanciful to believe Sister Cathy's actions would have brought things crashing down. That isn't how things worked. Bud Roemer said as much, years later, to Tom Nugent: "There was something wrong at the Catholic high school where Sister Cathy taught. What you had there was a whole lot of sex going on among priests and students. Can you imagine the scandal, in 1970, if that stuff had ever come out in a trial? Hell, it could have blown the lid right off the Church!"

There would be no justice for the victims until the early 1990s. Not because Sister Cathy was murdered, her life taken when she had so much to offer the world through her role as a teacher, but society needed to change and the Church's all-powerful grip on our daily lives had weakened. Sister Cathy may well have intended on having a word with some person in authority, but that's where it would have ended. No house of cards would come tumbling down, whether she was bumped off or not. The victims had to reclaim their own agency in adulthood and to put right grave wrongs. They did so under the banner of their murdered saint.



Sister Cesnik began her training for nunhood in 1960 and joined Archbishop Keough in 1965

THE 'NEIGHBOUR DID IT' THEORY

The list of suspects related to the murder goes beyond Gerry Koob and Joseph Maskell. A neighbour of Sister Cathy's, Mr Billy Schmidt, has been tagged as a possible contender by his relatives.

Schmidt lived in a ground-floor apartment in Carriage House. The daughter recalled a childhood memory, where her father (Billy's brother) in an intense argument with the mother, said: "You want to know why I drink? Because we killed a woman and put her behind the shop!"

Schmidt's place of business was located not very far from where Sister Cathy's body was found in Oak Park. According to family, Billy was gay and only ever said complimentary things about Sister Cathy. The Schmidt angle lacks any real motive and hinges on what sound like tall family tales.

THE INVESTIGATION

INVESTIGATORS HAD A BODY BUT FEW LEADS TO GO ON. THE CHURCH TOLD COPS TO BACK OFF THEIR PREFERRED SUSPECT BECAUSE HE WORE A DOG COLLAR

Cops had their dead nun on the slab. The autopsy gave cause of death as blunt force trauma. One blow to the throat area left marks and caused suffocation to occur. A wound to the cranium – which pierced the skull – led to brain haemorrhage. The contents of her last meal suggested she was killed 45 to 90 minutes after leaving to go shopping (she left the apartment at 7:30pm).

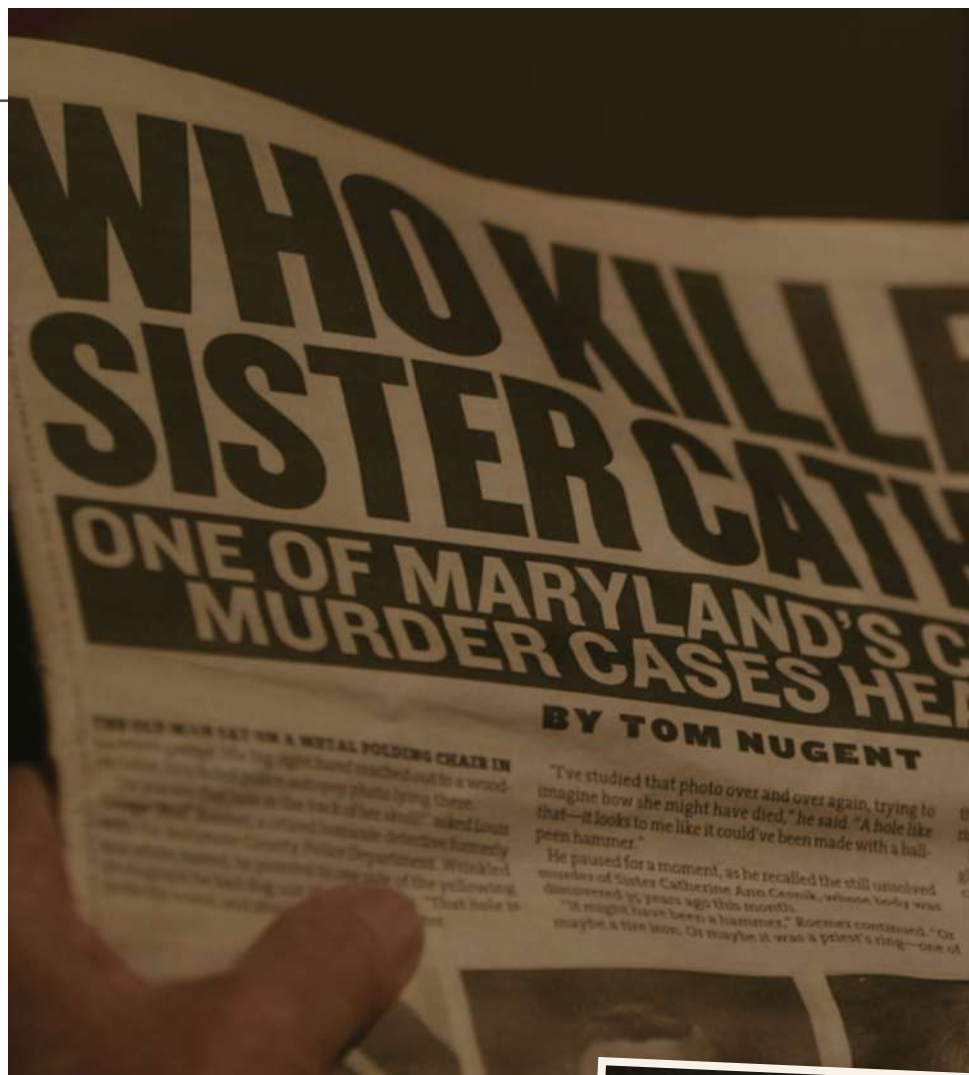
The police scrambled to develop theories as to why Sister Cathy had been killed. They set out to interview potential suspects and hopefully bring the person responsible to account. Cathy's disappearance was big news and Baltimore residents were shocked. When she turned up dead, the shock was even greater. Who kills a holy person?

Any cop will tell you the same thing: time is the enemy of police investigation and the first 24 hours are crucial to how things may or may not proceed. The kicker here is two months had already passed before the body turned up. Bud Roemer developed a theory: Sister Cathy had been abducted at or around the Edmondson Village mall, was killed and her body dumped where it was later chanced upon in the Lansdowne area. Roemer's theory was compelling and realistic, if not for one major snafu: Sister Cathy's green 1969 Ford Maverick.

Father Koob and Father Pete McKeon took a walk in the early hours of the morning along North Bend Road, outside Cathy's house. Just 15 metres from the apartment block at Carriage House, they stumbled upon Cathy's car. What was it doing there? Why did the pair go for a walk at four in the morning? Her killer would not have driven the vehicle back to Cathy's home address and left it for somebody to find – and how would he even know where she lived?

If Roemer's theory was correct, the Maverick would have been located far from the crime scene and Sister Cathy's home. This finickity detail put the kibosh on Roemer's scenario. No opportunistic creep out on the prowl for a beautiful young girl to slay is going to take a car back to the victim's house – a brazen act if so, and counter-intuitive as well as dumb. A neighbour on their driveway taking out the trash, somebody walking their pooch around the block could have seen him and, most importantly, identified him as a person of interest. But nobody saw a thing.

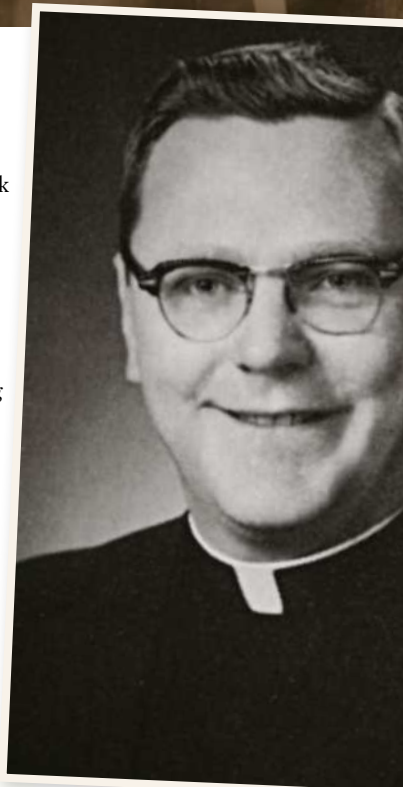
“CATHY'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS BIG NEWS... WHEN SHE TURNED UP DEAD, THE SHOCK WAS EVEN GREATER. WHO KILLS A HOLY PERSON?”



Detective Nick Giangrosso, who led the investigation until M Squad took over upon discovery of the body, wondered if the culprit was somebody Sister Cathy knew personally. And was the Maverick used to dispose of Sister Cathy's body (mud on the tyres suggests so) and driven back to where she lived? Whoever killed her must have known her, right? The lack of signs of struggle, too, lent weight to this scenario.

The first prominent suspect was Father Gerry Koob, who, along with McKeon and Sister Helen Russell Phillips, set alarm bells ringing when the coppers deconstructed their actions on the night in question. There was something strikingly odd about it all, which put big fat question marks above all three. Why, exactly, had Russell Phillips called Father Koob when Sister Cathy had failed to come home? He was all the way out in another part of Maryland. Surely the first port of call is – and always should be – the police?

Koob was brought downtown for a powwow. What had he been up to on the night in question? Koob and McKeon had gone out to the pictures, to see *Easy Rider*, the counter-culture smash hit which changed the paradigm in Hollywood movie-making for a good decade. It's hardly the sort of movie – a story about two LSD-scoffing, Mary



Policeman Bud Roemer told journalist Tom Nugent: "Every homicide cop has one case that haunts him to the end of his career, and Sister Cathy is mine"

TRICKS OF THE MIND

REPRESSED/FALSE MEMORY IS BELOVED BY FICTION WRITERS AND MOVIES, BUT STUDIES SUGGEST BOOKS AND FILMS ARE WRONG

BIO CHRISTOPHER FRENCH

Professor Christopher French has carried out research in a range of studies and has focused on cognitive bias and how the human mind can fool itself with misremembering events and memories.



Is repressed memory a controversial concept?

The concept of repression is central to psychoanalytic theory and is widely accepted as a genuine phenomenon by the public, as well as professionals working in legal and psychological areas. However, the idea of repressed memories is very controversial as there is no convincing scientific evidence in support of this psychoanalytic concept. The idea is that if someone has a traumatic experience, an automatic and involuntary psychological defence mechanism kicks in and pushes

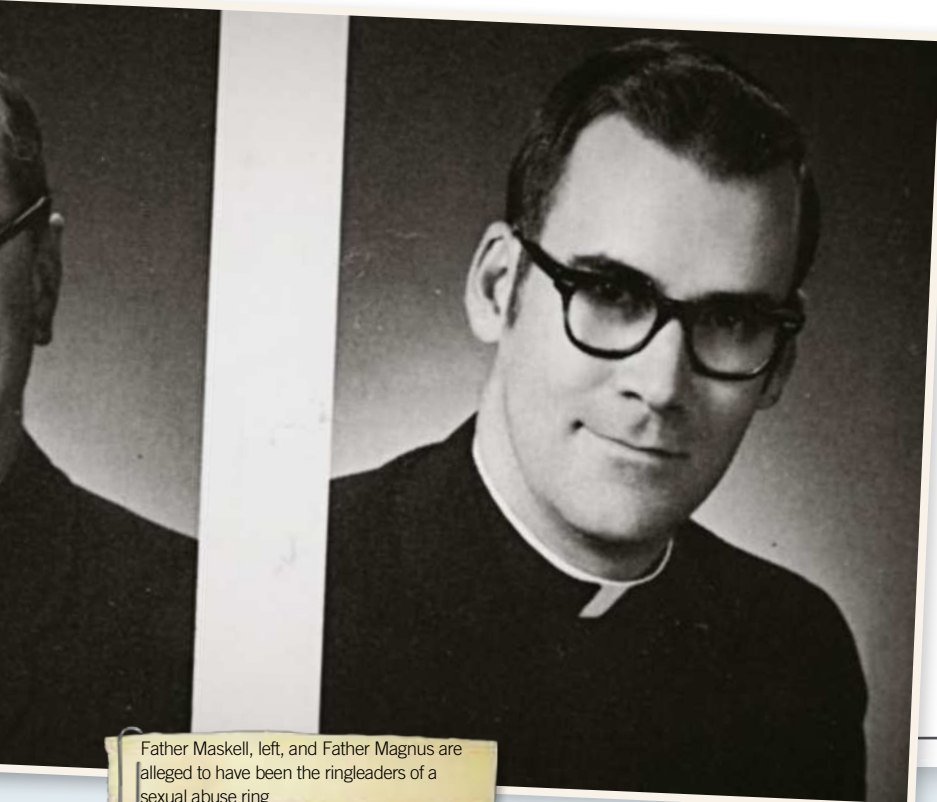
the memory for the experience into the unconscious mind. The memory is then not consciously accessible but may, it is claimed, sometimes return to consciousness either spontaneously or as a result of psychotherapy. Although fiction writers understandably love this idea, memory scientists generally totally reject it.

Can people truly recover repressed memories or is there something else going on?

The available evidence strongly suggests that traumatic events are far more likely to be remembered than forgotten. Indeed, a central symptom of post-traumatic stress disorder is unwanted memory flashbacks of the traumatic event. When traumatic memories are apparently recovered, either spontaneously or during therapy, it is highly likely that they are, in fact, false memories – that is, memories for events that never actually happened at all.

How do false memories arise?

One of the most common ways for false memories to arise is when people imagine events that never actually happened and subsequently mistake their memory for the imagined experience for a memory of a real event. Not surprisingly, people with very good imaginations are more susceptible to false memories than people with less vivid imaginations. False memories can also arise when people recall something they dreamed about or saw in a film or read in a book as being something that has happened to them personally.



Father Maskell, left, and Father Magnus are alleged to have been the ringleaders of a sexual abuse ring

Jane-toking bikers driving across America – you'd expect two men of the cloth to go see. It's certainly not *The Sound Of Music* or a Technicolor Biblical epic in CinemaScope. At first, the alibi looked legit. But Koob and McKeon were backing each other up and nobody else was around to corroborate the story. They produced the ticket stubs, sure, and maintained until they got the call from Sister Phillips, they were at Manresa Jesuit retreat out in Annapolis (50 kilometres southeast of Baltimore and a good half hour drive to and from Carriage House), downing Tia Marias.

Neither Giangrosso or Roemer liked the story. And wasn't it a bit convenient they were the ones to discover Sister Cathy's car the way they did? The introduction of Father Koob is the first instance in which the Sister Cathy murder gets tied up with the far-reaching power of the Catholic Church and possible police collusion in dropping suspects with a dog collar. Roemer decided to press Koob further and explored his background with Sister Cathy. Why had Phillips called him? Well, Koob was involved in a relationship with Cathy (which he described as platonic and purely chaste) and their friendship meant a great deal.

Heading out to Manresa, a letter was unearthed by Roemer from Cathy to Gerry (the correspondence hadn't reached the priest until after her disappearance). What's striking is the missive by Sister Cathy is very personal: "I'm all curled up in bed. My 'period' has finally arrived, ten days late." She added: "My heart aches so for you."

The letter's contents revealed Koob's spin on the relationship was nonsense with a side order of embarrassment. This was a steamy LOVE LETTER. Cathy poured out her hopes and dreams. "I must tell you, I want you within me. I want to have your children" – sounds a lot more than stolen glances, thwarted passion, duty first to a higher power and holding hands, right? Koob was deeply uncomfortable about two things: he'd been found out to be lying about his relationship and the contents of Cathy's letter are vividly sexual. "I want you within me" – she wasn't talking spiritually, here. The pair had taken their vows and this kind of carrying on was strictly verboten by the Church. Was Cathy pressuring Koob to leave his Lord for her? Were they tortured by their lust? Did they see themselves as Baltimore's own Abelard and Heloise?

Roemer stated to Tom Nugent that Koob had admitted he was having sex with the missing nun. He also told Roemer they had dated a few years beforehand, before they'd heeded the call to the Lord. Koob proposed marriage and Cathy rebuffed him. She was married to Jesus Christ, but human desire and longing continued to override duty. Today, Koob denies any sexual activities between he and Cathy. "They really grilled me because I was a man that she knew. And that was their theory: she was killed by somebody who knew her," Koob recalled, in the Netflix documentary, *The Keepers*. "I was in no way involved in it and never have been."

In a news report the day after the disappearance, however, Peter McKeon told reporters he did not drive from Annapolis with Koob, but from his home in Beltsville. This information is striking because it contradicted the account the priest has maintained to this day. Koob clearly does not like the inference he is hiding something... and what to make of his bizarre statement in *The Keepers*, where he

SISTER CATHY'S FINAL MOMENTS

SISTER CATHY CESNIK'S MOVEMENTS THE NIGHT SHE WAS KILLED WERE ROUTINE... UNTIL SHE MET HER KILLER



WITNESS THE YELLING

Mary Spence, then a young girl from Keough High School, is standing outside a teacher's house at night (she had a crush on him). The teacher lived just a block away from Cathy's house. Spence hears yelling ("a man's voice, booming") from the direction of Carriage House apartments.



CLUE CATHY'S CAR

At around 4:30am, Sister Cathy's 1969 green Ford Maverick is found unlocked and parked adjacent to her apartment, by Koob and McKeon. There is mud on the tyres and a twig caught in the steering wheel.



ABOVE Sister Cathy was beloved by her students, who were relatively close in age to her. She was very much missed when she disappeared

! EVENT THE SHOPPING TRIP

After cashing a cheque for \$255 at a bank in Catonsville, Sister Cathy buys buns from Muhly's Bakery at the Edmundson Village shopping mall. It is between this trip to the mall and heading home, where Sister Cathy meets her killer.

! EVENT CALLING FATHER KOOB

At around midnight, Phillips is concerned by the fact Sister Cathy has not returned to Carriage House. But she does not phone the police. Instead, she rings Father Gerry Koob, Cesnik's friend with whom she had a romantic relationship.

👁️ WITNESS THE FLATMATE

Russell Phillips engages in a brief conversation with flatmate Cathy. Cathy outlines her plans for the evening: a trip to the bank and shopping for jewellery (her cousin had just got engaged and she intended to buy a present).

! EVENT CALLING THE COPS

At 1:00am, Koob telephones the cops and they report Sister Cathy as a missing person. The policeman takes down the details. Koob, Phillips and Father Pete McKeon gather for mass at the kitchen table.

👁️ WITNESS PARKING LOT WITNESS

At 8:30pm, an eyewitness (identified as an airline stewardess) saw Sister Cathy parked in her green Ford Maverick in the building's parking lot (where she had a designated space). The witness recalls it looked like Sister Cathy was waiting for somebody.

👤 VICTIM SISTER CATHY CESNIK

Sister Cathy's corpse is found two months after going missing. The location is out of the way, the killer must have known the area intimately.





ABOVE Joyce Malecki went missing four days after Sister Cathy. Her body was discovered two days later

“ HE DIED IN 2001 WITH MOUNTING SUSPICION AGAINST HIM. NOT JUST FOR THE SEX CRIMES, BUT THAT HE’D MURDERED SISTER CATHY ”

described Baltimore’s finest putting the squeeze on him, by presenting in interview what Koob described as Cathy’s vagina wrapped in newspaper. “It looked like a heart wrapped up and he threw it on the table.” That’s some crazy talk right there. Did that really happen?

The priests were polygraphed several times and passed. However, Baltimore M Squad detectives struggled to find eyewitnesses who saw the priests at the movies or out having dinner afterwards. If Koob’s narrative of that night was a movie, it’d be full of plot holes. But it doesn’t necessarily make him a murderer. The crime of passion angle, complete with accomplices, is juicy for sure, but Baltimore detectives couldn’t pin a thing on Koob. Church reps warned police off. Either charge him or back off. The case died down in the mid-1970s with no fresh leads or avenues to explore.

Father Joseph Maskell was another person of interest, back during the original investigation. He knew Sister Cathy from their time on the faculty at Archbishop Keough High School. While no other connection was discerned – and wouldn’t be for another 20 years, when Maskell’s crimes were exposed and

former students mentioned Cathy was aware of his abuses against girls – the cops still wanted to have a chat. Maskell was just another name on the list to check off, but Detective Nick Giangrasso felt Maskell was being protected somehow. Less from up on high, and more from a close-knit community: Baltimore echelons in the police department and the Archdiocese. “When we found out Maskell’s brother was a lieutenant, we knew we had a problem,” Giangrasso explained.

Maskell was more than pally with Baltimore police, he was practically one of the boys. He’d go on ride-a-longs, worked as the police department’s chaplain and may very well have been the leader in a paedophile ring involving clergy and those sworn to protect and serve. Maskell’s brother, Tommy, was an officer shot in the line of duty. This made him a hero in blue. Maskell, therefore, had two buffers of protection: his good friends the police and the Catholic Church. An air of untouchability surrounded Maskell (and a lot of priests) in the 1960s through to the 1990s. Even when his vile actions were exposed (and more importantly, believed), the Church went after the victims like

they were a bunch of liars attempting to wreck good men’s lives.

While some padres glow with kindness, Maskell wore a halo of arrogance. Giangrasso maintained he attempted to interview Maskell several times in 1970, but the guy was difficult to pin down. He was always too busy with his duties, never around when he said he would be. Despite the bonhomie and openness – call by any time, old sport – his Harry Lime in the shadows act was really a way of deflecting attention and being always one step ahead of the game. He died in 2001 with mounting suspicion against him. Not just for the sex crimes, but that he’d murdered Sister Cathy.

Was the murder a crime of passion committed by a man torn between spiritual ecstasy and orgasmic thrills? Was the murder related to a sex ring involving a well-known local priest? What about an unidentified serial killer (other girls went missing around Baltimore in the late 1960s and early 1970s)? Detectives couldn’t make head nor tail of Cathy’s murder then, and it’s doubtful today we’ll ever get a definitive answer. Who killed Sister Catherine Cesnik? God only knows...



THE AFTERMATH

DNA TESTING HAS CLEARED A PRIEST LONG BELIEVED BY MANY TO BE SISTER CATHY'S KILLER

In 1992 and into 1994, investigations were launched into historic allegations of sexual abuse at Archbishop Keough High School. This series of cases, however, came with a mighty twist and began to branch off into webs of conspiracy and theory. One thing looked very apparent: the Church had attempted to cover up crimes against former pupils and protect one of their priests from prosecution.

Up until this point, the killing of Sister Cathy was just another unsolved cold case which had pecked the heads of Baltimore police for decades. Then, a witness named only as 'Jane Doe' came forward. Years later, this person would be identified as a former Keough pupil, Jean Wehner. What she said was the definition of 'explosive' and appeared to pin Father Joseph Maskell, a serial abuser of girls, for the murder of Sister Cathy Cesnik.

Jean Wehner said that one day in the winter of 1969, she was driven by Maskell to the spot where Sister Cathy was found and shown her decaying body. As Wehner wiped maggots from the young woman's face (a fact cops scoffed at, but a coroner's report does mention the presence of maggots in the throat), the priest whispered into her ear: "This is what happens when you say bad things about people."

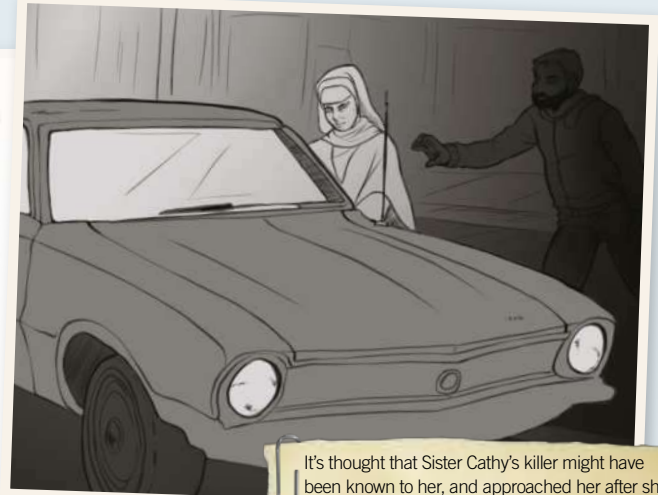
Since the beginning of the 21st century, the historic abuses of the Catholic Church have rocked it to the

foundations. The reverberations have been gigantic. This was a worldwide issue and the Keough High School episode just one little part of it. Wehner is a very convincing, credible and confident witness. But how she described recovered memories – aired in detail in the Netflix series *The Keepers* – is more like a narrative device from a psychological thriller. Is Wehner in fact suffering from false memory syndrome? Psychologists remain dubious about repressed memory, especially when they involve a patient recovering them during therapy sessions or under hypnosis.

The Keepers is an epic but flawed documentary which at times fails to counter-argue assertions and interpretations by numerous witnesses and those interviewed about events almost 50 years old. While the character assassination of Father Maskell is justified and the evidence against him utterly believable, the theory he murdered Sister Cathy because she was about to report him and others for sexually abusing pupils leads us down the rabbit hole of conspiracy theory and making evidence fit the picture we want to see. Maskell becomes not just a sicko who preyed on vulnerable teenagers, but a man so intent on covering up his crimes that he killed Cathy Cesnik (and may have killed Joyce Malecki).

Such was the fevered attention surrounding Maskell as the culprit, his body was disinterred from its resting place in Holy Family Cemetery and tested by Baltimore police in February 2017. In May 2017, testing done by Bode Cellmark Forensics in Lorton, Virginia revealed no DNA match between Maskell and crime scene evidence. The DNA was placed in the FBI's database and this further search brought up nada.

Despite huge media coverage this year given to the Netflix documentary and recent police activity, Maskell joins other previous suspects now effectively cleared of involvement (at least in the murder). Justice for Sister Cathy, Joyce Malecki and the other victims remains unfulfilled.



It's thought that Sister Cathy's killer might have been known to her, and approached her after she had been to buy groceries

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



REV. A JOSEPH MASKELL

Archbishop Keough's school counsellor and chaplain, he also had a dark secret past. It is alleged that he was sexually abusing girls at the school and trafficking them to others during Sister Cathy's time teaching there. He died in 2001 and his body was exhumed for DNA testing in 2017. So far no matches have been made.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



GERALD KOOB

The Jesuit priest, Gerald Koob, became the first person of interest in the case because he and Sister Cathy Cesnik were romantically involved (and she had turned down a marriage proposal from him). However, he had an alibi and was cleared of suspicion. Koob and his friend McKeon had been the first to find Sister Cathy's car.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



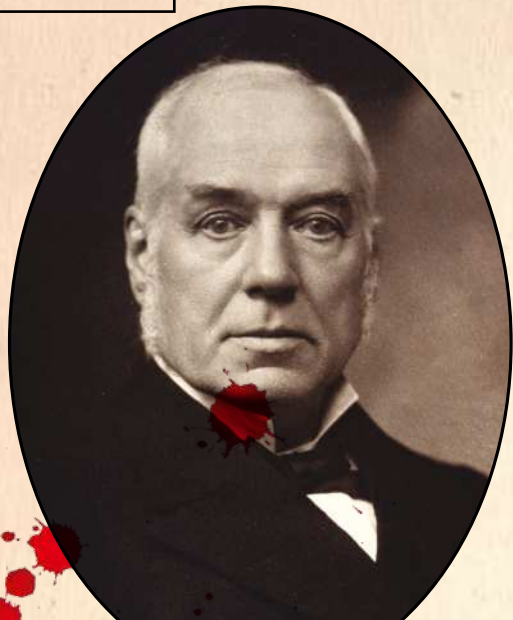
BILLY SCHMIDT

Billy Schmidt lived across the road from the nun, and his family noticed that he and his brother Ronnie began acting suspiciously after Cesnik disappeared. He lived across the road from Sister Cathy and Billy's wife once found a mannequin dressed as a nun hanging from their attic rafters. He committed suicide five months later.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



Just before she disappeared, Maskell and Magnus burst in on sister Cathy and a female student



Sir John Williams



Sir William Gull

DIAGNOSIS RIPPER

WAS THE WHITECHAPEL RIPPER A MEDICAL MAN? SURGEONS WITH LINKS TO HIGH SOCIETY HAVE LONG OCCUPIED THE IMAGINATIONS OF INVESTIGATORS, BUT THE REALITY IS LESS SURE-FOOTED

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

The image of an upper-class fellow sporting a top hat, evening cape and carrying a Gladstone bag is as potent to the popular imagination as the other famous image associated with Jack the Ripper: the jet-black horse-drawn carriage rattling along Whitechapel's busy thoroughfares through the thick fog. 'Gentleman Jack' looming over an unfortunate East End prostitute in some ill-lit alley or courtyard where other gentlemen fear to tread, his blade going to work on innards and organs, has entered pop culture and refused to budge. It's nearly always the same gory scene we see in artists' drawings, online memes, at the movies, on television screens and in video games. The saga of Jack the Ripper is the ultimate whodunnit and the absence of clues has led to more than a century of theories running the gamut from compelling to crackpot.

Sir William Gull has become the definitive mythologised Jack. In more recent times, however, another famous

Victorian face, Sir John Williams, has been outed as the fiend. The chief iteration of Whitechapel Jack as an upper-class surgeon with direct links to the Establishment, in class-obsessed Britain, struck a chord, but it reduced an already complicated and fascinating case to a tawdry and often barking mad penny dreadful melodrama.

The origin of the man-with-the-black-bag figure can be traced to a witness statement made after Elizabeth Stride was killed in Berners Street. Mrs Fanny Mortimer dropped into Leman Street police station to offer a description of a "young man with a shiny black bag, who walked very fast down the street from Commercial Road." It turned out to be Leon Goldstein, a member of the International Working Men's Club, next to whose premises Stride was found with her throat cut. He was just a guy on his way home after stopping off at a coffee house in Spectacle Alley. The description, however, was reported by the news media and became fixed





“ HE KILLED AFTER MIDNIGHT AND ONLY ON WEEKENDS AND BANK HOLIDAYS. THIS SUGGESTS HE WORKED MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY ”

and twinned with the popular idea, based on early inquest reports and rumourmongering, that Jack the Ripper was a doctor “down on whores”.

PSYCHO SURGEONS?

Sir John Williams (1840-1926) and Sir William Gull (1816-90) were eminent Victorians who served as physicians to Queen Victoria and her family. They were the best of the best in their respective fields. To treat them seriously as contenders, though, is nothing but a fool's errand and symptomatic of why so much of Ripperology is utterly crackers.

Williams is a relatively new name in the case, coming to light in a 2005 book by Tony Williams and Humphrey Price, titled *Uncle Jack*. A distant relative began to ponder the question of his ancestor's guilt and involvement when he found a letter referencing Whitechapel and a specific date, 8 September, excusing himself from a dinner engagement. This supposedly tied in with the discovery of Annie Chapman's mutilated body. Also found was a surgical knife and a document pertaining to an 1885 abortion carried out on one 'Mary Anne Nichols' (Williams specialised as an obstetrician). The authors constructed a scenario involving a deranged doctor who was cutting up prostitutes for their uteri because he was attempting to solve the infertility of his beloved wife. John/Jack stopped after the death of Mary Kelly because he suffered a breakdown.

In 2013, Antonia Alexander, who has claimed to be a descendant of Mary Kelly, also released a book, *The Fifth Victim*, concurring with *Uncle Jack* that Williams was the fiend of Whitechapel. The crux of her theory is based on a locket of unknown provenance, which postulated a romantic link between Kelly and Sir John. It's another load of poppycock. Neither has it been proven she is related to Kelly.

Gull entered the scene thanks to several enterprising writers in the 1970s. A narrative was constructed involving a deranged member of the royal family and the Freemasons. The canonical five were slain because they knew too much about Gull's insane patient, Prince Albert, and his dallying with middle-aged East End tarts. The theory against Gull was first aired publicly in a 1973 six-part BBC documentary. Journalist Stephen Knight ran with it like the clappers to produce his *Final Solution*, a work that more than any other created Jack the Ripper as a man with friends in very high places. The book influenced a classic graphic novel, a 1988 television mini-series starring Michael Caine and a 2001 Hollywood movie. Stephen Knight's book created the most powerful and lasting Jack the Ripper myth we have. It's great storytelling, but absolute codswallop as history.

Extant papers on the case and known biographies of the two Victorian surgeons do not point to either being responsible for the Whitechapel murders. These were skilled individuals, not secret maniacs hiding behind deliberately clumsy butchery. The mutilations performed against the flesh



THE CANONICAL FIVE

OF THE 11 WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, THESE WOMEN STOOD APART FROM THE REST

'Ripperologists' generally agree that the killing of these five women — the 'Canonical Five' — were performed by the same person, even if the others were not. The nature of their murders — all women, committed at night, in the same area, over a short period of time and with progressive ferocity — historically link them to the exclusion of other murders in the Whitechapel area at the time. The modus operandi of the killer links these crimes too, as all but one were eviscerated or at least had an organ or two removed. It's thought that the murder of Mary Ann Nichols was disturbed, so the Ripper did not have time to finish the mutilation of her corpse.

Attributing a surgeon's hand to the task of savaging these corpses is a big stretch of the imagination, however — an assumption made only by those with little knowledge of the skill it takes to remove organs or experience witnessing a professional surgeon's table. At best, this was described as butchery, but some expert witnesses at the time wouldn't even give this much credit to the work of the Ripper.



Mary Ann Nichols

AGE: 43 MURDERED: 31/08/1888

Nichols was last seen alive at 2.30am on the corner of Whitechapel Road and Osborne Street. At roughly 3.40am, she was found by passing workman Charles Cross, in Buck's Row.



Annie Chapman

AGE: 47 MURDERED: 08/09/1888

Chapman was found next to steps leading into the backyard at 29 Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. Her throat had been cut deeply, her body eviscerated and her uterus removed.



RIGHT Mitre Square in London, where prostitute Catherine Eddowes was murdered by Jack the Ripper on 30 September 1888

of the deceased tell us Jack was driven by a lust and need to massacre the body. Jack had a resounding hatred of women and/or prostitutes. It goes without saying, too, that if it was either Gull or William, it cannot be both.

ORIGIN OF A THEORY

The potential link between the killings and a deranged doctor has been around since the second killing in the canonical five sequence. Dr George Bagster Phillips, police surgeon to Whitechapel's H Division, was of the opinion that the Ripper had anatomical knowledge. This theory therefore developed into, 'If he had anatomical knowledge, was there surgical knowledge?' Phillips studied the wounds to Annie Chapman and noted the missing organs, the incisions and cutting methods, and was suitably impressed. "The murderer was possessed of anatomical knowledge from the manner of the removal of the viscera and that the knife used was not an ordinary knife, but such as a small amputating knife, or a well-ground slaughterman's knife, narrow and thin, sharp, and blade of six to eight inches in length."

A report by Chief Inspector Swanson, written after the Catherine Eddowes autopsy and inquest, gave the public a catalogue of potential types of people, which goes some way in showing conflicting expert opinions. "The medical evidence showed that the murder could have been committed by a person who had been a hunter, a butcher, a slaughterman, as well as a student in surgery or a properly qualified surgeon." All that's missing from the roster here is the baker and the candlestick maker.

A major part of the thinking behind 'Jack as the mad doctor' was because he removed body parts and worked at a lightning pace. Also, with the Royal London Hospital sitting on Whitechapel Road, there were plenty of students and doctors in the area. It isn't therefore beyond the realm of all possibility and reason that Jack had links to that world or a day job seeing to patients and making rounds on the wards.

Do the crime scene information, post-mortem summaries and inquest verdicts, however, cement or lean away from the



Elizabeth Stride

AGE: 44 MURDERED: 30/09/1888

Stride was discovered by Louis Diemschutz in Dutfield's Yard, Berner Street. Her body was still warm, leading the police to believe Diemschutz may have interrupted the murder.



Catherine Eddowes

AGE: 46 MURDERED: 30/09/1888

Eddowes spent the evening in Bishopsgate police station's drunk tank. When released, she met Jack the Ripper. Her mutilated body was found at 1.45am, in Mitre Square.



Mary Kelly

AGE: 25 MURDERED: 09/11/1888

The goriest killing of all. The horrific state of Kelly's body that eclipsed that of Eddowes was found when a rent collector called at 13 Miller's Court, on a rainy 9 November morning.

view of Jack as a crazed medical professional? Although we can – and should – make an allowance that the killer does have some knowledge of anatomy, his technique does not represent a thorough education; far from it. The nature of the attacks and brutality meted out to the bodies tells us of a madman with a set of knives and the brass cojones to attack women in public without fear of getting caught, and who plundered corpses for souvenirs.

Jack may have gained an understanding of bodies from his individual experiences with each victim. They rise in frenzy and mayhem until we reach the crescendo of what he did to Mary Kelly. By the final canonical murder, Jack was fortunate enough (for him) to spend hours with the body. Studying the Eddowes murder years later, Francis Camps, the expert pathologist involved in the 10 Rillington Place murders, put it that Jack the Ripper was no surgeon. “Far from being the work of a skilled surgeon, any surgeon who operated in this manner would have been struck off the Medical Register.”

Dr Thomas Bond, a top-dog physician in Victorian circles, took a look at the evidence he had before him and saw absolutely no link to the medical profession. Colleagues disagreed, naturally, but Bond’s expertise and opinion, even if he was plain wrong at points (Mary Kelly wasn’t found naked), should not be discounted. He wasn’t some fusty old Colonel Blimp duffer dispensing cocksure wisdom from his West End ivory tower onto poorer, less experienced, underlings stationed in Whitechapel. He knew his onions. Bond attempted to create a criminal profile, among the first of its kind.

Bond got involved in the case a couple of weeks before the Kelly murder at Miller’s Court (8 November 1888), at the behest of Police Commissioner Robert Anderson. He stated that Jack was “a man of great coolness and daring,” but that he saw no sign of expertise. It’s as simple as that. “In each case the mutilation was inflicted by a person with no scientific nor anatomical knowledge. In my opinion he does not even possess the technical knowledge of a butcher or horse slaughterer or any person accustomed to cut-up dead animals.”

Dr Phillips was most firmly of the opinion that Jack knew what he was doing. “There were indications of it. My own impression is that anatomical knowledge was only less displayed or indicated by consequence of haste.” Dr Brown, who performed the post-mortem exam of Catherine Eddowes, her body and face mutilated to the extreme, also believed the Ripper had anatomical knowledge but did not equate it directly to surgical skill. He perceived a person working in a slaughterhouse could have adequate knowledge to do Jack’s work. Brown thought the removed kidney had been deliberately targeted, but his colleagues were unsure. Dr Sequeira, who attended the autopsy, was asked by the *Star* newspaper, “By an expert, do you think?” To which he replied: “No, not by an expert, but by a man who was not altogether ignorant of the use of the knife.”

PROFILE OF A MANIAC

Jack the Ripper is a blank face. He could be anybody. We know next to nothing about him as a person, but we may say with confidence he was not a man who spent his nights kipping in dosshouses or an individual of the labouring class who strived daily to earn a crust. He was not of that social strata. Jack the Ripper could come and go as he pleased without rousing much interest from family members or neighbours (he would have had the victims’ blood on his

MARY KELLY: A BODY DESTROYED

A SURGEON, HOWEVER DERANGED, WOULD
HAVE LEFT A MUCH NEATER CORPSE

Legs

Amputation was common in the 19th century: a long amputation knife would have been used by a surgeon to completely denude the leg of flesh, leaving clean bone.

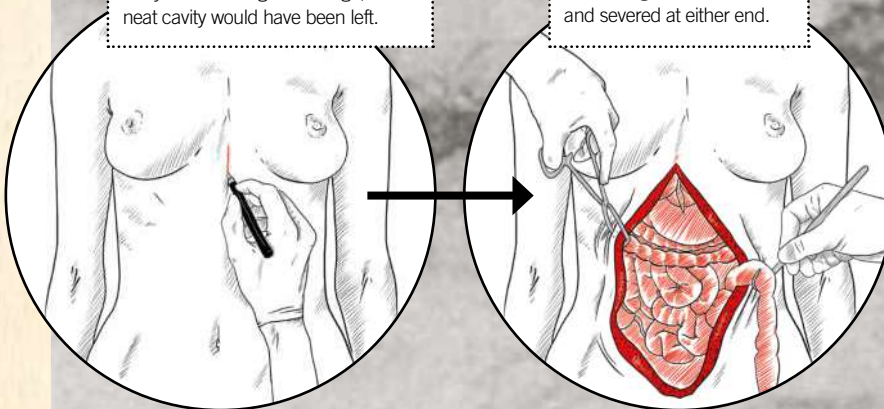


Abdomen

Making neat abdominal incisions to create two flaps of skin and superficial flesh, the surgeon would have had easy access to most of Mary’s internal organs. A large, but neat cavity would have been left.

Intestines

Using a caliper or similar instrument, the cavity wall would have been held open while the gut was lifted out and severed at either end.

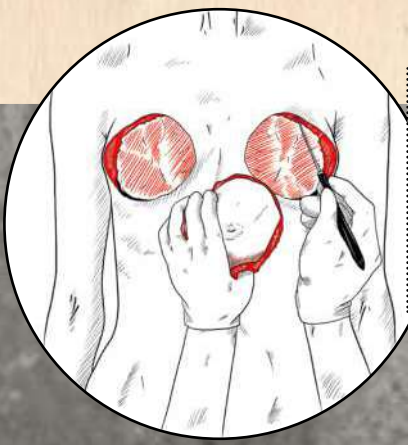


clothes and hands). He killed after midnight and only on weekends and bank holidays. This suggests he worked Monday through Friday and committed the murders in his leisure time. Given the localities of the crimes and his ability to move around without detection, Jack knew Whitechapel like he had lived there a long time. He hedged his bets always and won every round.

How many times must constables on their beats have passed him without once taking note? Did they interview him during the wide-ranging investigation and door-to-door inquiries? He more than likely took note of the brouhaha he created in the press and returned to the scenes of his triumphs to relive them. Serial killers are more than happy to take a dump on their own doorstep and comment to others, “Who did that I wonder? Isn’t it terrible?”

In 1988, to mark the centenary of the slayings and the production of a television documentary, John Douglas of the FBI’s ground-breaking Behavioural Sciences Unit profiled Jack the Ripper. Although he stated the maniac had at least “some anatomical knowledge”, that does not smack of overconfidence in the matter and certainly does not zero in on the villain being a medical student or surgeon.

The removal of organs was done during the ritualistic part of the murders. For what express purpose is unknown, but serial killers do claim trophies from the spoils of a kill. If the

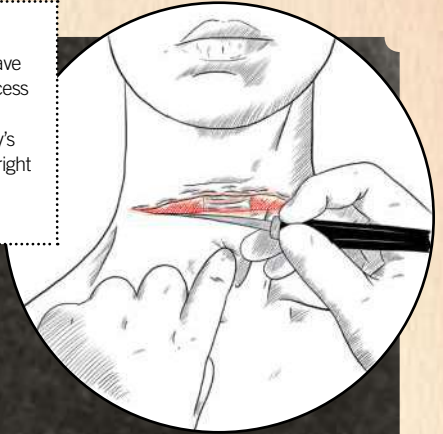


Chest

Using a longer scalpel, two neat, circular wounds would have been left by a surgeon in Mary Kelly's double mastectomy.

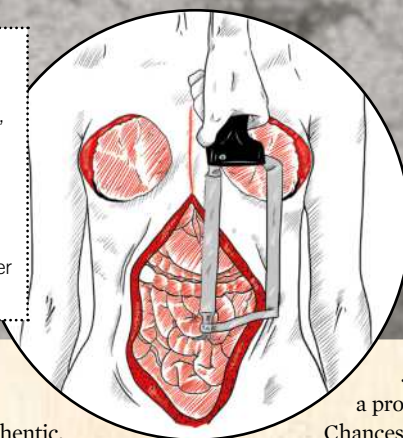
Throat

Whereas a surgeon would have carefully cut the throat to access the windpipe, perhaps in a practised tracheostomy, Kelly's throat was viciously slashed right to the bone with the frenzied strokes of a madman.



The Heart

Keyhole surgery is used where possible today, but in Victorian times, easy access to the heart would have meant sawing through the sternum (breastbone) with a surgeon's bone saw. This was evidently not what happened in the case of Mary Kelly, whose heart was removed from under the ribcage.



Face

The mutilation to Kelly's face was far removed from the methodical cuts of a surgeon's knife. Facial features would have been removed with the precise incisions of a scalpel.



'From Hell' letter and part of the human kidney sent to George Lusk, head of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, are authentic, Jack was potentially a cannibal. "I send you half the Kidney I took from one woman preserved it for you. Tother piece I fried and ate it was very nise."

HOW JACK ATTACKED

Victorian Whitechapel after the witching hour could be as lively as the daytime. There was a pub for every corner that was open all hours. Market porters and casual labourers were up well before first light and salesmen trudged back home with their unsold wares after a hard day's hawking at spots around the capital and Essex. Jack may have spent the evenings drinking, just like his victims were wont to do. A few ales washed down in The Ten Bells to build up Dutch courage. He might have clocked them at some point in the evening and kept tabs. All we can say for sure about the scenario is that he met them, took their lives and left their mutilated bodies to be found. Of the canonical five, three were discovered by working men either in the process of going to or returning from their jobs. Mary Kelly was found by rent collector Thomas Bowyer and Catherine Eddowes by a City police constable, PC Edward Watkins.

Jack didn't need to do much to find a prostitute really. They were everywhere. Chances are, they approached him. In their sozzled state of mind and desperation for money, their willingness to go off into a discreet and dark corner for a quickie against a wall, even during the Ripper's reign, highlights how little they cared for their personal safety and how eager they were to take up any offer.

Jack might well have come off as a pleasant chap and rather charming to strangers. One witness, George Hutchinson, who claimed to be a friend of Kelly, potentially saw his mode of approach. He told Chief Inspector Abberline how a well-dressed man met Miss Kelly on Thrawl Street just a few hours before her murder. The gentleman tapped the girl on the shoulder, exchanged laughs and strolled back to her room at Miller's Court. Hutchinson heard the man say: "You'll do alright for what I have told you." As they passed, Hutchinson related how the man had lowered his head as if to avoid detection and then gave the witness a sour look.

“ ALL WE CAN SAY FOR SURE ABOUT THE SCENARIO IS THAT HE MET THEM, TOOK THEIR LIVES AND LEFT THEIR MUTILATED BODIES ”

“THE RIPPER MORE THAN LIKELY CHANGED WEAPONS AND COULD HAVE PURCHASED ALL SORTS OF KNIVES”

Abberline believed his testimony, but future Ripperologists have serious doubts.

Each murder commenced with what Douglas in his report called the ‘blitz style’. The killer acted so suddenly that the victim never stood a chance. Picture a great white shark’s surprise attack – it is terrifying and all-powerful. The victims had most likely been drinking or taking other readily available substances. They were in no fit state to fight off their killer. Jack incapacitated them by strangulation. Nobody heard a scream and there was no evidence of a struggle. After they were snuffed out, he laid them on the ground and got busy. In the case of Elizabeth Stride, a murder that today some cast

doubt as being at the hands of the Ripper, she was thrown to the ground and her throat sliced open, not strangled.

Mary Ann Nichols had tell-tale bruising on her face. One bruise ran along the right side of the lower jaw and another one on the left side. Dr Rees Ralph Llewellyn, who conducted the post-mortem examination, thought the bruising was caused by pressure marks. Annie Chapman, too, newspaper reports related, had fresh bruises on her lower jaw, head, neck and cheek. Dr Phillips believed she had been at least partially strangled and Chapman’s thickened tongue, protruding slightly through the teeth, was another pointer toward such a summary.

Catherine Eddowes’s murder is the best documented of all the killings. Although Dr Brown stated she died from a six to seven-inch knife wound to the throat, there is evidence the Ripper strangled her first. The relatively minute spillage of blood suggests this, as well as Eddowes being found on the floor with no sign of struggle. Again, no screams were heard by the few residents in the square. A caretaker sweeping up in a building very close to the murder later told the police and press he heard nothing. If she had died from a knife wound, blood would have spurted out in arterial spray and dripped down the front of her clothes. Instead, it seeped gradually down the downward-angled pavement from the left and saturated her clothes at the back.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

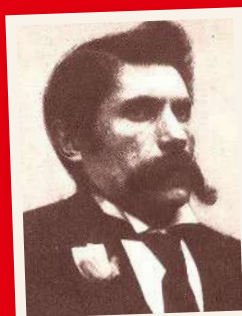
THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT

Druit was the appropriate age for the killer and also matched witnesses’ descriptions of a man with no facial hair and foreign-looking. However, any evidence for his guilt in the Ripper murders appears to be circumstantial. His death by suicide roughly coincided with the end of the murders attributed to Jack the Ripper.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



SEWERYN ANTONOWICZ KŁOSOWSKI / GEORGE CHAPMAN

Kłosowski was a serial killer known as the Borough Poisoner. His medical training, the fact that he worked close to where some of the murders happened, and that he was convicted of murder three times made him a viable suspect. He was executed in 1903.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



FRANCIS TUMBLETY

The police force seriously considered the prospect that the eccentric American medical quack who posed as an “Indian herb” doctor was the Ripper. He was known for his extreme misogyny, and for displaying uteruses in jars. The murders stopped after he was arrested and bailed. He fled back to New York.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE MURDER WEAPON MYSTERY

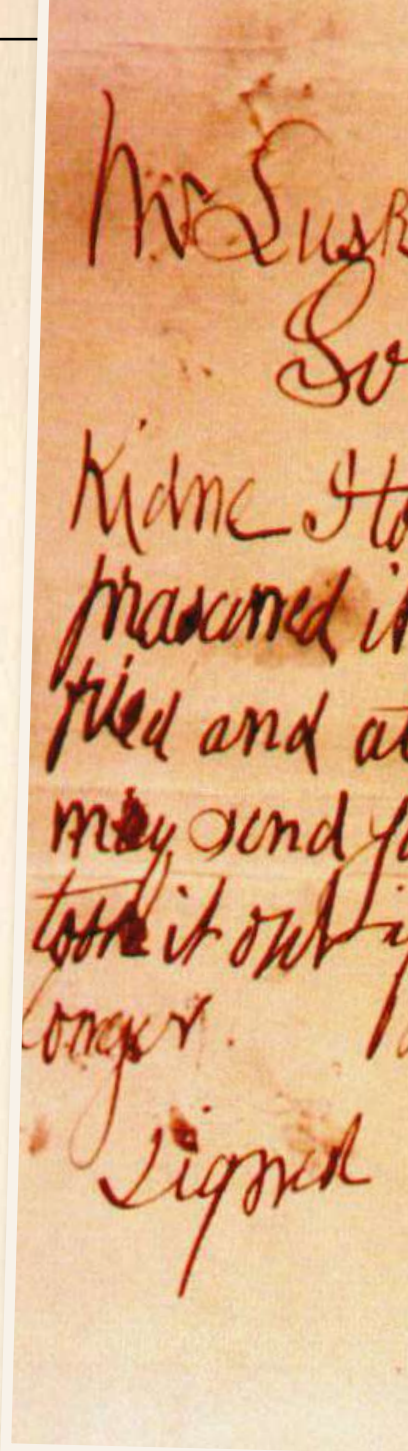
What knives did Jack use? There is nothing in the reports to suggest any particular use of medical equipment, only sharp knives used with ferocious intent and purpose. The Ripper more than likely changed weapons and could have purchased all sorts of knives from vendors dotted around the East End.

The only clue Jack ever left for certain is a piece of Catherine Eddowes’s apron, which he cut off, covered in blood and faecal matter, and was found by PC Alfred Long in the doorway of 108-119 Wentworth Model Dwellings, in Goulston Street, just off Whitechapel High Street, at 2.55am on 30 September. Near the piece of apron was a message written in white chalk on black brick: “The Juwes are The men That Will not Be Blamed for nothing.” From Mitre Square he walked along Aldgate and headed north back into Whitechapel via Goulston Street. The message and its direct link to Jack has never been satisfactorily explained. Was it a piece of anti-Semitic graffiti written by a local Jew-hating resident to stir up a powder-keg situation further into an all-out pogrom? Or did Jack actually write it to goad the police and cause bloody mayhem on the streets?

One would expect, too, that top doctors would recognise the tools of their own trade and proffer a definitive statement on the matter. But they did not. Dr Brown merely mentioned a “sharp-pointed knife” that had to be “at least six inches long.” A bayonet was suggested in the murder of Martha Tabram, a potential Ripper victim. Elsewhere, a clasp knife was put forth and other times it was described as a “strong-bladed knife”. Dr Llewellyn, who conducted the post-mortem on Mary Ann Nichols, stated that a moderately sharp knife produced the wounds. Dr Phillips said the weapon used to kill Annie Chapman was unknown to a surgeon.

ABOVE The ‘From Hell’ letter was received by George Lusk, the head of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, along with half of a human kidney. It was signed ‘Catch me when you Can, Mishter Lusk’

RIGHT A Victorian surgeon’s equipment included incredibly sharp knives and other tools. At the time of the murders, investigators believed the Ripper could possess medical knowledge



BODY OF EVIDENCE

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, WE'VE SPOKEN TO AN EXPERT WHO CAN LAY THIS PARTICULAR RIPPER THEORY TO REST

Do you think Jack the Ripper had some form of knowledge regarding the human anatomy?

I personally don't think so. Having seen the photographs of the deceased and read books on the slayings, nothing suggests he had any form of knowledge beyond rudimentary anatomy. Some people may argue that's because he had 'very little time' during the procedures, but as a qualified anatomical pathology technician I'd be able to remove organs perfectly with 'very little time' because I'm trained to do so. The Mary Ann Nichols report says: "Two or three inches from the left side was a wound running in a jagged manner." Medically trained people don't make 'jagged' incisions. That said, Annie Chapman's report says: "...from the pelvis, the uterus and its appendages with the upper portion of the vagina and the posterior two thirds of the bladder had been entirely removed... the incisions were cleanly cut, avoiding the rectum, and dividing the vagina low enough to avoid injury to the cervix uteri. Obviously the work was that of an expert – of one, at least, who had such knowledge of anatomical or pathological examinations as to be enabled to secure the pelvic organs with one sweep of the knife... The appearance of the cuts confirmed him in the opinion that the instrument, like the one which divided the neck, had been of a very sharp character. The mode in which the knife had been used seemed to indicate great anatomical knowledge." It sounds like there was indeed some knowledge but this part: "...the uterus and its appendages with the upper portion of the vagina and the posterior two thirds of the bladder," has me doubting. It's very easy for a trained person to remove the uterus and ovaries intact, and even the bladder intact and full of urine without spilling a drop, when trained to do so. By the time we get to Eddowes, the incisions just sound frenzied rather than anatomically targeted. However, Kelly's murder certainly has more anatomical

BIO CARLA VALENTINE



As Assistant Technical Curator of Bart's Pathology Museum in London, Carla's job is to repair, conserve and catalogue 5,000 specimens to the high standards of the Human Tissue Authority. She likes to talk dead things with anyone with the stomach for it on www.thechickandthedead.com

aspects to it with specific organs removed and placed around her. I wonder whether that's simply because by now he has become very familiar with the inside of the human body? He seems to progress in ferocity as well as knowledge as he continues his spree.

In theory, how easy is it for a person with a sharp knife to cut open the abdomen, poke around and pull things out? Does it require basic knowledge of anatomy or can anybody cut and remove organs?

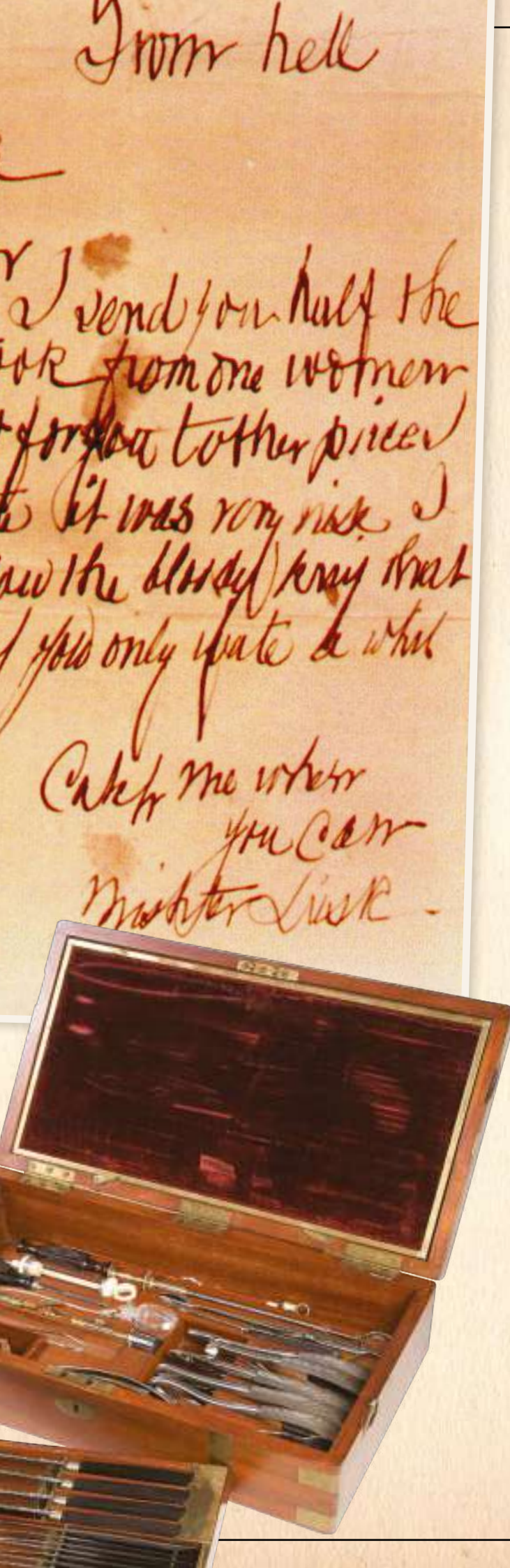
In my opinion, given how many serial killers there are who have dismembered their victims in a similar fashion and have had no medical training, I think practically anyone can do it. In one case a boy killed his mother, removed her intestines, threw them over one of her shoulders then raped her.

What sort of knives would be used to cut through flesh and remove organs in such quick fashion?

According to the reports, the first knife he used was "moderately sharp" so I assume any sort of decently sharpened kitchen knife would do the job, but then later reports say "very sharp". Perhaps he progressed to better tools after Chapman's murder? It could be anything – maybe a butchery tool or a surgical tool he got hold of somehow.

There is evidence strangulation occurred before the ritualistic aspects of the murders. Does this represent a person with knowledge of anatomy; lack of spray and why the killer wouldn't have been deluged with blood?

I'm not convinced it's to do with knowledge of blood spray. I think it's just an easy way to incapacitate and silence someone. Once a person's heart stops, the blood of course begins to lose its force as it courses through the body. He should still have some on him – it takes a while for it to coagulate – but there's an opinion he wore an apron or cloak that would have disguised it.





WHO SHOT JILL DANDO?

WAS IT A JEALOUS EX, AN UNDERCOVER CRIMINAL GANG OR A MANIAC FAN THAT HATED THE CRIMEWATCH PRESENTER SO MUCH THAT THEY ASSASSINATED HER ON HER OWN DOORSTEP?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

The reputation of Jill Dando was outstanding. Born in Weston-super-Mare in 1961, she had risen through the ranks from working at her local daily newspaper The Weston Mercury at the age of 18, where both her father and brother worked, to working in radio and then television. Her talent for presenting and talking to people aided a successful career. She was a familiar face on BBC television, presenting the news and *Holiday*, a travel review show. She was also the co-star of *Crimewatch* as the millennium approached. She sat alongside presenter Nick Ross as the pair appealed for information from the public on some of Britain's most heinous crimes. The programme attracted more than 9 million viewers each month. A well-liked national figure, the "golden-girl" was named as BBC's Personality of the Year in 1997. Her former partner of seven years and editor on *Breakfast News* Bob Wheaton described her as: "A princess among ordinary people. A star who shone with effortless ease." Tragically, on 26 April 1999, the 37-year-old crime-busting belle was gunned down on her own doorstep. The nation recoiled in shock and grief.

Conversely, the reputation of the man initially accused of her murder – Barry George – was not nearly as polished or highly regarded. As someone who suffered with Asperger's syndrome as well as a range of personality disorders including narcissism and ADHD, he was regarded as an oddity. The 40-year-old lived less than a kilometre from Dando's home in Fulham, London. On the day of her murder and on the days following, George was spotted in the area by a number of witnesses who described him as "agitated", "threatening" and "intimidating". His seemingly suspicious behaviour alongside a small trace of gunpowder residue found in his coat by police put him in the frame for Dando's murder. Despite insisting he hadn't even known Dando, George would ultimately be convicted as her killer and serve eight years of his life sentence in prison before being acquitted of any involvement in 2008. To this day, the police remain clueless as to the real identity of the murderer and their motive. All that was left behind was a single bullet, its customised casing, and a bullet hole in Dando's door just eight and a half inches off the floor.



“HER BODY WAS SLUMPED OVER TO ONE SIDE; BLOOD COVERED HER WHITE COAT AND FACE”

CREATING ENEMIES

At the time of her murder, Dando was engaged to Alan Farthing, a well-respected gynaecologist who worked at Saint Mary's Hospital, London. The pair had met on a blind date in 1997 following his separation from his first wife Maria, who he divorced in 1998. Very much in love according to close friends, Dando and Farthing announced their engagement early 1999 and were due to be wed in

September 1999. The relationship gained plenty of media coverage. Colleagues and friends knew that Dando was excited about the upcoming wedding at a church in Putney and the future that lay ahead for her and Farthing. She had expressed her excitement and hope of becoming a mother in the near future.

On the morning of 26 April 1999, the presenter left her fiancée's home in Chiswick sometime between 8am and 9am, and returned to her south-west London home, which she was in the process of selling, to change before her afternoon meetings and a wedding dress fitting. She would never make it to the meetings, nor would she walk down the aisle in a beautiful gown. The blushing bride-to-be was murdered in cold blood, left in a bloodied heap to die outside 29 Gowan Avenue.

The shocking news of her death sent the media into frenzy and tributes flooded through the newsroom as it was reported that the 37-year-old presenter had been assassinated in broad daylight. Witnesses who could clearly identify the killer were sparse. The investigation into Dando's death would throw up some seemingly tangible theories as to who had killed her, including a deranged stalker, a jealous ex-boyfriend, and a professional hit man out for revenge against her anti-crime work. The BBC themselves were even placed under a cloud of suspicion after it emerged that the presenter knew all too well about a violent and corrupt paedophile ring operating behind the scenes, with Jimmy Savile as one of its many ringleaders.

It was implied by the media that her death might have been a revenge attack, as she planned to expose some of the most powerful and influential characters in Britain as child molesters in the mid 1990s. A former colleague of the presenter spoke of how Dando compiled a file of complaints against DJs, stars and corporation staff who were involved in the organised abuse. She gave the file to senior management, according to the retired staff member, who said that she heard nothing more after that. "No one wanted to know," the former friend said. The BBC heavily denied such accusations, retorting that it had seen no evidence to support this claim. Police speculated that, despite her warm and kind nature, as someone who had helped solve so many crimes in the past, she might have created some enemies along the way.

GUNNED DOWN ON GOWAN AVENUE

THE POLICE HAD LITTLE FORENSIC EVIDENCE TO GO ON YET A NUMBER OF WITNESSES CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN HER KILLER



CLUE IP ADDRESS

An unknown person used website 192.com to look up Dando's address in November 1998, five months before her murder. This was the only time someone had retrieved her address through the directory that year.



WITNESS RICHARD HUGHES

Hughes saw a man between 30 and 40 years old who was thickset, of average height, with dark, thick hair that was collarbone length. He also described the man as having a full face with no facial hair and wearing a dark coloured, waxed coat.



CLUE BULLET AND CASING

According to police ballistics, the Remington bullet was compatible with a 9mm semi-automatic pistol.



WITNESS BARRY LINDSEY

Lindsey saw a Mediterranean man with olive skin on Gowan Avenue.



WITNESS GEOFFREY UPFILL-BROWN

Upfill-Brown described seeing a clean-shaven man with dark hair, a "sallow complexion" and thick black collar-length hair. He said he was thickset, approximately 1.7 metres in height and 35-40 years old.



LEFT The murder of the nation's favourite TV presenter was front-page news as police tried to establish the identity of her killer

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL**26 APRIL 1999****VICTIM JILL DANDO**

Dando was shot with a single bullet on the left side of her temple, causing brain damage. She died that day in hospital at 1.03pm.

**WITNESS HELEN SCOTT**

This witness saw a man loitering suspiciously on the corner of Gowan Avenue at about 8pm the night before the murder.

**WITNESS SUSAN MAYES**

Mayes saw a man acting suspiciously standing by a maroon car opposite the house where Dando lived at 7am on 26 April. She described him as 1.6 metres tall, late 30s, Mediterranean, olive skinned and with black layered hair that was shoulder length. He was wearing a black suit and white open-neck shirt.

GOWAN AVENUE**FULHAM PALACE ROAD****CLUE BLUE RANGE ROVER**

CCTV images show a metallic blue Range Rover on Fulham Palace Road, speeding away at 11.52am, just after the murder. A traffic warden reported a range rover parked illegally on Dando's street. The car has never been traced.

**CLUE DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT**

Barry George denied knowing where Gowan Avenue was, despite being a patient at the surgery on the same road. He might have had an appointment on the same day, which would have put him in the right place at the right time.

**WITNESS TERRY NORMANTON**

Normanton saw a man standing outside Dando's house on the morning of the murder holding a mobile phone. He described him as being in his 30s, wearing a black suit with no tie, 1.7 metres in height, medium build, slightly wavy black hair and no facial hair.

A WATCHFUL EYE

One of the many sad facts of murder is that the victim usually does not see it coming. They go about their day as normal, unaware their life is in its final stages. On the day of her murder, Dando was spotted on various CCTV images throughout the morning, making stops to a BP petrol station, a fishmonger where she purchased two Dover sole fillets, and Kings Mall, the shopping centre in Hammersmith to purchase a fax machine cartridge and fax paper. The last CCTV sighting of her slender blonde figure was at 11.10am, when she could be seen getting into her blue BMW 320i and driving towards Winslow Road, Fulham. When she had returned to her home in Gowan Avenue at around 11.30am, was there an incognito figure lurking in the background, waiting to strike?

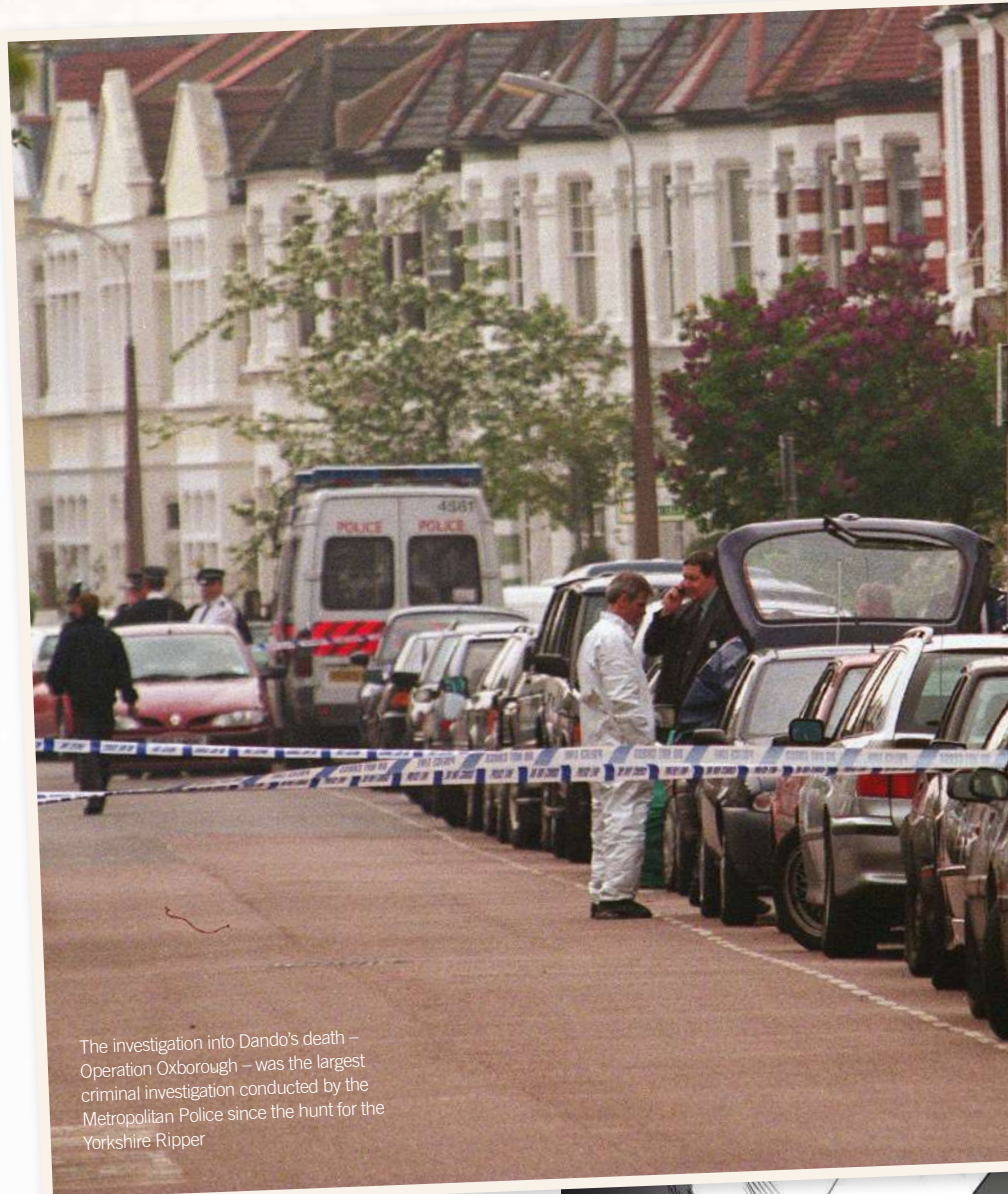
As the unaware victim reached her front door, before she even had the chance to put her keys in the lock, Dando was forced to her knees, her pale face almost touching the cold tiled surface outside her terraced home. In a timely and orderly manner, the assailant placed the weapon, thought to be a personalised pistol, next to her left temple, just above her ear, and fired a single bullet into her brain, killing her almost instantly.

Pathologists determined that the pressure of the hard barrel against the skull formed a seal, muffling the sound of the shot. Hearing a scream from the street, her neighbour Richard Hughes opened his shutters, only to see a figure briskly walking away from Dando's front garden. A spent cartridge lay next to her body, which was slumped over in a pool of blood. Helen Doble, a female neighbour who also worked in television, spotted Dando's car parked in the street as she returned from running errands. She meandered outside hoping to catch up with her neighbour who rarely returned to the road. Instead she found Dando's lifeless body lying just yards away from her. She noticed the blood and that Dando had turned a "funny colour". Conscious not to contaminate the crime scene, she took a step back and dialled 999, telling the operator that she believed her neighbour had been stabbed. "It's Jill Dando." She said. Once she hung up, she fetched another neighbour who ran to the nearby doctors' surgery for help.

BLARING SIRENS

By 11.53am, police had arrived at the scene. PC Colin Jones, who was the first of the force to arrive, immediately felt the victim's wrist for a pulse but found none. He later recalled the sight of Dando as he inspected her: her body was slumped over to one side; blood covered her white coat and face. Ambulance services arrived followed by a helicopter crew. Her body was moved closer to the pavement in order to begin attempts to resuscitate her. For half an hour the ambulance crew worked on her body, attempting CPR. With no response from Dando, she was then placed in the ambulance and taken to Charing Cross Hospital, which was just four minutes away, where medics attempted once again desperately to revive her. Alas, the lengthy efforts were in vain and at 1.03pm, Dando was pronounced dead.

Farthing, having learned of his fiancée's death hours later, told the media that he was "devastated" and that



The investigation into Dando's death – Operation Oxborough – was the largest criminal investigation conducted by the Metropolitan Police since the hunt for the Yorkshire Ripper

he was "unable to comprehend" what had happened to his beloved partner. Less than 24 hours ago the pair had been in Chiswick planning their wedding reception, and now a funeral would be planned instead. Had whoever targeted Dando known she would be at Gowan Avenue that morning? Had they waited and watched until they knew there would be nobody to witness her execution? How did they manage to slip away undetected?

BARRY GEORGE

Before lunchtime on 26 April, witnesses claimed they had seen George loitering around Gowan Avenue. Just after lunchtime he entered Hammersmith and Fulham Action for Disability (HAFAD) offices needing to talk about his mental and physical health problems. "I need help, I need help," he told the administrator. Despite his distressed state, he was informed by staff that nobody could see him that day as he had not made an appointment. From HAFAD, George visited a taxi firm



ABOVE Hearing a loud noise, Jill Dando's neighbour, Richard Hughes, pulls his curtains back to see a tall, white man in 40s walking away from Jill's house

LIVING IN A FANTASY

BARRY GEORGE SEEMED TO FIT THE PROFILE OF THE KILLER

Growing up, Barry George was a restless child, hyperactive and difficult. As he developed into a teenager, he began to fabricate lies in order to glamorise his identity. He told a local newspaper that he was a British karate champion and was planning to jump four busses on roller-skates. He claimed his real name was Paul Gadd – the real name of glam rock singer Gary Glitter. George also claimed he was the cousin of Freddie Mercury, whose original surname was Bulsara. In a separate lie, he told his friends he was part of the SAS when in fact he was a temporary member of Territorial Army and gun club. He would also stand in the street, directing traffic and impersonating a police officer. In 1983, George was arrested on the grounds of Princess Diana's residence at Kensington Palace. He wore commando gear and was carrying a 30-centimetre hunting knife and 15 metres of rope. He also had a poem he had written for Prince Charles.

Suspect Barry George had an IQ of 75 and therefore was an unlikely assassin. Yet the police believed he was the killer and charged him with murder

THE MURDER WEAPON

BOTH BALLISTICS EVIDENCE AND AN ANONYMOUS POLICE SOURCE SUGGESTED THAT A PROFESSIONAL WAS BEHIND THE EXECUTION

The gun used to kill Dando, believed to be a personalised pistol, has never been found. A shell case was discovered on the mat on Dando's doorway close to her handbag along with a Remington bullet. The bullet was compatible with a rare 9mm semi-automatic pistol. In July 1999, forensic experts discovered six distinctive markings on the bullet casing. The purpose of the markings were thought to be either to hold the bullet in place or from the casing being taken apart to remove gunpowder and therefore reduce the sound made when it was fired. A source later told police that a crime clan believed Dando was working on a TV programme about them before she was gunned down. The source added that the gun used had been broken into four pieces, which were then thrown into a canal in Islington.



Marks present on the bullet suggested that it had been fired from a gun with a smooth-bored barrel and not from a rifle barrel, which would be expected with a conventional pistol



ABOVE Ballistics showed that the gun was pressed to Jill's head before the trigger was pulled

THE INVESTIGATION

THERE WERE MANY THEORIES AS TO WHY DANDO WAS KILLED, BUT NONE OF THEM QUITE ADDED UP

"Jill Dando shot dead: was it an underworld killing?" Those were the words of the ITV *Nightly News* that broke that evening. People who knew Jill said she had no enemies, however, police confirmed that Dando had in the past complained of a stalker. In the days prior to her death, she received a letter from a 'Serbian source' threatening her life. Chief Inspector Hamish Campbell of the Metropolitan Police led the investigation. Given the name Operation Oxborough, it began with a four-day comb-through of the crime scene. A blue Range Rover had been seen speeding away from Gowan Avenue minutes after the crime, which attracted suspicion. However, Campbell later announced that the prime suspect made his getaway on a number 74 bus.

A reconstruction of Dando's murder featured on an episode of *Crimewatch*, which resulted in more than 500 calls from the public who believed to have information regarding her death. In the first six months of the investigation, police interviewed 2,500 people and took more than 1,000 statements. Dando's former boyfriends were given the all clear as suspects, as police were firm in the belief that she was targeted by a stalker. However, they were no closer to finding a suspect. Rewards were offered for further information leading to the capture of Dando's killer. *The Sun* and *The Daily Mail* offered £100,000 each, while charity Crimestoppers offered £50,000. In 2000, the case was reviewed.

During this time, 40-year-old Barry George – who had changed his surname to Bulsara and been previously overlooked – became a new focus for the police. He was unemployed and lived less than a kilometre from Dando. He had been reported for regularly following women along the streets, sometimes to their front doors. With witnesses placing him at the scene on 26 April and their investigative knowledge, police arrested him on 25 May 2000.

A few days after his arrest, they realised that Bulsara was also known by other names including Thomas Palmer and Steve Majors. Barry Bulsara was just another alias – his real name was Barry Michael George, a man with a criminal record for sexual assault. In his apartment, police found a large collection of books and magazines on BBC celebrities, the military and guns. He also had a collection of photographs taken from his television screen of female news readers. He had a collection of cut-out newspaper articles referring to Dando's marriage announcement and death. George was held in custody for 84 hours.

While investigating him, police found a small particle of gunpowder residue on the lining of his coat pocket – it was consistent with the gunpowder found in Dando's hair. A strand of fibre at the crime scene also matched the material of a pair of trousers owned by the suspect. However, Dando's neighbour Barry Lindsey told police that the assailant they were looking for was an "a man with olive

skin, dark hair," and who looked like he was of "Mediterranean origin".

On the morning of the murder, Lindsey said he had driven down Gowan Avenue and spotted Dando arguing with a man on her doorstep. Not knowing who Dando was, Lindsey carried on driving. In his rear-view mirror, he recalled the look on Dando's face: "It was one of absolute terror," he told British newspapers. "Her face had gone as white as the coat she was wearing." Despite Lindsey's description of the killer, the force continued to probe and investigate George.

He appeared at West London Magistrates' Court on 29 May 2000, where police were granted an extension to hold him for further questioning before they formally charged him for the murder. He was given a life sentence on 2 July 2001. However, the verdict attracted some criticism from observers who deemed it 'unsafe'. George's lawyers sought to appeal against the verdict, but it would take years before it would be considered.

The Court of Appeal granted George a new hearing in November 2007. The defence team argued that the single particle of gunshot residue in the coat pocket could have appeared as a result of contamination when it was placed on a mannequin and photographed by police as evidence. Ten days later, the Court of Appeal ordered that the conviction be quashed and a retrial to be carried out, which began in June 2008. George was acquitted in August 2008.

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



BARRY GEORGE

Barry George was seen behaving strangely in the Fulham area the day that the TV presenter was killed. He lived less than a kilometre from Dando's home and had a history of regularly following women – sometimes to their front doors. He was convicted of Dando's murder in 2001 but later acquitted in 2008 after a successful appeal.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



UNKNOWN ASSASSIN

Speculation arose that Dando had been targeted by a professional hitman, probably hired by a criminal who had been convicted through her high-profile *Crimewatch* television show. Police later ruled this theory out.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JEALOUS EX

Could a jealous ex-boyfriend, heartbroken that she was now engaged to Alan Farthing, have killed her in an unplanned crime of passion? After looking through her phone records the detectives refuted this theory.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?





ABOVE This photograph of Barry George dressed in a gas mask and wielding a pistol was shown as evidence at his trial for the Dando murder

RIGHT Days before her murder, Jill had received a letter to her dressing room in which she was threatened with rape and murder

ABOVE Dando's murder featured on the next episode of *Crimewatch*, and it's possible that her work on the show had angered an underworld crime figure, prompting them to take revenge



and requested a taxi, but he had no money so was turned away. He stayed at the taxi office, staring out of the window. By luck a driver had to pick up a parcel in the direction George needed to go and took him free of charge.

The day after Dando was killed outside her home, George missed an appointment at a local disability centre so that he could lay flowers at the crime scene, claiming to represent his local church. George retraced his steps days later, asking the disability office and taxi firm to verify his time of arrival during his previous visits. Witnesses at HAFAD said George was "threatening" and "intimidating" when he returned. Ramesh Paul, the manager at the taxi firm, said that George had been "talking to himself and to me" uttering that he did not "want the blame." Less than 48 hours later, George returned, asking the manager if he remembered him and the first day he had come in – the day that Jill Dando had been murdered. "He asked me if I remembered him, what time he came here, what he looked like, what he was wearing," Paul said. He remembered that George had visited at 1.15pm, but had wanted him to write down the time on a card. Was George trying to establish a credible alibi at the taxi firm? The police would believe so when they caught up with him.

THE AFTERMATH

GEORGE WAS FREE, BUT POLICE WERE STILL SEARCHING FOR THE REAL KILLER

Despite failed attempts from George's lawyers to accumulate compensation of £1.4 million for his wrongful conviction, George won substantial damages from British tabloid newspapers such as *The Sun*, *The News of The World* and Mirror Group newspapers over various allegations published about him. Upon his release, he lived in London before moving to Ireland.

In an interview with British newspaper *The Independent*, George said: "I think anyone who has been vilified like me is going to feel very stressed at times and I do. I am not going to say I am angry because I am not angry, certainly not at society. I would use the word disgusted. I am disgusted at how I am treated by certain elements of the media." He also expressed how he has tried to move on with his life and is hopeful he will live to see the real killer charged.

Police continue to search for answers. TV investigator and former police detective Mark Williams-Thomas believes that Dando was killed by orders of an underworld 'Mr Big', and that the man responsible for signing Dando's death warrant was upset with the presenter's work on *Crimewatch* and killed her in order to send a warning to those wanting to crack down on organised crime. His reasons for this belief are the gun being shot at such a close range and the tampered-with bullet casing, so as to leave behind minimal evidence and maximum damage. The assassin's ability to pull off the murder without a single concrete sighting in the middle of the day suggested to him they knew how to execute silently and efficiently.

Others believe it was more political and that she was killed in retaliation by a Serbian because of attacks from Nato, who bombed a state-owned TV station in Belgrade three days before Dando's murder. The widow of a man who was allegedly targeted by hit men working for Serbia's dictator Slobodan Milosevic accused him of holding a grudge against the presenter. She claimed he targeted Dando after she made a TV appeal for Kosovan refugees who had fallen victim to his brutal ethnic cleansing programme in the 1990s. The Nato bombings killed one of Milosevic's close friends. The morning after the murder, a man with an eastern-European accent called the BBC to claim Dando was killed because of the deaths of Serbs in Nato attacks. He said of British Prime Minister Tony Blair's role in the conflict: "He butchered, we butcher back." This theory remains speculation.

Somewhere, somebody knows why Jill Dando was killed. Unfortunately, there is minimal evidence to go on, and as time goes by, witnesses' memories become hazy. In 2015, it was reported that as many as 100 potential suspects have been dismissed by investigators. Among them are members of the Serbian secret service, IRA members and a British gangster based in Spain known only as 'Joe'.



2ND LIFT

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GOLDEN STATE KILLER

BETWEEN 1976 AND 1986, A MANIAC PROWLED NEIGHBOURHOODS ACROSS NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, RAPING AND MURDERING SUBURBANITES. HE WAS NEVER CAUGHT, AND TO THIS DAY HIS IDENTITY AND WHEREABOUTS REMAIN UNKNOWN

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO



In the living room of a house on a quiet residential street, a woman has been tied up with cord by the hands and feet. For a makeshift blindfold, shorts have been placed over her head. In the master bedroom, her boyfriend is similarly bound. As their masked attacker loudly rummages through kitchen cupboards and drawers, he speaks aloud, as if having a conversation with himself. "I'll kill 'em, I'll kill 'em, I'll kill 'em," he says.

This is no burglary gone belly-up. The man behind the mask knew that the couple were at home, in bed, sleeping soundly, before he entered the house. He woke them by shining a flashlight into their eyes. This is what he'd planned all along. It is 2am in Goleta, California. The year is 1979.

This particular attack by the man who would become known by several names – including the East Area Rapist (EAR), the Original Night Stalker, the Diamond Knot Killer and the Golden State Killer (GSK) – was a turning point in his becoming a serial murderer, FBI investigators believe today. Although he meticulously planned the event, things spiralled out of control.

The GSK's modus operandi involved painstaking intelligence gathering on intended victims. These were marked people. Like a huckster spots a gullible soul, like a grifter pulling the melon drop on a sucker. It included stakeouts, mapping escape routes, breaking and entering homes beforehand (in order to become familiar with the surroundings, rooms and items) and gaining an intimate knowledge of the local area. The amount of planning was quite extraordinary. He could well have been watching a house for days, getting to know targets from afar – a voyeur with bigger plans, a perfect stranger who began making his victims' acquaintance while lurking in the shadows.

A bedroom is arguably the most private space in a household. When the lights go out and we hit the hay, we

ABOVE The city of Rancho Cordova was one of the first to be targeted by the Golden State Killer, and it is believed he attacked at least five victims here

ABOVE RIGHT Brian Maggiore and his wife, Kate, were gunned down by the Golden State Killer on 2 February 1978

are at our most vulnerable. Even a light sleeper might not be woken by a home invader slowly opening the window that has been left ajar on a sultry summer's night, or jimmying a lock. A home with the highest-spec security in the world cannot 100 per cent stop an intruder from gaining access. Especially not a person who has been scoping the joint out for days, who may have already gained access on numerous occasions and has knowledge of security codes.

The GSK's method was to split victims by keeping them in different rooms. This way they could not conspire against him or help one another remove ligatures. The female victim in the 1 October 1979 attack in Goleta, however, managed to escape out of the front door, on to the lawn, where she screamed at the top of her lungs. Neighbours were startled from their slumber by the yelling. An FBI agent who lived next door went out to see what was going on. It didn't sound like a drunken fight or typical domestic argument, something about the intensity of the shouting told him that.

The boyfriend in the bedroom also hopped his way to safety, via the backyard, and hid behind an orange tree. For the GSK, things had gone south real quick. The boyfriend cowered in the bushes as the maniac's torchlight pierced the darkness. Quickly realising this jaunt into suburbia had gone off piste, the GSK left the scene immediately. A lesson was learned: leave no survivors. It was time to kill. No more monkey business like tonight.

“ THE INTENSE WAVE OF BURGLARIES TOOK A SINISTER TURN WHEN THE ASSAILANT BEGAN SPECIFICALLY FOCUSING ON PROPERTIES WHERE YOUNG WOMEN WERE HOME ALONE ”



THE MAN THEY FEARED

"This place is going nuts," an officer told the *Los Angeles Times* in May 1977, then reporting on fevered GSK activity and the equally fevered reaction from the general public. Guns and guard dog sales went through the roof. Businessmen offered \$25,000 to anybody with info that would nail the bastard, and neighbourhood patrols were out every night. "I think everybody is sleeping with a gun by his bed," the same report noted, quoting a man "who does". In the same month, Sacramento District Attorney John M Price announced that resident Chester Robertson, who had shot an intruder to death on his property, would not be prosecuted for manslaughter because of the justifiable panic that was sweeping the city.

In the summer of 1976, a tall, athletic white male had begun terrorising the east area of Sacramento, California's state capital. Targeting affluent neighbourhoods, such as Rancho Cordova, Citrus Heights, Fair Oaks and Carmichael, the intense wave of burglaries took a sinister turn when the assailant began specifically focusing on properties where young women were home alone. The number of assaults – according to the FBI – is approximately 45 rapes. He is wanted for 12 murders.

Victims described harrowing ordeals to investigators. He would initially pretend that he was after their money or jewellery. He took souvenirs, but rarely anything expensive, as one would expect a garden-variety burglar to do. Survivors all noted he had a small pecker and would get deeply weird. One time, he was heard sobbing, "Mommy, mommy, mommy." In the main, he enjoyed inflicting psychological torture as a fast way to get targets to comply with his demands. "I'll kill you like I did some people in Bakersfield," he said to one victim.

The GSK sketched neighbourhoods as part of his stakeout operations. However, this hand-drawn map has never been identified as any real-life locale

The assailant ransacked homes, taking personal items as mementos of his attacks. He rarely took anything of major value

THE KILLER'S VOICE

Not satisfied with breaking into the homes of victims, terrorising them, raping them and destroying their lives forever, the GSK prank called people either as a prelude to the nighttime assaults or to gloat in the aftermath. The FBI has released three samples of phone recordings made to victims in which the speaker pretended to have the wrong number – asking, "Is Ray there?" – or threatened an already traumatised person even further. To listen to these tapes takes the breath away with the sheer malice of it all. Here is a man who wants to reduce a person to absolute nothingness. It is a power trip, another example of his dominion over their lives.

"Gonna kill you... gonna kill you... gonna kill you. Bitch... fucking whore," he whispers in one message, picked up after the police wiretapped the phone. He is also believed to have dialled 911 – from the Sacramento area – and taunted the police, telling them, "You're not going to catch me, the East Area Rapist, you dumb fuckers."

"GONNA KILL YOU...
GONNA KILL YOU...
GONNA KILL YOU"



RIGHT The FBI issued three sketches of the man they believe to be the Golden State Killer. The composite drawings are supposed to show him at three stages of his life, to reflect the ageing process from 1976 to 1986

The first confirmed attack occurred in Rancho Cordova on 18 June 1976. Like a nightmare puncturing reality, the victim – home alone – awoke to see a man sporting a white ski mask and blue T-shirt standing in the bedroom doorway. He was naked from the waist down. He had an erection.

Other times, the GSK would have victims masturbate him with hand lotion as he quizzed them about their sexual history. He raped teenagers and virgins. It didn't matter to him. Another warped game he devised was to masturbate and ask the petrified and bound woman what noise he was making... what did it sound like to her? It's not just the violation of bodies that is sickening, but the added indignity of violating space and the personal freedom afforded by a home. He knew everything about his victims, but he was a complete mystery; a phantom psycho who had his twisted fun and then vanished without a trace. Many victims could no longer face living where the attacks occurred and had to move away. For male victims, the attacks destroyed their masculinity and the macho image of 'family protector'. Lives were shattered in his wake.

The GSK basked in the attention, too, and may well have turned up to public forums set up by concerned citizens. Detective Carol Daly suggested that GSK targeted a man who, at a residents' meeting held at Del Dayo Elementary School, had professed his disbelief at the brazenness of the GSK. The gentleman scoffed at the idea a fiend could break in to a person's home, carry out a rape while the husband was in the house and walk off scot-free.

It was possible GSK was at the forum to vent a similar disbelieving opinion. But that evening he was given a challenge – a way to prove again his superiority over the cowering masses. Daly said, "It was about seven months later where this husband and wife were victims... I believe the rapist was at the meeting. He may have followed them home



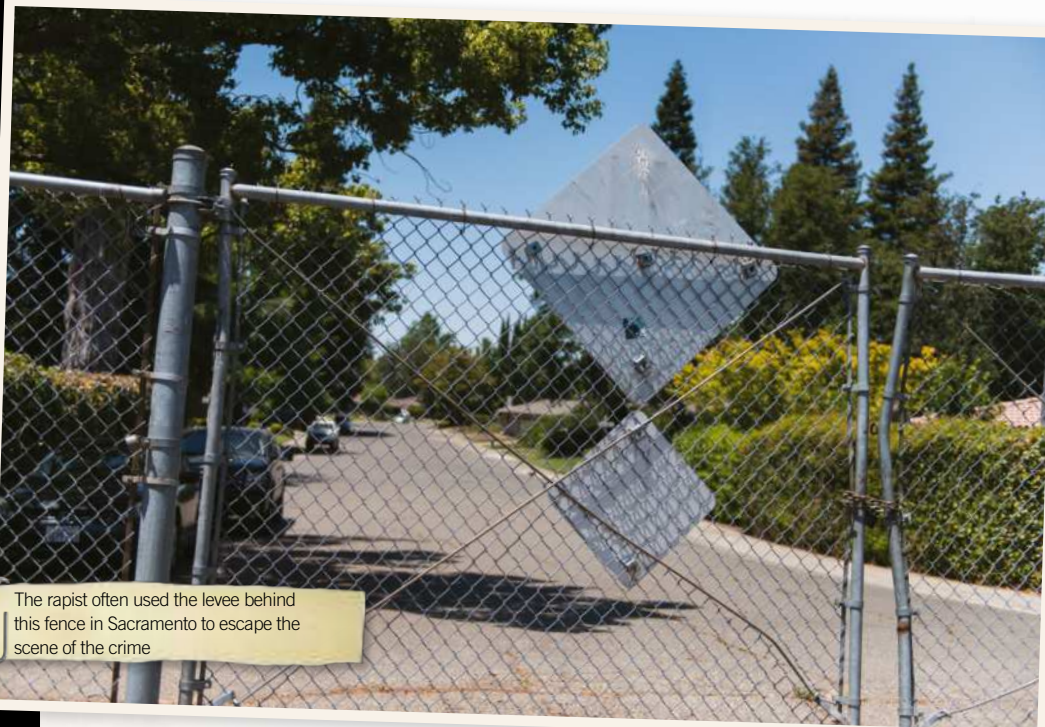
and just waited. It was not random." The assault was noted by Sacramento Sheriff's Department as case number 21.

BEFORE THE EAST AREA

Preceding the spate of GSK burglaries and rapes in Sacramento, there is the curious case of Visalia. Between 1974 and 1975 in this small town in the Central Valley, there were a series of incidents that investigators today believe to be the early work of the Golden State Killer. What's odd – and perhaps a connecting thread – about the Visalia robberies is that the burglar preferred personal items over more valuable goods. A junkie stuffing a knapsack with things he can flog in a pawnshop is a familiar type of home invasion. There is nothing remotely personal about their actions. It's to feed their habit. A burglar leaving retail goods and nicking personal effects tells us something very different. He also trashed their houses, as if in anger. This is about power, control and revenge. The taking of such emotionally valuable stuff – the Visalia burglar stole photographs – is something more profoundly disturbing.

On 11 September 1975, journalism professor Claude Snelling was shot dead by a man he interrupted kidnapping his daughter. Like GSK victims, she had woken up in the night to discover an intruder. He placed a hand over her mouth. "You're coming with me," he said, adding, "Don't scream or I'll stab you." The attacker wore a ski mask. Snelling, woken by the ruckus, demanded to know what the man was doing in his home and with his daughter. Snelling was shot with a .38-calibre pistol. The killer was described as a tall white male.

On 10 December 1975, local police officer Bill McGowen confronted a man lurking close to a house that had been previously targeted by the 'Visalia Ransacker'. Asked to explain himself, the ski-masked individual pulled off the facial covering with one hand and shot at the officer with a concealed weapon with the other. The move to take off the ski mask was a ruse. The bullet hit the officer's flashlight, exploding the glass. The Visalia crime wave ended after this confrontational episode.



The rapist often used the levee behind this fence in Sacramento to escape the scene of the crime



LAST VICTIM AND VANISHING ACT

Irvine, California, is a middle-class city south of Los Angeles. On 5 May 1986, having moved south and left behind a slew of bodies that northern and SoCal law-enforcement agencies would not link for another 14 years, the GSK murdered what is believed to be his last victim.

18-year-old Janelle Cruz was a beautiful young girl home alone, her parents and siblings on vacation. For a while, Orange County cops had reason to suspect a male friend who had visited the evening she was murdered. He'd at first denied his presence, but later confessed to the truth. This guy just didn't want any trouble, not realising his evasiveness fed suspicion. But he also had a strange story to tell. At Janelle's house, as the night pushed on, a series of strange sounds were noted on the property. Janelle dismissed one particular noise from the garage as the washing machine. No biggie. Another bang from the backyard area was dismissed as a cat. Slightly weirded out, the male friend left at around 11pm.

The following morning, an estate agent showing around a prospective buyer found Janelle in the bedroom. She'd been raped and bludgeoned to death with a pipe wrench (reported missing from the garage by the step-father).

Where did he go? What did he do? Did he really stop killing? Had he finally completed his 'work'? The vanishing act is as puzzling as Jack the Ripper's or the Zodiac's. Serial killers have lulls and can take breaks lasting years, but they typically don't stop killing as it's their need, their 'art', their passion, their addiction. The end usually comes when they're either caught red-handed or detectives bust down the door to clap them in irons. If this truly was the end point, for law-enforcement bodies and detectives working cold cases in the future, the full scope was yet to be appreciated.

“ANOTHER WARPED GAME HE DEvised WAS TO MASTURBATE AND ASK THE PETRIFIED AND BOUND WOMAN WHAT NOISE HE WAS MAKING”



Fate has favoured GSK many times: one victim's escape was foiled when she tripped on a flowerbed

PICTURE THIS

CAN INVESTIGATORS BUILD A PICTURE OF GSK USING HIS CHILLING VOICE MESSAGES ALONE? PSYCHOLOGY LECTURER HARRIET SMITH EXPLAINS

BIO DR HARRIET SMITH



Dr Smith specialises in research methods, statistics and critical thinking and is a senior lecturer at Nottingham Trent University. She researched face-voice matching and is a member of the British Psychological Society.

When did you first come across this case?

My own research investigates whether people look and sound similar. It seems that if someone sounds young, healthy, and masculine, they also tend to look young, healthy and masculine. My collaborator, Dr Adam Perkins, told me about this case. He explained that while telephone recordings of the perpetrator exist, there are no known photographic images of his face. The facial composites and sketches of the suspect seem to be quite inconsistent, so we started to wonder whether we might be able to use information contained within the voice to provide clues about the man's visual identity.

Can you explain a bit about your research?

Back in December, we invited participants to take part in an online questionnaire. They were asked to listen to the telephone recordings of the perpetrator, and to view the facial composites/sketches. After this, they judged each recording and composite in terms of characteristics like masculinity, age, and health etc. We are currently analysing the results, using these collective responses to whittle down a more accurate representation of what the perpetrator might have looked like based on the sound of his voice. We will also draw correlations between the face and voice ratings to try to get a better idea of which composite is likely to be the most accurate depiction of the perpetrator.

Will you share your findings with US authorities?

Our research is not linked to the official investigation, but we will make our findings available to the US authorities. We are using this primarily as a test case, to investigate and develop new ways of accessing identity information about perpetrators in other cases. The results could inform novel approaches for the future, which we hope will eventually be useful to police forces.

GOLDEN STATE KILLER'S HUNTING GROUND

THE SERIAL RAPIST AND MURDERER APPEARED TO MOVE FROM THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH, LEADING LAW ENFORCEMENT TO BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE CHANGED JOBS



CLUE THE SHOELACE

In a backyard, close to the scene of the Maggiore killings, detectives find a brand new shoelace tied in a double knot, as if prepared to use as bindings.



EVENT GOLETA DOUBLE HOMICIDE

Robert Offerman and Debra Manning are found expired in their bedroom. Offerman has been shot three times in the back, Manning once in the head. It is a few days after Christmas, 30 December 1979, Goleta, California.



WITNESS WHAT THE FED SAW

In Goleta on 1 October 1979, an FBI agent drives after the GSK – who's peddling a stolen silver Nishiki ten-speed – after the attack on a next-door neighbour. The Fed loses him to the night.



CLUE THE FOOTPRINT

At the Offerman residence, the imprint of an Adidas tennis shoe is found in a flower bed. The killer also ate food – leftovers from Christmas dinner – from the fridge.



CLUE THE KNIFE AND BIKE

A stolen bike and a black-handled steak knife, which at one point in this attack was pressed against the female victim's temple, are found dumped on the street.



SACRAMENTO REGION 1

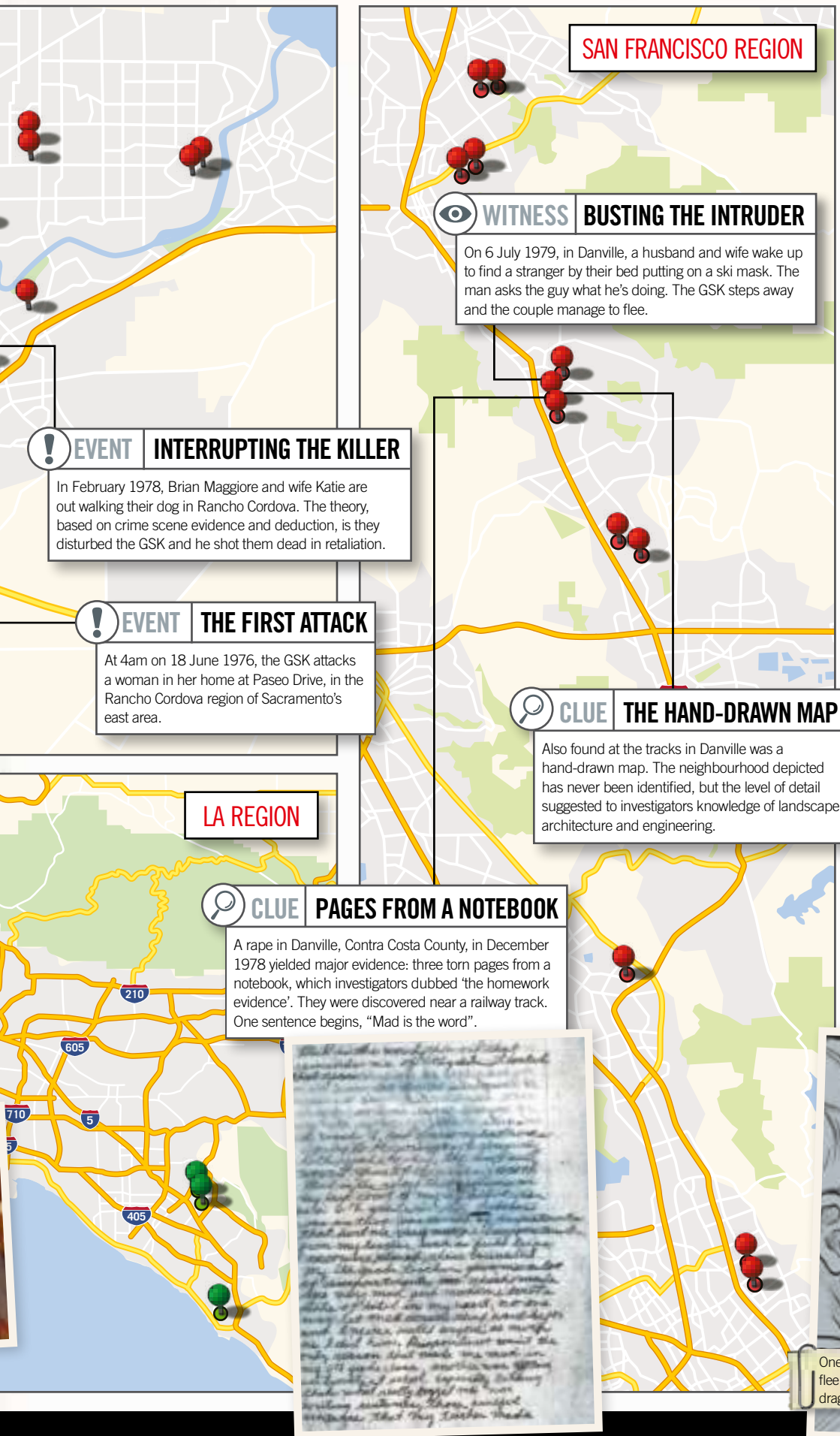
SACRAMENTO REGION 2



RAPE

HOMICIDE

OTHER CRIME



THE INVESTIGATION

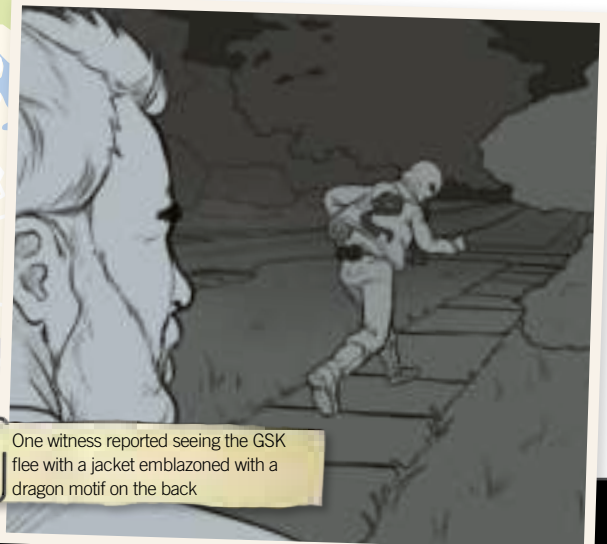
PIONEERING DNA TECHNIQUES
BUSTED THE CASE WIDE OPEN
AND THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH WAS
FINALLY REVEALED

The popular myth of the serial killer as a criminal mastermind of the rarest vintage is a potent one. Many boast above-average IQs and a small few have hit genius-level territory, but most are barely functioning cretins whose brazenness is powered by sheer compulsion to act out their consuming fantasies. They can look audacious, daring and extremely clever. The serial killer might look as if he's cocking a snook at the law by virtue of a gigantic brain, but police incompetence, failure to follow strict procedure at a crime scene and not recognising a pattern to events when a trail of bodies is figuratively spelling 'serial killer' in neon signage, all play a big part in the drama.

GSK's story is one of escalation over time and mystifying lack of closure. If he was responsible for the burglaries and murder in Visalia too, it would seem he got a taste for murder back then. The first major breakthrough occurred ten years after the murder of Janelle Cruz. At the time, the GSK was still in the minds of Sacramento residents and cops, but there had been no movement in decades.

In 1996, Orange County criminalist Mary Hong extracted DNA from semen samples taken from a trio of crime scenes. The DNA profile told her that the Harrington, Cruz and Witthuhn slayings were the handiwork of the same unknown suspect. This was now officially a serial killer case, but the pieces still needed to be put together.

The GSK was a skilful burglar, but he left plenty of traces in his wake (from weapons to scratches on doors and window frames), used a



distinct type of knot (known as a diamond knot) to tie up victims, had an obvious sexual motive, would stack dishes on male victims as an alarm system (he threatened he would kill if he heard the dishes move or clatter to the floor), and mapped out escape routes prior to the assaults. His preference for specific middle-class, well-to-do neighbourhoods was also very telling, from a psychological standpoint.

Mary Hong's DNA work reawakened interest. She'd identified a serial killer previously unknown, and now there was an urgency to catch him. Two Orange County cops, Larry Pool and Brian Heaney, who worked cold case files began to collect blood samples from preferred suspects (each was cleared), but neither of them could have foreseen what lay ahead. During their research, they came across stories and files related to unsolved California murders, and became very interested in several killings – and an unsuccessful attack – up in Ventura and Goleta (1979-1981).

Pool and Heaney called their counterparts in the Santa Barbara area, and this led to another electrifying discovery. Mary Hong tested DNA from the Ventura County Charlene and Lyman Smith double homicide (March 1980). The testing was again conclusive. Detective Russ Hayes described his reaction, years later, during an episode of *Solved* that focused on the GSK: "You could have knocked me over with a feather."

The hard graft was paying off. Investigators were amazed and appalled by the killer's deeds. He was travelling around the state. They began to get the feeling more was to come. They were right.

In 1997, a criminalist for the Bay Area's Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department, Paul Holes, was thumbing through GSK files and decided to DNA test three samples related to rapes across northern California. Holes took his results to Contra Costa County detective Larry Crompton, who had learned of the SoCal homicides and developed his own theory – this was all the same individual. Holes eventually contacted Hong and discussed Crompton's theory and how he suspected the killer was journeying around California to satisfy his urges. The profiles were identical.

In 2003, FBI Special Agent Leslie D'Ambrosia drafted a criminal profile. Around this time, Larry Pool began to put another compelling theory together, regarding the reasons the murders ended so abruptly; a theory that had legal implications and ramifications for the whole state. He thought the killings stopped

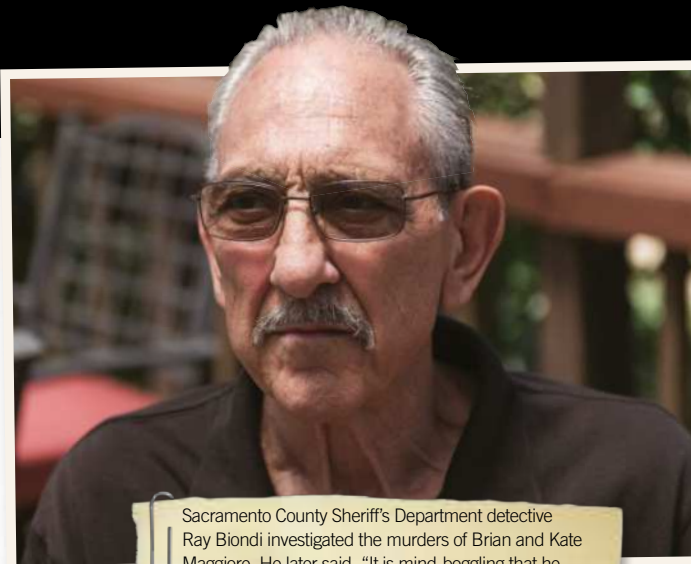
because the murderer was in prison, or on death row. He wished to obtain DNA samples from prisoners he suspected of the crimes. If they were not willing to give it up freely, he'd change the law and make them.

The DNA Fingerprint, Unsolved Crime and Innocence Protection Act was as good a shot as any. The millionaire brother of victim Keith Harrington personally funded a campaign to get the law changed, so that DNA was collected from all felons. He testified in court before state judges, arguing with great emotional force that victims and victims' families needed answers, and ground-breaking forensic science could prove vital in the arrest and conviction of the killer. When put to the vote in 2004, the law was passed.

While mandatory DNA collection proved hugely controversial, especially as it collected DNA from people arrested on minor offences, it came from a good place and helped cold cases immensely. But it did not help in the apprehension of the GSK. With 14 million DNA samples stored on the database, and 48,000 investigations helped by the new data, the maniac continued to dodge all pursuits. There is a very real possibility the man hiding behind the GSK mask isn't on file because he's never been picked up, not once in his whole life. It could be something as mundane as a clerical error aiding and abetting his liberty.

The GSK was operating during the golden age of the serial killer, the era when the term, coined by FBI agent Robert Ressler, busted into popular culture and the concept began to be taken seriously by cops. But it was all still very new, very much the zeitgeist, and it's entirely understandable that for different murders in different counties in a state the size of many countries, police wouldn't immediately put two and two together. There was also Richard Ramirez, whose own MO – breaking and entering, raping and murdering – was similar to the GSK. He became a 1980s media sensation and serial killer poster boy.

The collection of evidence from 1996 and beyond has mounted up. In 2004, there was belated verification that the GSK was wholly responsible for the Cheri Dominguez and Gregory Sanchez murders in Goleta (July 1981). Investigators believe today that the 1978 Rancho Cordova homicide of Brian and Katie Maggiore was also the work of GSK. There is only circumstantial evidence related to the latter, but it's compelling enough that coincidence looks no longer like coincidence.



Sacramento County Sheriff's Department detective Ray Biondi investigated the murders of Brian and Kate Maggiore. He later said, "It is mind-boggling that he committed so many crimes without a slip up"

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



JOSEPH DEANGELO

The former police officer, now in his 70s was arrested in April 2018 and named as a suspect after *I'll Be Gone In The Dark*, a book written by the late Michelle McNamara, named him as the killer. DeAngelo had been let go from the force for stealing dog repellent and a hammer in 1979. He is currently awaiting trial.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



BRETT GLASBY

Investigators considered alleged drug dealer Brett Glasby a suspect until he was murdered in Mexico 1982. Following his death came the murder of Janelle Cruz, prompting the police to nullify him as a suspect for the Golden State Killer's many other crimes.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JOE ALSIP

The business partner and friend of Lyman Smith, Joe Alsip visited his home the day before he and his partner were killed. Alsip was arraigned for the murders in 1982 but charges against him were dropped. A pastor claimed that Alsip had confessed, but this was deemed dubious.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE AFTERMATH

IN 2016, THE FBI RELAUNCHED THE CASE TO MARK THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CONFIRMED ATTACK

On Wednesday 15 June 2016, the FBI held a press conference in Sacramento, California. Teaming up with local law-enforcement agencies, they announced a reward, to the tune of \$50,000, to anybody who could give them vital information leading to the arrest and conviction of the Golden State Killer. The guy would be elderly, between 60 and 75 years old, but justice is not on the clock. Even if the person responsible had passed away in the intervening years, the Feds would at last be able to put a name and a face to the voice.

As well as the press conference, a concerted effort was made to raise the case's profile. There was a media blitz. The age of the internet, too, allowed the FBI to create a website devoted to the campaign and issued a profile-style press release, asking the general public, specifically Californians, to jog their memories. Was a family member acting weird? Was a relative a known felon capable of such sickening acts? What about your neighbours? Did the fella next door bear resemblance to the sketch artist's drawing of the suspect? Have you in your possession an item of jewellery that looks like the ones detailed by the FBI?

During the press conference, Sergeant Paul Belli acknowledged that this was potentially painful and could be disastrous for family members who may suspect a loved one. "It may push somebody over the edge who knows something," he told the gathered press. But justice must be served. There is a higher cause than the self. Belli reasoned to the assembled press that no matter how tough it might be to dial the number, no matter how terrifying, conflicting and shattering, "It could provide us with that one tip we need."

On the dedicated website, the FBI released those chilling phone messages from the man that they believe to be the Golden State Killer to his victims. They filmed interviews with his victims and law-enforcement officials, and made them available to the public. "Just like any homicide investigation, our lifelines are people that give us information. It all boils down to people," said Belli.

The relaunch is a few years old and the fight to heal those affected by his evil actions – survivors and family members of the dead – will continue. Is there any real hope of catching him? Time is the enemy of all, but a break in the

case has led to the arrest of Joseph DeAngelo, a former cop and divorced father of three. He currently awaits trial.

From a relatively parochial case to one of the most infamous unsolved serial killings in 20th-century USA, the raise in profile of the Golden State Killer is the start, not an end. The Sacramento Sheriff's Department and the FBI have a cache of evidence and witness statements – it's all about making that final link, joining the last connecting dot.

Was the maniac a nightmare made flesh, conjured by the collective primal fears of wealthy suburbanites? No. He's an unassuming guy who could blend in and appear utterly normal. He was confident and might well have lived among them.

The killer could be a loving family man living out his retirement years in peace. An old timer gumming on Salisbury steak in a nursing home, who says slightly weird stuff every now and again, but who everybody thinks is harmless enough. A name on a tombstone for a person who lived to terrorise and took his secret to the silent grave. An answer will be given, eventually one way or another.



ABOVE Among the boxes of evidence collected by the police on the hunt for the East Area Rapist/Golden State Killer are these two ski masks and pair of sunglasses



GSK's modus operandi would often include shining a flashlight into the eyes of his victims until they woke

© Adrian Mann; Rebekka Hearl

ASSASSINATION OF OLOF PALME

PRIME MINISTER OLOF PALME WAS GUNNED DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET, THE MAIN SUSPECT WAS SET FREE AND THE WEAPON NEVER RECOVERED. WHO KILLED THE LEADER OF SWEDEN AND GOT AWAY WITH IT?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

The murder of Sweden's prime minister in 1986 is something of a national obsession. Olof Palme, a man described as a "revolutionary reformist", was shot on his way home from an outing with his family in the middle of Stockholm. The assailant fled and police had a hard time gathering a description of them. Palme's wife was also attacked but survived, pointing the finger of suspicion at a local convict who had already served time for manslaughter. However, this suspect was cleared of the murder after police failed to find definitive proof that he was the perpetrator. Other suspects ranged from African special agents to the CIA, but eventually the trail went cold on the hunt for the person who killed Sweden's leader.

The weapon used to deliver the fatal bullets has never been recovered, but could possibly be the key to the country's three-decade-long riddle. At the intersection of Sveavägen and Tunnelgatan is a small plaque in the pavement to commemorate Palme. Well wishers and supporters left red roses for months afterwards and police eventually set up CCTV near the plaque hoping to catch the murderer, but so far they have not seen a single suspicious soul return to the scene of the crime.

SOCIALISM AND SCANDAL

Born in 1927, Olof Palme grew up well educated. In his early years he studied law and journalism at Stockholm University. By the time he became prime minister, he was well versed in his role within government. He joined the ruling Social Democratic Party, and became the parliamentary secretary to his predecessor Prime Minister Tage Erlander by 1953.

The SDP had by then largely abolished poverty in Sweden and the country was a shining light to the rest of Europe, having survived the knock-on effects of World War II that were largely disrupting many other countries. Sweden, in its neutral state post-war, had come out on top, with an impressive national health service and gallant social services. But the one thing Sweden lacked was a successful parliament, and by the 1960s, the nation recognised Palme's potential of rising to the top.

He acted as a lobbyist for Prime Minister Erlander, delivering presentations and speeches to parliament that highlighted his natural flair and talent. A multilingual Palme made quite an impression on his countrymen, while evoking the envy of other MPs who failed to rouse the same admiration in their native language. Those who opposed him distrusted him. Although he had become a socialist, Palme was born into an upper-class family and he stuck out like a sore thumb within his own party. But for all his talents and privilege, Palme lived a frugal life: he lived in a small terraced house in suburban Stockholm with his wife, noblewoman Lisbet Beck-Friis, and their three young sons. Palme washed his own dishes, ironed his own clothes, answered his own telephone and commuted to work on a scooter.

Many outside the sphere of Swedish government disliked Palme because he was outspoken and blunt. In 1968, in a bid to oppose the Swedish Communist Party and the Vietnam War, he controversially compared the US Army to murderers and the war they fought to the Nazi genocide. However, Palme claimed that although he was not overly keen on its politicians, he admired the USA, and he made it clear that he considered Sweden part of the Western world.

Dekorima



Konstnärsmaterial



The nation's grief in the wake of Olof Palme's assassination has often been compared to that experienced in the USA when JFK was killed in Dallas some 21 years earlier



© Tage Olsson

ABOVE Palme spent his final hours before his assassination at the Grand cinema with his wife, Lisbet, son Marten, and Marten's girlfriend



RIGHT Palme dismissed his bodyguards before returning home. He liked to walk the streets unattended and had never felt threatened

“ HE HAD MADE MANY ENEMIES BY TAXING SMALL BUSINESSES OUT OF EXISTENCE AND PUTTING MORE CHILDREN INTO CARE THAN EVER BEFORE ”

In 1969, Palme took the reins of the party from Erlander. By the mid 1970s, he had made many enemies by taxing small businesses out of existence, subjecting students to a more ‘experimental’ curriculum and putting more children into care than ever before. In the 1976 general election, Palme was beaten by a coalition of conservatives and liberal democrats. However, after securing his leadership of the country once again in 1985, he brought about more liberal policies – but by now he was also strongly hated by the right-wing society of Sweden, who considered him arrogant and a radical, while the conservatives considered him a class traitor. Palme was suspected of tax evasion and accused of being schizophrenic, unfaithful to his wife and a homosexual by his enemies when they launched a hate campaign against him.

IMPROMPTU PLANS

The morning of 28 February 1986 was just like any other. Palme ran errands and attended meetings, and although his bodyguards were present at some of these appointments, Palme dismissed them during the day, feeling no need for security to accompany him further. In the aftermath of what was to come, many commented on how jolly the prime minister had been throughout the day, although occasionally some would find his behaviour rather odd. When Palme came into the Rosenbad dining room (in the Swedish state’s Rosenbad building) after lunch, he was incredibly angry, but he would not tell anyone why. But according to those who saw him later that day, his mood gradually lifted.

A journalist who interviewed him for a trade union magazine was delighted that the prime minister was in such a good mood, but when he asked him to pose for a photo by the window, Palme declined. “You never know what may be waiting for me out there,” he told the journalist, who found his sudden sullenness strange.

His day over, Palme returned home to his elegant residence in the Old Town. He and his wife Lisbet had discussed seeing a movie later that day, although there were no set plans for their evening. Lisbet had wanted to see *My Life As A Dog* at the Spegeln cinema. Later that day, Olof had phoned his son Marten and the pair discussed many a topic including the idea of going to see a film together. Marten and his girlfriend had already booked tickets to go to the Grand cinema to see *Broderna Mozart* (The Mozart Brothers), a comedy that had been released a week previously. Marten invited his parents along with them – they later decided to join their son at the Grand cinema, leaving their house at around 8.30pm.

As you would expect, a number of people noticed the prime minister and his wife as they travelled around that evening – his image had appeared on the pages of their newspapers for decades, after all. A woman spotted the pair as they came out of their front door, and a ticket conductor wished them a pleasant journey as they purchased tickets for the subway, but he stated later that he found it odd that the prime minister was without a bodyguard.

While waiting for the north-bound train, the pair received glances from people too shy to speak to Palme, while some were more than happy to acknowledge him. While many people noticed the prime minister’s casual stride, others observed him with a much more nervous disposition. Throughout their journey, nobody was seen following the prime minister at any point.

89 STEPS

A MANHUNT AND A FALLEN PRIME MINISTER, YET THE POLICE HAD FEW CLUES TO SOLVE A MURDER

WITNESS LISBET PALME

Lisbet Palme told police that she was shot soon after her husband, just as she turned around to face the assailant. She saw a man standing four to six metres away and for a second had eye contact with the person who killed her husband.

WITNESS LARS JEPPSSON

Hidden by the barracks in Tunnelgatan, Jeppsson was the last person to see the killer before he disappeared from view. He attempted to chase him down but was unsuccessful.

CLUE TWO BULLETS

Forensics recovered two Winchester-Western .375 Magnum 158 grain metal-piercing bullets, which matched the fragments of lead found on both the prime minister and his wife.

VICTIM PRIME MINISTER OLOF PALME

CLUE VEHICLE

Following Palme's death, reports came in of police who were pursuing a Volkswagen car, which was believed to be carrying the suspect, on its way out of the city.

WITNESS IGNES MORELIUS

Waiting in his car while his friends made a bank transaction nearby, Morelius was suspicious of a man he saw stood at the station entrance dressed in a dark overcoat and acting strangely.

WITNESS YVONNE NIEMINEN

Nieminen described the man she spotted running for David Bagares Gata as 'Scandinavian'. She also noted how he was rummaging around in a bag while making his getaway.

TUNNELGATAN

DAVID BAGARES GATA

SWEDEN'S REACTION TIME

PALME SHOT 23.21.30

The prime minister is shot in the shoulder and the stomach.

THE FIRST CALL 23.22.20

A witness calls the emergency line to report a "murder on Sveavägen", but the police don't receive the call.

THE SECOND CALL 23.23.40

A switchboard operator calls the police dispatch centre and tells them the location of the shooting.

FIRST POLICE ON THE SCENE 23.24.00

A police patrol on Kungsgatan that had been alerted to the crime by another taxi driver arrives on the scene.

SEARCH FOR THE KILLER 23.24.00 – 23.25.30

Superintendent Gösta Söderström orders a manhunt.

AMBULANCE STOPPED 23.25.00

An passing ambulance is flagged down by police.

THE SOUND OF SIRENS 23.28.00

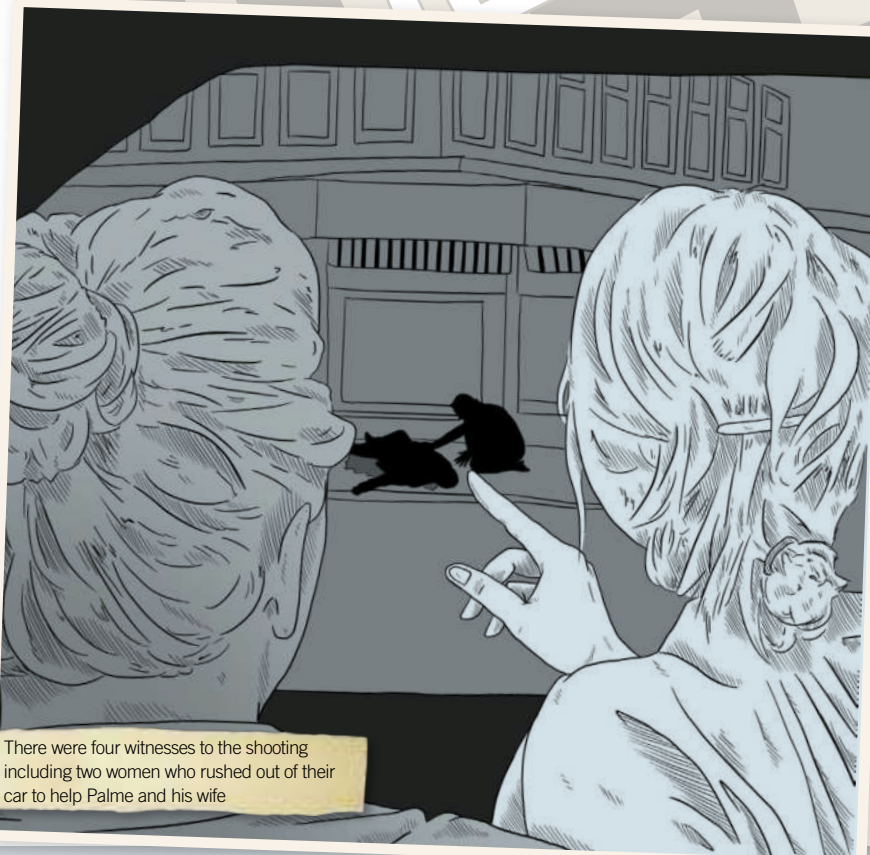
Mortally wounded Palme is taken to Sabbatsberg Hospital, arriving less than four minutes later.

PALME PRONOUNCED DEAD 00.06.00

Palme is pronounced dead while his wife receives treatment.

NEWS BREAKS 01.10.00

The first word of the murder is broadcast over radio. Deputy Prime Minister Inger Carlsson assumes responsibility.

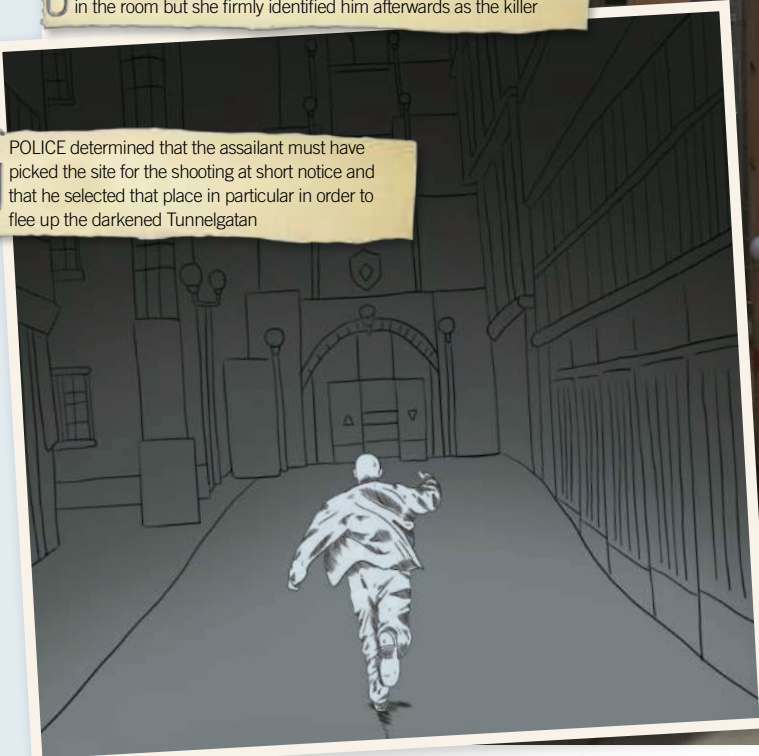


There were four witnesses to the shooting including two women who rushed out of their car to help Palme and his wife



Pettersson stood trial for the murder of Olof Palme at Stockholm District Court. Palme's widow refused to give her testimony with him in the room but she firmly identified him afterwards as the killer

POLICE determined that the assailant must have picked the site for the shooting at short notice and that he selected that place in particular in order to flee up the darkened Tunnelgatan



LEFT A section of Tunnelgatan, the assassin's escape route, has been renamed Olof Palme Street in memory of the fallen prime minister



© Tage Olsson

THE MURDER WEAPON

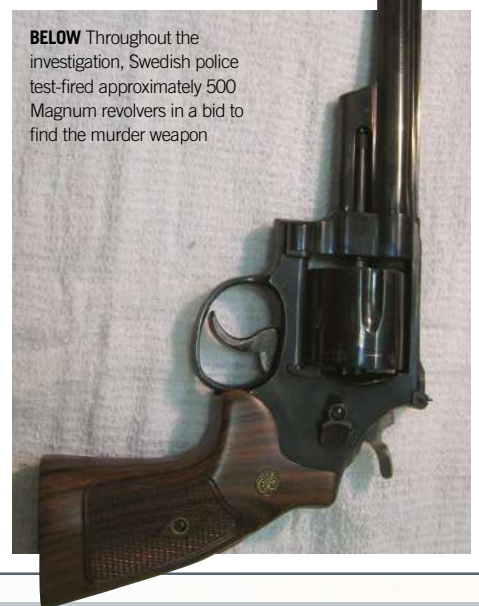
WITH NO SUSPECT, POLICE TURNED THEIR ATTENTION TO FINDING THE GUN

Police focused on tracking down ten Magnum revolvers reported stolen at the time of Palme's murder. They assumed the murder weapon had to be a revolver to explain why there were no bullet casings recovered from the crime scene. Investigators concluded they had been fired from a barrel no shorter than ten centimetres. Of all the stolen revolvers, one remains lost: the Sucksdorff revolver, which was stolen from the Stockholm home of Swedish filmmaker Arne Sucksdorff in 1977. To complicate things further, it was stolen by a friend of Sigvard 'Sigge' Cedergren, a known drug dealer. Two months before the prime minister's assassination and

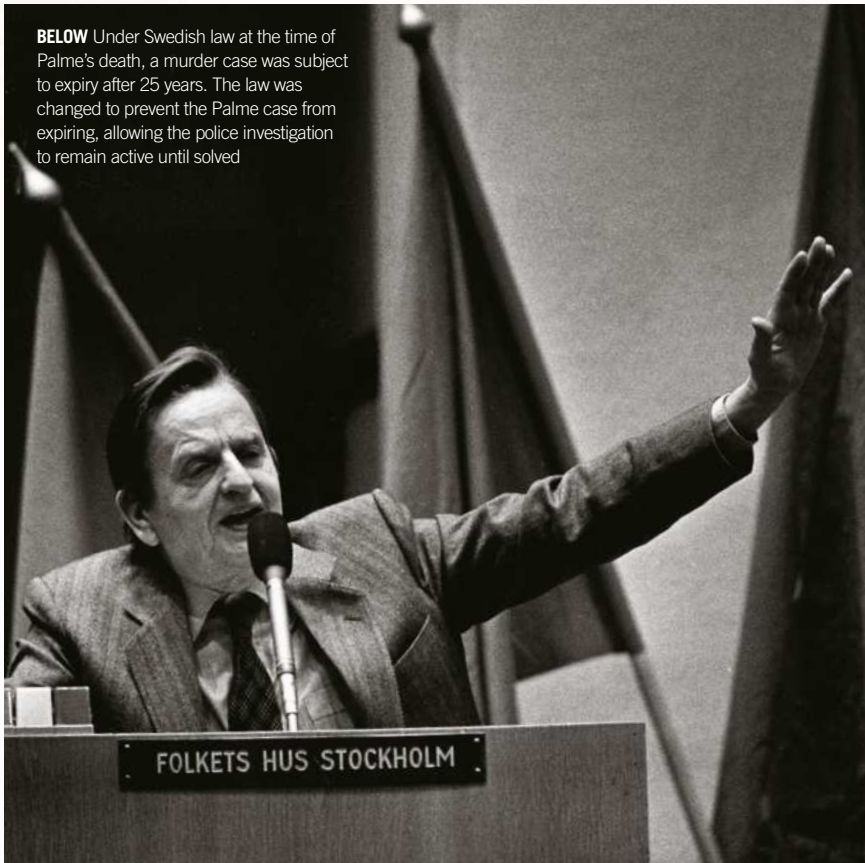
on his death bed, he said that he lent the exact same model of weapon to Christer Pettersson, the prime suspect in the case at the time.

In 2006, a gun was recovered from the bottom of a lake in central Sweden after a tip-off. Robert Calsson, head of the forensic lab's chemical and technical unit, said the chances of the gun including fingerprints or DNA traces were "small, not to say microscopic." Laboratory tests on the weapon conducted in May 2007 were inconclusive: the gun was too rusty, and any forensic evidence that might have pointed to the weapon being used in Palme's assassination had long since been eroded.

BELOW Throughout the investigation, Swedish police test-fired approximately 500 Magnum revolvers in a bid to find the murder weapon



BELOW Under Swedish law at the time of Palme's death, a murder case was subject to expiry after 25 years. The law was changed to prevent the Palme case from expiring, allowing the police investigation to remain active until solved



A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION?

In September 1996, Colonel Eugene De Kock, a former South African police officer, gave evidence to the supreme court in Pretoria alleging that Palme had been killed because he, "...strongly opposed the apartheid regime and Sweden made substantial contributions to the African National Congress." De Kock alleged that former police colleague and South African spy Craig Williamson was the man who killed Palme. Police visited South Africa in October 1996 but were unable to uncover evidence to support De Kock's allegations. The Pinochet regime in Chile has also been linked with the killing. *The New York Times* reported in 2016: "Only this week, a witness at the cinema that the prime minister attended the night he (Palme) was killed claimed to have seen a man resembling a known American agent working for the Chilean secret services under Gen. Augusto Pinochet."

Another theory points the finger at the CIA and an Italian Masonic lodge called Propaganda Due (P2). A telegram from P2's grandmaster Licio Gelli to a longtime associate of Italian Neo-fascist political activists read: "Tell our friend the Swedish palm will be felled." In 1990, an Italian television documentary claimed that the CIA paid Gelli to foment terrorism. The CIA denied any involvement in Palme's death.

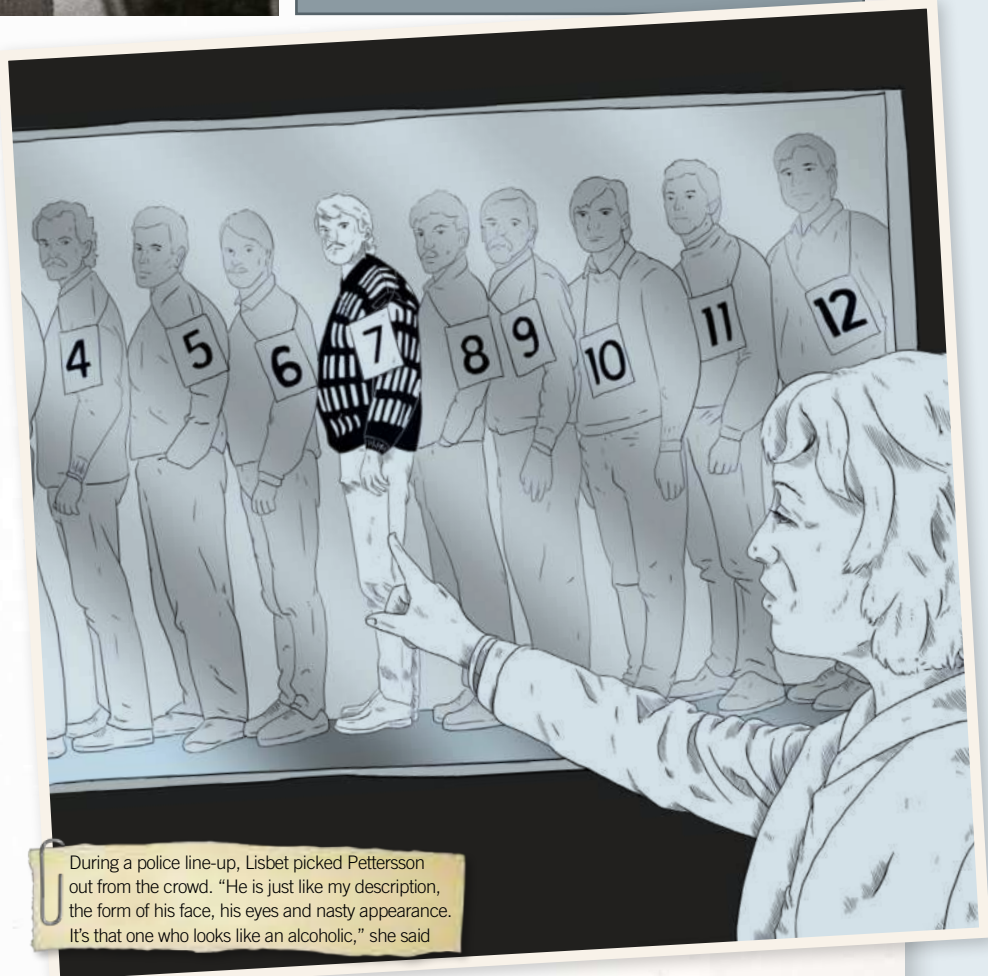
LAST WALK HOME

Once at the theatre, the family congregated outside for a short while as Lisbet and Olof bought their tickets. The box office clerk was delighted that the president had attended that evening, and although the film was sold out, she allowed him to sit in the theatre director's seats. The film finished a few minutes after 11pm but the family stayed behind as the crowd filtered out of the cinema.

Eventually the family left the cinema and huddled outside. A witness claims to have seen Olof and his son arguing, and his son later explained that his father had become annoyed when he went to look up the name of one of the actresses in the film in a nearby shop window that was selling programmes, but the shop turned its window lights off just as he was peering in. Marten admitted that this was rather strange behaviour for his father to become annoyed over something so trivial.

Marten suggested that his parents might like to join them for a drink but they declined, noticing the time ticking on. Instead Palme and his wife decided to make their way home. Lisbet wanted to get the train, but Olof made a comment about how fortunate he felt that a prime minister could walk home at night just like any other citizen.

The pair walked side by side as a thin layer of snow and ice covered the ground. While they passed some hardy people in the street, few Swedish residents like to be out in the sub-zero temperatures at night, and by this time the streets had begun to clear. The couple made their way down the west side of Sveavägen, towards the northern entrance of the Hotoorget metro station, eventually coming to the corner of Sveavägen and Tunnelgatan and making their way to the metro station on the other side.



THE INVESTIGATION

WITH "SKETCHY" WITNESS REPORTS AND VERY FEW CLUES, THE SEARCH FOR PALME'S KILLER WAS PROVING DIFFICULT

As daylight broke the following morning, Palme's death sparked the biggest manhunt in the nation's history. The capital was closed off as police issued a nationwide search for the assassin. However, the police were late to seal off the crime scene and failed to effectively comb over the grounds for evidence – passersby were the first to find the bullet of the suspected murder weapon. Police issued an alert for a dark-haired man aged 35 to 40 and dressed in a long, dark overcoat but admitted that the witness reports were "sketchy". While some witnesses to the slaying said that Palme's assassin engaged him briefly in conversation before shooting him, others said that the assailant began firing as soon as he reached the prime minister.

Lisbet told police that she vaguely recognised the man who had shot her husband but was unable to immediately identify him. Police were keen to downplay the idea of a political assassination. However, one report quoted police sources as saying they were investigating Ustachi, a Croatian separatist movement, in connection with the assassination after Palme denied clemency to the man convicted of murdering the Yugoslav ambassador in Stockholm in 1971.

33-year-old Victor Gunnarsson was arrested in March accused of the killing after it was determined he had been close to the scene of the murder and "had no clear alibi". He had connections to various extremist groups, and police had found anti-Palme pamphlets inside his home from one of the groups. But due to a lack of evidence, he was released on 11 April. Further investigations led police to the theory that a professional killer assassinated Palme. Stockholm police commissioner Hans Holmer followed up an intelligence lead passed to him and arrested a number of 'Kuds' living in Sweden after allegations that a formerly declared terrorist group, the Kurdistan Workers' Party, was responsible for the murder. The party denied its involvement in the murder. Claes Zeime, the judicial head of the investigation into

the shooting, said police have studied 16 organisations without finding a link.

Almost three years after Palme's death, police arrested 41-year-old Christer Pettersson, a criminal, drug user and alcoholic with a history of violent crime, including a manslaughter conviction for stabbing someone to death with a bayonet in 1970. When Pettersson stood trial for the murder the following year, Lisbet insisted that he was the man that she saw that night, having picked him out of a police line-up. The evidence surrounding the prosecution's case against Pettersson was entirely circumstantial, and he firmly denied the murder charge against him. At his trial, which started on 5 June 1989, Pettersson told the court: "I did not kill Prime Minister Olof Palme. I did not try to kill Mrs Palme. The shooting was an infamous crime that I could never have committed." When Pettersson tried to defend himself by saying he had been home at the time, a close friend discredited his story.

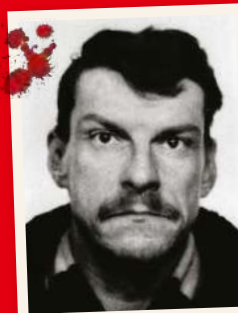
Pettersson was found guilty and sentenced to life in prison in July, but the country barely had time to rejoice at the idea of the murder being solved before the conviction was overturned unanimously in October due to a lack of evidence. The courts had no motive for Pettersson's 'crime', no murder weapon and no hard evidence proving he was guilty. Pettersson died in September 2004 after suffering cerebral haemorrhaging following a knock to the head. He had reported being harassed by the police on 15 September, the day before he sustained his head injury. His associates later claimed that he had admitted his role in the murder but explained that it was a case of mistaken identity. Apparently he had meant to kill a drug dealer dressed in similar clothing, who often walked along the same street at night. Experts predicted prior to his conviction being overturned that, should he be freed, it would be impossible to find the killer as all the witnesses statements pointed to Pettersson as the gunman, despite no witnesses having seen Pettersson with a gun in his hand.

After Palme was killed, thousands of shocked Swedes flooded the scene of his death with red roses, a symbol of Palme's Social Democratic Party, building a metre-high wall of flowers

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

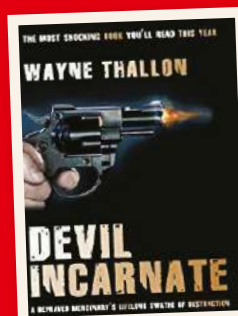
THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



CHRISTER PETERSSON

The Prime Minister's wife picked the convicted killer and drug addict, Christer Pettersson, out of a police line-up. This led to his eventual district court conviction for murder in 1988. Pettersson was acquitted the following year. His appeal cited a lack of evidence and the missing murder weapon – a .357-caliber Magnum pistol.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



IVAN THE TERRIBLE

In 2007, a book titled *Devil Incarnate* published by Wayne Thallon pointed the finger at high-ranking Civil Cooperation Bureau operative and "ruthless torture technician", British-born mercenary Athol Visser, also known as 'Ivan the Terrible'.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



CRAIG WILLIAMSON

In September 1996, a former South African police officer went to the Supreme Court in Pretoria and alleged that his former colleague (and possible spy) Craig Williamson was the killer. Swedish investigators travelled to South Africa to pursue the lead, but found no evidence to substantiate these claims.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

THE AFTERMATH

MORE THAN THREE DECADES ON AND THE KILLER REMAINS A MYSTERY, BUT SWEDEN HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ITS LOSS

The investigation into the assassination of Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme is one of the biggest in the world, overtaking the scale of investigations into the JFK assassination and the Lockerbie bombing. The case remains open. Under Swedish law, a case cannot be closed until the police have both the murder weapon and a conviction of murder. In the three decades since Palme's slaying at a 'busy' intersection in Stockholm, police have questioned more than 10,000 witnesses, produced approximately 90,000 pages of reports and crossed off approximately 130 potential assassins from their list of suspects. Experts claim that it would take a legal expert nine years to read through all the archived material of the case, which takes up 250 metres of shelf space. To this day, five police officers dedicate most of their time to the unsolved case, spending their time testing weapons and following up leads.

However, Palme is not the latest Swedish politician to be murdered. In 2003, Foreign Minister Anna Lindh was stabbed to death in a Stockholm department store. She was also without her bodyguards at the time of her death.

In 2012, Olof Palme's son Joakim said his father usually had a bodyguard but had sent him home that evening after deciding not to go out. When his plans changed, Mr Palme's son said his father had tried but failed to reach anyone at Swedish security services, so he headed out anyway to the cinema with his wife. However, he admitted that even if there had been a bodyguard there that night, there was no guarantee that his father would have lived.

In 2014, there was another development as it was revealed that the Swedish crime author Stieg Larsson, who died in 2004, had sent the police 15 boxes of files from his own investigation into Palme's murder. The newspaper was given access to Larsson's files and found that a suspect for the killing did not have an alibi. The man in question was thought to have had close links to South African security forces. In 2016, the country commemorated 30 years since Palme's killing, with thousands of residents flocking to the corner where Palme was shot to pay their respects with mountains of red roses, the symbol of his political party. The country has still not forgotten what happened to the prime minister who liked to walk alongside them.

The case is without much hope of a conviction, despite a \$7 million reward for any information that will bring Sweden closure. Every year on the anniversary of his death, the police's Palme Group invite witnesses or anyone with new information to come forward via their hotline, which usually receives about 100 calls. But to this day they await the ringing of the telephone and a voice at the end of the line that will deliver a lead strong enough to solve the country's biggest mystery.



RED ROSE

Witness Ignas Morelius first observed a man who would moments later gun down the prime minister, dressed in a long, dark overcoat standing outside the entrance of a shop called Dekorima. At first he thought that the man, dressed and acting suspiciously, was involved in a drug deal or a robbery. He looked as though he was waiting for someone. When he spotted the prime minister, he walked towards him. Morelius's first thought was that he was about to snatch Lisbet's handbag but instead he grabbed the prime minister by the shoulders before shooting him in the back at point-blank range. "Oh my God, he's shooting!" Morelius exclaimed as he watched the prime minister fall.

Lars Jeppsson heard Lisbet cry out, "No, what are you doing?" A bullet had grazed her but she rushed to her husband's side where he lay in a pool of blood in the soft snow.

The assailant holstered his gun and made a run for it up a side alley called Tunnelgatan, bolting past Jeppsson, who watched as he

climbed the 89 steps up to the Brunkeberg ridge, two or three at a time, looking back every so often. Jeppsson decided to pursue the man, running past the scene of the crime. At the top of the steps, he ran into a man and a woman who pointed Jeppsson towards David Bagares Gata street. They had seen a man in dark coat flee in that direction. Jeppsson could barely make him out up ahead, but saw him duck into a bank of parked cars. Jeppsson later claimed that he did not hear a car pull away or a door slam, but he was unable to find the man he had chased through Stockholm's streets. On the other side of town, the Palmes arrived at Sabbatsberg Hospital. At 1am, the first broadcast announced Olof's death.

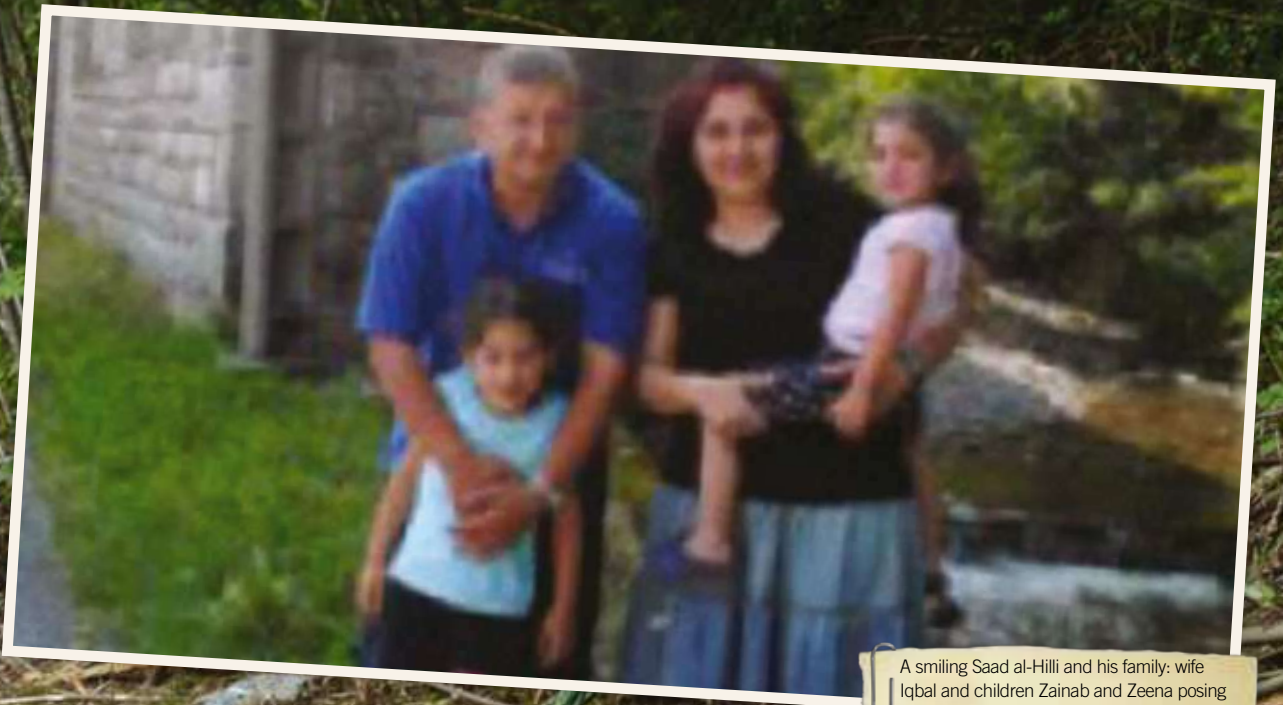




COLD HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN MURDERER

THEY WERE A NORMAL BRITISH FAMILY ON A HOLIDAY IN THE FRENCH ALPS, BUT THEY BECAME THE VICTIMS OF AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE AND UNEXPLAINED MASSACRE

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK



A smiling Saad al-Hilli and his family: wife Iqbal and children Zainab and Zeena posing in their back garden during happy times



By early September 2012 most of the tourists looking for beautiful Alpine views and family photo opportunities along the winding mountain roads had departed, and the magnificent village of Chevaline in the Haute-Savoie region of France returned to its peaceful self once again. Route Forestiere Domanaile de la Combe d'Ire, close to the southern end of Lake Annecy, was particularly quiet. Apart from the occasional sporty cyclist prepared to face the steep climb, or a chugging tractor, the way was clear and silent. So why was it that such a ghastly sequence of events ended in the brutal murder of a family, so close to this picturesque, sleepy village?

A HOLIDAY TO DIE FOR

This was not the first time Saad al-Hilli had taken his family caravanning in France. They had spent a wonderful summer there the year before, and it was with great excitement that they decided to return. Zainab, their eldest daughter, should have been in school, but Saad decided to keep her back for one more week of fun. So at 10pm on Wednesday 29 August Saad drove his BMW estate on to the ferry as the holiday adventure began. They spent three days meandering through the pretty villages stopping at various places, including Village Camping Europa, where they met a Dutch family. Sandy Rambout would later become a key witness, tipping off the police officers that there had been two daughters, not just the injured Zainab, sparking a frenzied manhunt for the missing four year old. Rambout also told them of a strange incident that occurred during their brief time together.

Apparently a man dressed in a suit was seen hanging around Saad's caravan. On one particular occasion the pair began to argue until the stranger stormed over to the BMW and banged on the bonnet. Shortly after this unnerving incident, Saad decided to leave the site early, choosing instead to pitch 2.6 kilometres further down the road. Eventually they pulled in at the Solitaire du Lac campsite by the edge of Lake Annecy, 14 kilometres outside of Chevaline.



Saad al-Hilli took his family on a holiday that ended in death. It is unclear if he was the intended target

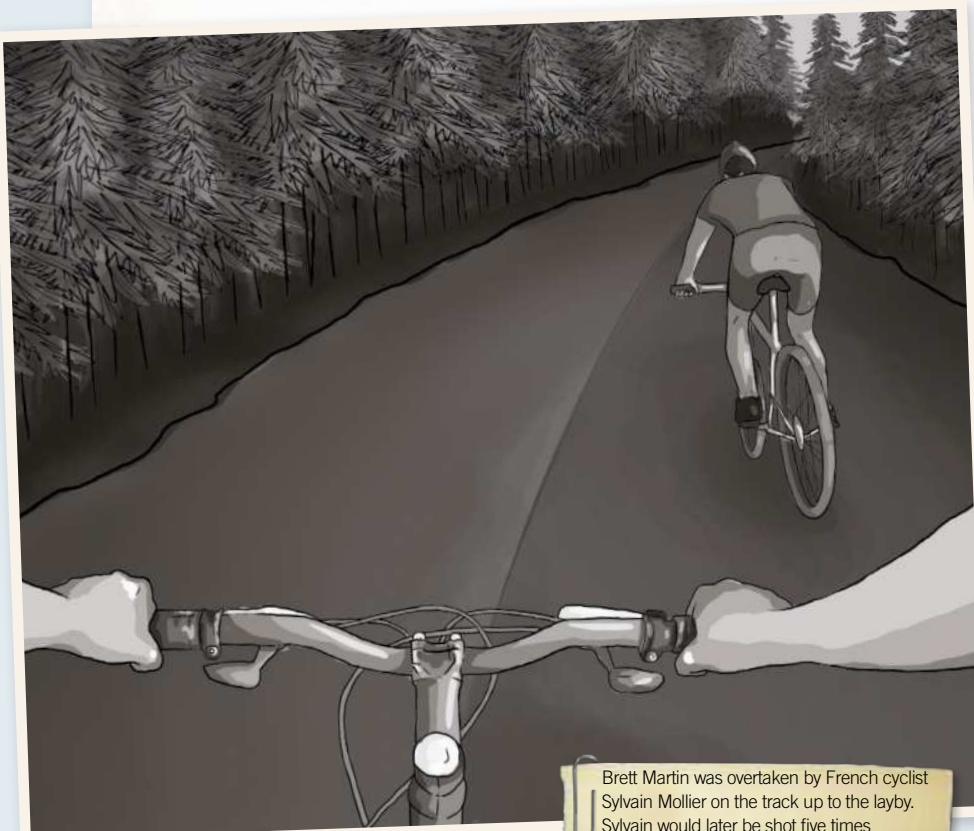
They were a close family enjoying each other's company as often as possible. With temperatures around 30 degrees celsius it looked as if this was going to be their best holiday yet. Sadly, it would be their last.

FAMILY SECRETS

Saad al-Hilli was born into a wealthy family from Baghdad. His father had been an influential and highly successful businessman who had fled his homeland during Saddam Hussein's ascent to power, taking his sons Saad and Zaid with him. Why his father needed to leave in such a hurry was never fully explained, but something clearly occurred to unnerve the al-Hilli patriarch. The family initially moved to London but finally settled in Surrey, where they bought a huge property. This would eventually be given to the young Saad and his bride, causing a rift between the two brothers that was later investigated by the police.

Saad was a clever child and gained numerous qualifications before studying engineering at Kingston University. Having worked at a variety of companies, he eventually acquired a long-term contract with Satellite Technology Limited.

On 28 August 2003 Saad married Iqbal, but the fairy-tale wedding was the first of a long line of mysteries leading to their horrific deaths. Iqbal lied about her status on the marriage certificate, claiming to be unmarried, when she



Brett Martin was overtaken by French cyclist Sylvain Mollier on the track up to the layby. Sylvain would later be shot five times

“THE CAR CRAWLED UP THE STEEP INCLINE, PASSING A BROWN SIGN DECLARING ‘DANGEROUS ROAD’. BUT THE FAMILY DID NOT HEED ITS WARNING”

was in fact already hitched to a biker named Jimmy from Mississippi. The divorce papers came through some time after the second marriage, but the details surrounding this previous odd coupling remain shrouded in mystery. Iqbal's mother Suhaila appeared to be the only person aware of the situation – but did somebody else know of the event, and could this have been instrumental in the family's demise?

In 2005 Zainab was born, followed three years later by Zeena. The sisters were utterly inseparable. Zainab kept a close eye on her baby sibling, protecting her against anything that might upset her. It was likely that she was doing just that as she staggered into the road, leading the killer away from the family car where she knew Zeena was cowering. No one will ever be sure, but what is known is the undeniable closeness of the five family members as they pitched up their caravan on that balmy summer evening.

MOUNTAIN PASS DEAD END

At 2.30pm the following afternoon Saad drove the car out of the Solitaire du Lac campsite and headed out around the lake. Zainab sat up front with her father, something she often did in order to avoid car sickness. Iqbal was positioned in the rear on the left alongside her mother Suhaila, and Zeena snuggled up between the two. The group motored through Dossard where at 3.15pm Suhaila took a number of photographs. A mere 33 minutes later Brett Martin would discover their bullet-riddled car and lifeless corpses, 12 minutes further up the mountain pass. This left a ten-minute window of opportunity for the killer to strike.

A local builder by the name of Laurent Fillion-Robin watched the estate car leave Chevaline and turn up the winding Combe d'Ire forest road, surprised to see a family head towards the lonely layby. It was not a beautiful spot, nor did it lead anywhere. In fact, the car would have to somehow turn around, since only mountain bikes could make it any further up the track. Did the al-Hilli family simply take a wrong turning, or was there an ulterior motive for their route? The car crawled up the steep incline, passing a brown sign declaring 'dangerous road'. But the family did not heed its warning.

At the same time as the al-Hilli family were leaving the camp, Brett Martin decided to take his bike out for a ride. The ex-RAF pilot had a holiday home alongside Lake Annecy, not far from the campsite. As he dawdled along a second, much faster cyclist flew past him. 45-year-old Sylvain Mollier was also heading for the single mountain track. Within a few minutes all three parties would collide with a forth, still unknown, character, and it would end in bloodshed.

As Martin crossed the last river bridge a few hundred metres away from the layby, the first shots were fired. The rushing water drowned out the massacre, and Martin continued around the bend straight into the crime scene.

Initially Martin thought the cyclist lying on the ground was resting – after all, he had been riding at quite a pace. But



TOP Fragments of the gun found at the scene were identified as a 7.65mm Luger P06. Such weapons were manufactured by Waffenfabrik in Switzerland between 1909 and 1947

ONE MORE BEATING HEART

Unknown to the emergency services who cordoned off the layby, another victim lay curled up in the car, and she was very much alive. Four-year-old Zeena had crawled into the footwell as her mother had attempted to shield her from the gunman. She had clung to her mother, hidden by her long summer skirt so the killer had been unaware of her presence.

The Chambéry police decided to wait for the forensic team from Paris before opening up the car. The three adults were obviously dead so it seemed better to leave the scene undisturbed. There was only one child seat visible in the car, and since they already had one little girl in hospital they assumed there could be no more victims to discover.

However, an interview with the Dutch family from the previous campsite led them to realise a second child was missing. Just before midnight the car was finally opened, and the terrified little girl was pulled out from under her dead mother's legs.

as he approached to say hello, little Zainab staggered out in front of him covered in blood. The BMW engine was revving and the wheels were spinning wildly. Could there have been a dreadful car crash?

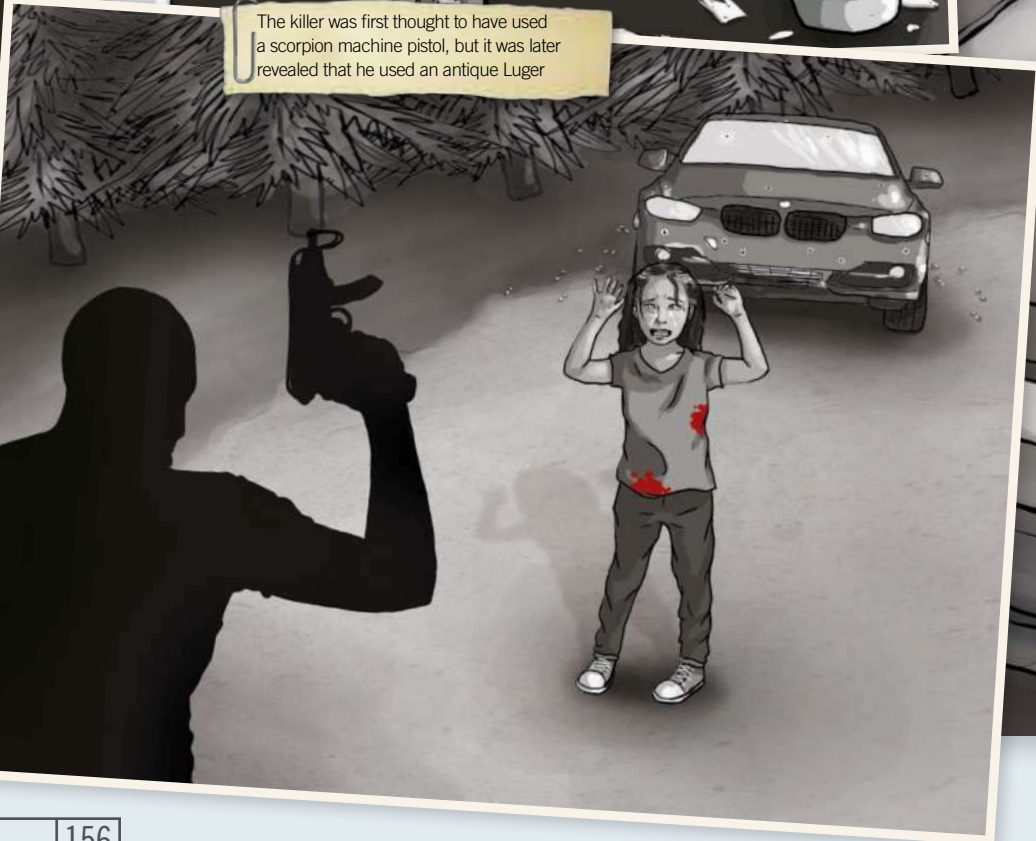
Having moved both the child and cyclist away from the car, Martin then attempted to switch off the engine, but the doors were locked. The panels were riddled with bullet holes, and as he pushed in the glass to reach the ignition he discovered the ghastly state of the driver and his passengers. This was no accident.

With no signal on his phone, Martin had to leave Zainab and run 400 metres down the track, where he met a car. The driver called for assistance, and the site was quickly cordoned off as a crime scene.

Zeena hid between her mother's legs to escape the attacker, who didn't realise she was alive in the car



The killer was first thought to have used a scorpion machine pistol, but it was later revealed that he used an antique Luger



CLUE TYRE MARKS

Tyre marks were clearly visible in the sandy floor of the layby, showing that the car had been reversed sharply. The rear wheels were still spinning when Martin arrived on the scene.

VICTIMS SAAD AL-HILLI, IQBAL AL-HILLI, SUHAILA AL-ALLAF

Saad al-Hilli lay slumped over the wheel of the BMW, while his wife and mother-in-law lay dead on the back seat.

! EVENT ZEENA AL-HILLI

The four-year-old daughter was eventually discovered by police when they opened the car door. She had been hiding under her mother's legs for over eight hours.

**WITNESS BRETT MARTIN**

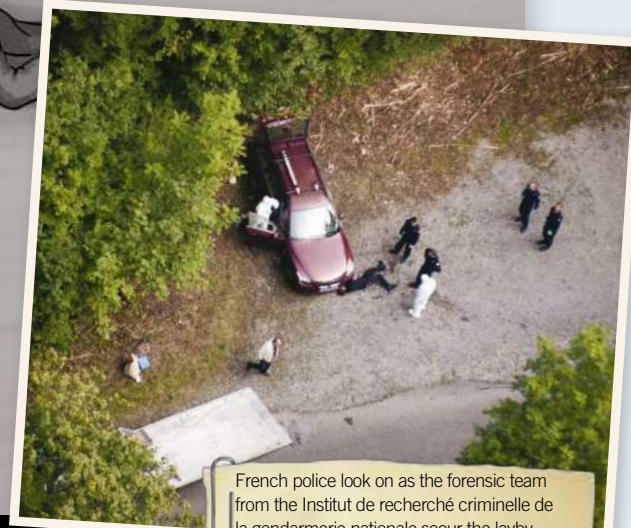
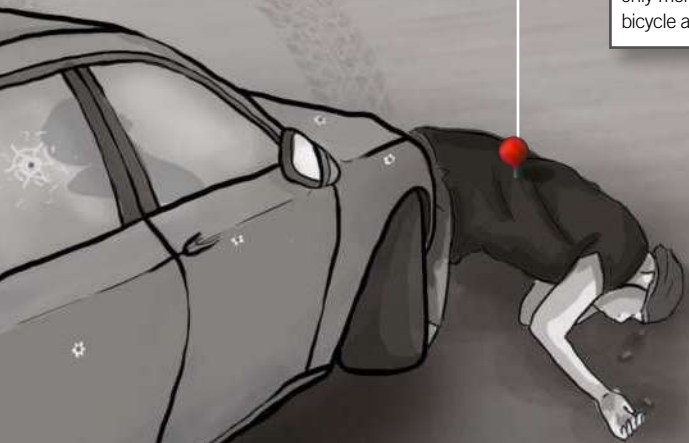
British ex-RAF pilot Brett Martin was out riding his bicycle when he stumbled across the massacre. He arrived moments after the last shot had been fired and was the first to help Zainab.

**VICTIM ZAINAB AL-HILLI**

Seven-year-old Zainab staggered into the road and collapsed in front of the family car having been shot and beaten.

**VICTIM SYLVAIN MOLLIER**

The father of three, who had passed Brett Martin only moments before the attack, lay with his bicycle alongside the car in the layby.



French police look on as the forensic team from the Institut de recherche criminelle de la gendarmerie nationale scour the layby and car for clues

A COLD MASSACRE

THE KILLER CALMLY UNLEASHED DEATH, FIRING 22 BULLETS FROM HIS ANTIQUE GUN TO EXECUTE HIS VICTIMS

1 THE CARNAGE BEGINS

The killer shoots French cyclist Sylvain Mollier seven times before turning his gun on Saad al-Hilli and his eldest daughter, Zainab, who had stepped out of the car momentarily. The young girl is shot in the shoulder but bravely begins to run away.

2 SITTING DUCKS

Iqbal and her mother, Suhaila, watch on in horror as the gunman calmly walks towards Saad, who turns and bolts for the car. Wrenching the gear stick into reverse, Saad attempts to make his escape, but all three passengers are shot in the head.

3 A LUCKY BREAK

Having executed the rest of the family, the killer turns his gun once more towards a terrified Zainab but, in a moment of good fortune, the weapon jams and he is forced to hit her over the head before fleeing.

**CLUE GUN FRAGMENTS**

Fragments of the gun handle were discovered by forensic experts at the scene and were later identified as belonging to a weapon used during World War II.

THE INVESTIGATION

PROSECUTOR ERIC MAILLAUD WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE THE MOMENT IT WAS CLEAR THAT THIS WAS A MURDER

Ballistic experts carried out a thorough examination of the bullet holes while liaison officers interviewed the children. Zainab faced the killer but remembered very little. She told officers no more than there had been "one bad man". It wasn't much to go on.

The investigation spanned two countries. While the Gendarmerie searched the layby for clues, British forensic experts concentrated on the al-Hilli family home to establish if this was a random killing or whether they had been actively targeted. Emails and text messages were logged and an illegal taser was removed.

The French forensic team had established the type of gun used. The killer had wielded a Swiss Luger PO6 7.65mm Parabellum semi-automatic pistol. The lack of evidence suggested that he was 'forensically aware'. It appeared to have been a professional hit, since the killer took careful aim at the three adults in the car, firing at their heads and neck. Blood on the shards of broken handle found at the scene suggested that the gun had jammed. The killer then calmly struck Zainab across the head, cracking her skull.

Brett Martin recalled a four-wheel-drive passing him as he made his way to the layby, closely followed by a motorcycle. Further witnesses later claimed to have seen a right-hand drive four-wheel-drive. Was the killer British? A forestry worker noticed a motorcycle riding at speed on a track forbidden to motor vehicles. An e-fit description of the rider was released,

but this turned out to be a local man who was quickly dismissed as a suspect. A call for people in the area at the time of the killings to come forward led to a number of interviews, but none of them drove a four-wheel-drive.

Was Saad al-Hilli targeted? This seems unlikely as it was Zainab who decided upon the walk in the mountains. Her father had given her the chance to go shopping that day, but she had chosen the walk instead. How could the killer have known the family would be there?

The police, however, were not so sure. The British police questioned Saad's elder brother Zaid under caution. Eric Maillaud was also interested in the troubled relationship between the brothers. Surrey police quickly ascertained that Zaid could not have been the gunman since he had a solid alibi. This did not mean he couldn't have ordered the hit. The pair had been very close, but things became sour after their father died. Arguments over who paid what for the funeral escalated when their mother passed away. Saad already lived in their parent's family home, but now half of it belonged to Zaid. When police started listening to Saad's Skype Messenger conversations they were shocked to see how serious the feud had become. Saad appeared to believe his brother had created a fake will. He also claimed that Zaid had stolen some antique silver from the house.

This was enough for the British police, and on 24 June 2013 Zaid was arrested on suspicion

of conspiracy to commit murder. Maillaud was thrilled, since Zaid had previously refused to travel to France for questioning. Contradictory evidence was carried back and forth, but six months later the police were no further forward and Zaid's bail was lifted. There simply wasn't enough evidence to charge him.

But perhaps the al-Hilli family were never the intended targets – rather they were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. What if Sylvain Mollier was the intended victim of the brutal slayings? The French police decided that this was a credible theory.

Mollier was shot five times – the last was between the eyes. This suggested that he was the individual the killer had set out to eradicate, and the holidaymakers were just unwittingly caught up in the killing. But why kill a French cyclist out for an afternoon ride?

Sylvain Mollier was on long-term leave from his job at a nuclear metal plant. Reports claimed that he had been living off his partner Claire's wealth, which had infuriated her family. Although Claire's family had all but cut Sylvain out of their lives, it had been Claire's father Thierry Schutz who had suggested the route he took on that ride. But on closer inspection the police discovered that Claire's wealth had been exaggerated and was not enough to kill over.

Many claimed that it was Mullier's connection with the nuclear industry that made him a target, but this is highly

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME SUSPECTS?

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED, BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



NORDAHL LELENDAS

In 2017, it was announced that investigators were questioning the 34-year-old ex-soldier who is the main suspect in two other cases in the area. One being the murder of a young girl in 2017, and the other being the killing of a hitchhiking soldier later that same year. Lelandais is currently in custody.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



ZAID AL-HILLI

In 2013, Surrey Police arrested Saad al-Hilli's brother as part of the French investigation. Zaid denied any involvement and offered to take a polygraph test. He was released after investigators concluded that there was not enough evidence to charge him.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



UNKNOWN HITMAN

The French police theorised that a professional assassin assassinated the family. This would be due to opposition to Saad al-Hilli's work on a secret defence contract linked to the European Aeronautic Defence and Space Company. However, the pistol is a weapon unlikely to be used by a professional assassin.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



Eric Devouassoux, initially thought to be the motorcyclist seen in the area at the time, was found to have several guns in his home, but he was ultimately cleared



An artist's impression of a man in a motorcycle helmet was released in 2014, resulting in the arrest of a weapons collector living in the nearby village of Lathuille. He was later dismissed as a suspect

unlikely since his position was more like a factory worker.

It could be that nobody was the intended target, and all the victims were simply unfortunate souls who just happened to cross paths with a crazed gunman. 53-year-old Michel Hecht has been named as a potential suspect by Pascal Huche. Hecht was jailed in 2008, having been convicted of shooting at his brother, sister-in-law and nephew. He was released on remand ten months later. He had previously been suspected of shooting two cyclists.

In January 2013 French police opened an investigation into another lone gunman suspect, Florian Berthouzoz. The 33-year-old ex-soldier had previously killed three women with a gun and wounded two men in Daillon, 160 kilometres away from Lake Annecy. However, this too resulted in a dead end when it became clear that Berthouzoz had an alibi during the Alpine massacre and had only ever attacked people he already knew.

THE BRITTANY SLAYINGS

In 1986 two British tourists were brutally murdered during a holiday. The bodies of Lorraine Glasby and Paul Bellion were discovered in a field in Brittany. They had been shot in the head. The policeman investigating the case was Pascal Huche, who highlighted the "remarkable similarities" this case has to the French Alps slayings. Both crimes were carried out in isolated locations, and the weapons were antique guns used at close range. Michel Hecht was questioned in connection with the Brittany slayings, but no irrefutable proof could be brought forward. Hecht was released, but Huche always believed they had their man. Did he go on to kill the al-Hilli family and Sylvain Mollier 26 years later?



A second interview with Patrice Menegaldo never took place after he committed suicide, due to the pressure of being a suspect

THE AFTERMATH

ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE, SADDAM HUSSEIN LOYALISTS, EVEN THE CIA HAVE BEEN RAISED AS POTENTIAL PERPETRATORS, BUT WHERE DOES THE INVESTIGATION GO FROM HERE?

As the list of suspects was systematically investigated, many were dismissed, with the exception of one lead that Eric Maillaud was keen to pursue. The French police long believed that the killer was a local who knew the best route off the mountain without getting caught up with hikers and cyclists travelling on the track up to the layby. Unfortunately, nobody living in the surrounding area fit the profile of such a monster, and the local lone psychopath theory appeared to be going nowhere.

However, in April 2014 police carried out a routine check on various residents of nearby Ugine. Among them was Patrice Menegaldo. As the police began to question him, it quickly became apparent that he had a connection to one of the victims. Menegaldo had spent seven years in an on-off relationship with a woman by the name of Sylviane Mollier, the sister of murdered Sylvain Mollier. Was this an extraordinary coincidence or could the police finally be on to their man?

After digging a little deeper into Menegaldo's background, investigators discovered that he not only had a possible motive, but also had the technical skills to carry out the violent attack. Patrice Menegaldo was working as a fireman in the Alpine town of Ugine but had previously been in the French Foreign Legion for 20 years as a parachutist and army sniper. He had used his extensive knowledge of firearms across various conflict zones such as Rwanda, Somalia and Bosnia. Suddenly the police had a skilled, hardened ex-soldier in front of them

– a man who knew his way around the local terrain and had the ability to wield a loaded weapon. As a legionnaire he would have been trained to remain calm under pressure and disappear into the shadows when the executions had been completed.

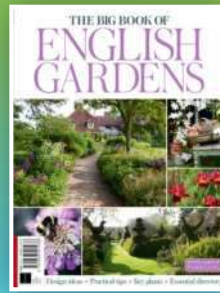
Unfortunately a second interview never took place because Menegaldo committed suicide weeks later. A two-page suicide letter was discovered with the body. He could not cope with the notion that he was a suspect and decided to end it all. The police were stumped. This was hardly the reaction of a tough military man who had based 20 years of his life fighting with lethal force. Maillaud doubted its authenticity: "I am sceptical ... it's plausible someone could've bumped him off."

Once again the French police were facing a dead end. The British police fared no better. David Cameron, prime minister at the time, promised his full support. He claimed, "I have spoken to the British ambassador in France, and consular staff are working very hard so that we do everything we can." They were supportive words but not terribly effective.

Three years later, and the original team of investigators have all moved on. Eric Maillaud was eventually taken off the case, somewhat disgraced by the lack of results. Sadly, the bungled investigation, badly co-ordinated forensic team and constant confusion over which country should be leading the case has all but obliterated any chance of finding the callous killer who shot down four people five years ago on that lonely layby, high up in the Alpine forests.



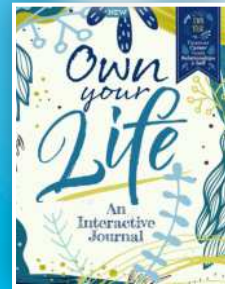
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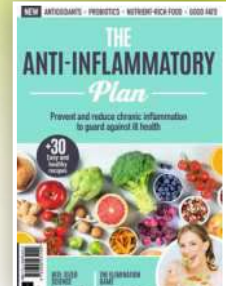
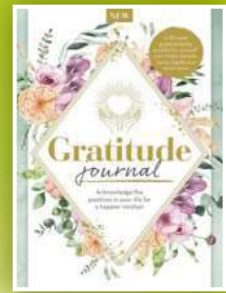
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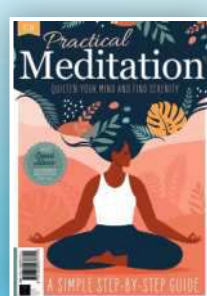
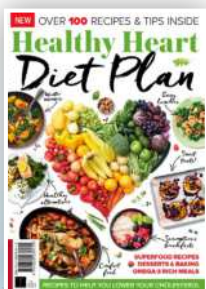


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